The Outlook

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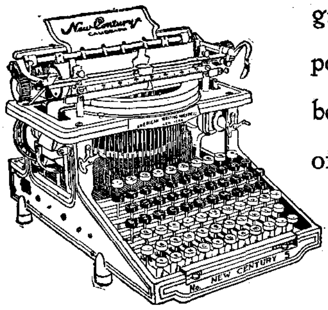

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The Outlook

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The Fight for Decent Government in New York

There was no lack of aggressiveness in the reply of Seth Low to the committee which notified him of his choice as head of the Anti-Tammany ticket. One sentence in particular is likely to be a keynote in the campaign. Mr. Low said: "Happily, this year, the nomination you tender me is one of several, every one of which is based on the same fundamental conceptions of what is necessary to secure good city administration, and all of which reflect a general and common purpose to wrest the control of the city from those who permit one man to govern it from his English home like a second George III., and to make millions for himself and his friends out of his control of it, as though this imperial city of New York were his private gold-mine." The Republican City Convention and the Citizens' Union Convention have enthusiastically indorsed the nominations made by the Anti-Tammany Conference, and it is worthy of note that the former body was even more earnest in its welcome of a genuine united non-partisan contest than the latter. The Republican resolutions are admirable in substance and expression. They present "the broad proposition of a municipal ticket for honest, intelligent, economic, businesslike, and non-partisan government." The indictment against Tammany is not limited to generalized political invective, but specifies the actual facts about blackmail, extravagance, neglect of public schools, favoritism, place-making, non-enforcement of tenement and factory inspection laws. The platform closes with a declaration that "the one issue in this campaign is an upright administration of municipal affairs, conceived and executed solely for the benefit of the people. It is the issue of common honesty. It is the fight of good citizenship against bad, selfish, and careless citizenship." The platform contains absolutely no allusion to National party issues; it disowns all desire for "blue-law government." The Citizens' Union position is and always has been that set out by this Republican platform, and its resolutions are to the same effect. The ticket contains six names of men usually identified in National politics with the Republicans, eleven of men usually regarded as Democrats—certainly an evidence of genuine non-partisanship. It will be remembered that in 1897 Mr. Van Wyck would have needed about 40,000 more votes to give him an absolute majority over all candidates, and since Mr. Low and General Tracy together then polled almost 20,000 more votes than Mr. Van Wyck, it is surely not extreme optimism to believe that an anti-Tammany united vote, with only two tickets in the field, has an excellent chance of success if the battle is fought out with persistency and determination.

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Bishop Potter on Tammany

The principal feature of the annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of New York, which held its sessions last week, was Bishop Potter's noble address. After giving the necrology of the year, he paid a tribute to President McKinley, from which we quote the opening paragraphs:

> It is becoming that, in connection with these losses from our own immediate fellowship, I should make mention of that other, whose wide and deep shadow still covers our land, and convenes the whole civilized world a mourner at the grave of our dead President. His singularly engaging personal qualities made our late Chief Magistrate, in the judgment of many, the best loved of all our recent Presidents; and those of us who came, as more than once it was my privilege to do, into personal contact with him, will concur with me, I am confident, in bearing witness to a dignity of presence and a candor, openness,

> and sympathy of mind which made his personality one of rare charm and lovableness. . . . Concerning his conscientious purpose to discharge a great and august trust with scrupulous and unwearied fidelity no one could doubt; and added to these were personal virtues of a singularly elevated order, illustrated during all his life, and in whatever relation, in a singularly beautiful way. In the face of such a record the mind stands dazed and perplexed before the malignant cunning that struck at him, and still more at the blind and perverted enmity that murdered him. . . .

Bishop Potter arraigned Tammany as follows:

> At our last Convention a resolution was adopted by this body calling upon me to address the Mayor of this city in regard to the conduct of the police in the matter of a complaint made to them by two of our clergy. . . . A corrupt system, whose infamous details have since then been steadily uncovered to our increasing horror and humiliation, was brazenly ignored by those who were fattening on its spoils, and the world was presented with the astounding spectacle of a great municipality whose civic mechanism was largely employed in trading in the bodies and souls of the innocent and defenseless. . . . This infamous organization for making merchandise of the corruption of girls and boys and defenseless men and women has adroitly sought to obscure a situation concerning which all honest people are entirely clear, by saying that vice cannot be wholly suppressed.

We are glad that Bishop Potter could also say: "The police force of this city, only partially tainted, I rejoice to believe, has come to abhor the situation and their own slavery far more widely than is suspected; and the people—those who dwell in the homes and who make up the households which this infamy most of all invades—are not deceived by the attempts that are made to palliate or excuse it, but rather are determined that it shall come to an end."

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The Trial of Czolgosz The assassin of President McKinley was tried, convicted, and condemned to death last week. The trial, including the securing of the jury, occupied only two days, and the actual time of the sessions of the court was eight hours and a half. The sentence was pronounced two days later. It is worth while to note the extraordinary promptness and brevity of the trial as contrasted with the sensational, tedious, and wearing sessions of Guiteau's trial and of such murder cases as that of Molineux. The State of New York, and in particular the bench and bar of Erie County, deserve the highest praise for the dignity and fairness with which the proceedings were conducted from beginning to end. As we noted last week, Czolgosz was furnished the aid of the ablest counsel, and his lawyers undertook the case at a distinct sacrifice to their own inclination and their business interests. Wisely and honorably, however, they did not hold that professional duty required them to fight the case on technicalities, or to present to the jury a defense which they knew to be no defense. The question of insanity was not raised by the State; the District Attorney held, and the Court sustained him in his view, that an assumption of sanity existed, to be dispelled only by direct evidence to the contrary. No such evidence was introduced, and it is understood that no alienist who examined Czolgosz considered him of unsound mind or irresponsible for his act. The address of the prisoner's counsel and the charge by the Court both dwelt on the duty of law observance under all circumstances. Thus, Judge Lewis of counsel, after commenting on the dangers and criminal doctrines of Anarchism, pointed out that lynch law is in itself anarchism. In this respect, he said, the trial of Czolgosz should be a great object-lesson to the world. In the same line of thought, Justice White in charging the jury declared that no higher tribute could be paid to the dead President than "to observe that exalted opinion and reverence for the law which he would ask if he were here." After the sentence on Thursday Czolgosz was taken to the prison at Auburn, where he will undergo the penalty of death on some day during the week beginning on Monday, the 28th day of October next. The demeanor of the assassin during the trial was thought by some to be stolid, by others to show a degree of fear amounting to semi-paralysis as regards outward actions. He said hardly anything, seemed to have difficulty in understanding the questions asked him, and his only utterance was, as transmitted to the Court by his counsel (for he could not speak audibly), the assertion that no one else had anything whatever to do with the crime. When taken to Auburn, Czolgosz for a time broke down physically and morally and had to be carried into the prison. The threatening demeanor of the crowd about the prison may have had something to do with this. The assassin is said to have expressed repentance of his crime.

❀

The Schley Inquiry The Court of Inquiry asked for by Admiral Schley continued its sessions during the week, having adjourned for one session only because of the sudden death of Judge Wilson, the eminent jurist, and leader among the counsel of Admiral Schley. The method of introducing evidence seems to the lay reader somewhat desultory and confused. The charges of misconduct against Admiral Schley are numerous, and, perhaps necessarily, each witness is questioned as to his knowledge, first upon one point and then upon another, so that there is no continuous presentation of evidence bearing on any one point. Without going into the testimony in detail, it may be said that the main effort of Captain Lemley, the Judge Advocate, is to show that Admiral Schley did not use all the efforts in his power to reach Santiago from Cienfuegos as soon as possible; that after he had arrived there, contrary to the orders of the Department, he made a loose blockade and seemed to be trying to find an excuse to take his squadron to Key West, and that he actually did leave the harbor of Santiago unguarded for some hours, and was with difficulty persuaded not to leave it entirely and take the squadron to Key West. All Admiral Schley's actions in this matter are excused by him on the ground of insufficient coal supply and the impossibility of coaling at sea. The strongest evidence produced by the Judge Advocate has been that of several officers, and notably of Captain McCalla, to the effect that most if not all of the vessels were at this time fairly well supplied with coal, that a collier with a large supply of coal was at hand, and that not only was it possible to coal at that time at sea or at some near-by harbor, but that in point of fact several vessels did so at about that time. Evidence with regard to the action with the Spanish fleet has been introduced to show that the famous loop made by Admiral Schley on the Brooklyn was unnecessary, and that it was made in a way that endangered the Texas and delayed both the Texas and the Brooklyn for an appreciable time in a very critical moment. Newspaper despatches say that Admiral Schley will introduce evidence to show that this loop was made in the wrong direction entirely through the misunderstanding of orders by a subordinate, who will be put on the stand. It is only fair to remind readers of the evidence now being produced before the Court of Inquiry that it is to a large extent *ex parte*, and that we must wait for the evidence to be adduced by Admiral Schley before it is possible to form any judgment on the incidents.

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The Steel Strikers Surrender At last the exact terms of the final agreement between the United States Steel Corporation and the Amalgamated Association have been published, and the text shows that the Association received no concessions whatever to its original demands. There is hardly a trace of the rumored agreement of the Steel Corporation to permit all of its employees to join unions without fear of dismissal, and, on the contrary, there is a distinct agreement on the part of the Association not to attempt to organize the tin-plate workers in the non-union mills for at least one year. The rumor that all the workmen employed by the Steel Corporation had been conceded the right to join the union if they so desired was probably based upon a clause in the agreement between the union and the Tin Plate Company, that this company would "not hold prejudice against employees by reason of their membership with the Amalgamated Association." The entire agreement is merely a series of contracts between this Association and the subsidiary companies of the Steel Corporation directly involved in the strike. The Steel Corporation itself makes no pledges. One of the subordinate companies—the Steel Hoop Company—agrees to sign the scale for the same mills as last year; another—the Sheet Steel Company—agrees to sign for the same mills as last year, with two exceptions; but the third of the subordinate companies—the American Tin Plate Company—insists on so many exceptions that the agreement is made less galling to the defeated party by enumerating the twenty mills for which the scale is signed, rather than the long list for which it is not signed. It is doubtless the severity of the defeat for the tin-plate workers, accepted by the Amalgamated Association's officials and incorporated in this agreement, which has led to the refusal of several thousand tin-plate workers to accept the conditions of peace agreed to by their leaders and led them to abandon the Amalgamated Association and continue the strike independently. The Amalgamated Association comes out of the conflict weakened not only by surrenders caused by the war, but by secessions caused by the peace.

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Mr. Shaffer's Explanation of Defeat The terms of the surrender are published in a circular-letter issued by President Shaffer to the Amalgamated lodges reviewing the history of the strike. At the beginning, he says, his Association was "in fairly good condition to win without help from other labor bodies," and it had pledges of help from some of these, and confidently relied upon help from the American Federation of Labor. The first blow to the strikers' confidence of winning, says President Shaffer, came from the hostility of the newspapers, which, he charges, "maliciously published statements replete with lies." "Our people," he goes on, "began to doubt and upbraid; some who had been officials deserted us; hundreds who dared not 'sheep' at home went to other places, and in nearly every mill the trust tried to run were many Amalgamated Association men from striking mills." When "lack of money, loss of public approval, desertion by hundreds of our own people, and neglect by other organizations" made serious losses inevitable, the Association officers tried to save what they could, and offered to settle the strike if the scale were signed for the same mills as last year, with the understanding that union prices be paid for the mills now on strike. When this offer was tendered by the Amalgamated Association officials, says President Shaffer, he was assured that, in the event of its rejection, Mr. Mitchell would call out the miners and Mr. Sargent the trainmen. The offer was presented to the Steel Corporation by the Civic Federation Committee, of which Presidents Mitchell, Sargent, and Gompers were members, and, though rejected, was met by a counter-proposition which all these labor union officials urged President Shaffer to accept immediately. This counter-proposition included the signing of the scale for the same mills as last year with nine exceptions, and the agreement that there be no discrimination against the re-employment of any workman because of the strike and "no questions asked as to the membership of any man in any union." The disastrous climax was then reached, and its story, as told by President Shaffer, brings out sharply his own responsibility:

> Mr. Gompers (by telephone) said to your President: "Mr. Shaffer, I, as an individual, recommend that you take a stand for the proposition. I have done the same, and would do so again." We refused to hold further telephonic intercourse with him, and waited for the coal-miners and railroad men to be called out. They were willing to come, as thousands assured us, but they have not been called, and the trust was more sure that, with other organized labor bodies against us, we must be defeated. Our people became disheartened; they sent letters and telegrams asking the board to settle.

President Shaffer, it will be seen, attempts to throw the blame upon the leaders of affiliated labor organizations, but these leaders will have the support of every part of the public for having advised him to accept the terms offered through the conciliation committee, and for refusing to resort to the desperate tactics of a sympathetic strike against neutral corporations. Had such a strike been ordered, the general public would have been united in vehement condemnation.

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Copper Last week, at their dividend meetings, the directors of two great copper companies, the Amalgamated and the Anaconda, omitted their usual extra dividends, without any explanation to shareholders as to the reason of such action. However, one reason is not hard to find—the decline in the foreign demand, especially in that from Germany, the great developer in Europe of electrical workshops. The industrial reaction which now obtains throughout Europe, especially in Germany, has caused a decline of fifty per cent. in our copper exports so far this year. The accumulated stock is enormous. Yet the Amalgamated Company, controlling very much of the American production, has not lowered the price. The copper trade and its collateral branches have become demoralized. Fortunately for the general market, the use of copper, though vastly increased by the demands of electricity, is not extensive enough to make the fall in its price indicate any great retrograde movement in the commercial market as a whole; the falling off of the price of iron and steel, on the other hand, would be so regarded. Nor is the large amount of freight transportation furnished by the copper-mines yet to be considered as an element of primal moment in railway traffic. However, the dividend cuts which reduced the quotations on Amalgamated stock to 88 and of Anaconda to 34 (earlier in the season one was quoted at 130 and the other at 54) indicate more than a mere market decline in properties controlling the sources of production. The real reason for such a break is the element of mystery which prevails in the management. Such trusts are really blind pools. Stockholders in them cannot get at the real results of the trust's business, because that business is systematically masked; there is no open accounting. In the face of the long list of securities concerning which regular and detailed statements are published, it seems incredible that thinking men not on the "inside" should buy the shares of companies, no matter how eminent the names in their management, when the securities of such companies represent anything but aboveboard investment opportunities. There are two remedies for the existing wrong. First, the various stock exchanges should compel all companies the securities of which are listed to make at regular intervals verified reports conveying exact information concerning earnings and general conditions. Secondly, our State Governments should insist upon regular public accounting as a prerequisite to obtaining any license to do business. We trust that these reforms will be insisted upon by all friends of a healthy commerce.

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Other Trust Reverses Quite apart from the reduction of dividends by the copper trust, there has recently been such a succession of adverse reports from industrial combinations as to lessen popular ardor for this form of investments. Not many weeks ago the so-called woolen trust reduced prices, only to disclose the fact that the independent woolen manufacturers did not fear the combination, and claimed to be able to buy more cheaply, as well as manufacture at less expense for competent management. A little later one of the first of the English combinations, the Sewing Cotton Company, issued a report showing a surprising failure to earn dividends, and again it appeared that the highly paid central management was less efficient than the personal oversight of the owners and managers of individual mills. Simultaneously came the drop in linseed oil from 82 cents a gallon to 55 cents, indicating that outside competition had forced the unusually well-established trust in this field to restore prices very nearly to the level prevailing before its organization. Then came the dismal report from the Republic Steel and Iron Company—a combination of individual mills bought at inflated prices and put upon the market at a still more inflated capitalization—and finally a second collapse for the rope combination. In the last-named instance the second collapse was not to be compared with that which overtook the old cordage trust in 1893, but the report of a net loss of $487,000 from operations during the past year, as compared with a net profit of $147,000 the year before, was not reassuring to investors. When President Flint, of the rubber trust, boasted a few months ago that the important trusts—exclusive of the Standard Oil Company—had during the past year earned 7½ per cent. on the par value of their stock and 13½ per cent. on its market value, we observed that such profits had often been realized in prosperous years by individual manufacturers whom the next depression made bankrupt, and that the test of the security of trust "securities" was yet to come. The recent adverse reports do not prove that most of the trusts will not stand the test of hard times, but they do make clear, sooner than we anticipated, that the mere process of forming a trust is not of itself a guarantee or substitute for competent management. As with individual enterprises, good management and good financiering are requisite to success.

The New York "Times" On Wednesday of last week the New York "Times" celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding by publishing a facsimile of its first issue of September 18, 1851, and a Jubilee Supplement in the form of a historical account. The publication was delayed a week on account of the death of President McKinley. At this moment, when the American people are thinking more seriously, probably, than ever before of the perils of irresponsible journalism, the New York "Times" is one of the papers which it is a pleasure to commend. Its services to the public have on more than one occasion been of the very highest importance. One of the most notable chapters in the history of New York was the exposure of the Tweed Ring by the courage, the skill, and the energy of the New York "Times." That service was rendered under great financial perils to the paper. It is doubtful if, in the whole history of journalism, any more thorough and admirable piece of work has been done, or if the possibilities of journalism in the direction of the exposure of corruption have ever been more strikingly illustrated. Like most other journals, the "Times" has had its periods of prosperity and depression. It has entered, apparently, upon a new period of its history, and has achieved a success which is the more gratifying because it is based on decency, independence, and intelligent editorial direction. It represents the highest type of American journalism in its spirit, its attitude towards public questions, and its dealing with all the higher interests of society. Printing "all the news that's fit to print," it prints all the news which the public has any right to read. It acts upon the conviction that its readers want the best and only the best. It excludes from its columns domestic scandals, stories of private vice, detailed reports of public crime, and that vast mass of idle, frivolous, vulgar, and debasing matter with which the New York "Journal" and other papers of its kind deluge their readers. Its writers are men of character and conviction; they are also men of trained capacity. The Literary Supplement which it publishes every Saturday, under the admirable editorship of Mr. Francis W. Halsey, is an illustration of the right way in which to serve the public. That Supplement abounds in news; it is varied, fresh, and entertaining in style; and it is always courteous. Its judgments are not infallible; those of no other journal are—although in the case of several leading newspapers in the country there seems to be an assumption on the part of the editors that their judgments are beyond appeal. The New York "Times" has its own opinions, but holds them with courtesy; and its attitude is self-respecting and gracious. The success of a journal conducted in this spirit is not only a matter for congratulation, but ground for encouragement. It shows that sound morals, wise methods, and good taste succeed in journalism as in every other field in life.

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The Webster Centennial In the history of American colleges it is doubtful whether there is any incident more widely known than that dramatic moment in what is known as the Dartmouth Case in which Webster uttered the very simple but affecting words, "She is a little college, but there are those who love her." It was eminently fitting that the centennial anniversary of the graduation of Webster should be celebrated with due ceremony by its Alma Mater, and that she should invite as her guests and as the exponents of her thought some of the leading men of the country. Hanover was at its best in golden weather last Wednesday, when the trustees, faculty, alumni, students, and visitors marched in procession to the church and were addressed by President Tucker, followed by a longer address by Congressman S. W. McCall, who reminded his readers that Webster never outgrew the simple loves of his youth; that he was on the most intimate relations not only with nature at Marshfield, but with all the animal life about him; that to the end of his days he was possessed by the passion of the angler; and that he delighted in the sea. The principal event of the day was the laying of the corner-stone of Webster Hall, which was put in position by a great-grandson of the statesman, ex-Governor Black, of this State, delivering the address. Dartmouth is very fortunate, not only in its traditions, among which the memory of Webster's student life and of his great services to the country holds a first place, but also in the new opportunities which have come to it under the leadership of Dr. Tucker, a man who combines in singular harmony the qualities of the ideal college President, and who has inspired the students, alumni, and friends of Dartmouth with a new belief in her usefulness, a new faith in her future, and a new passion for advancing her interests. Among those who received honorary degrees last week, as a proper part of the centennial ceremony, were the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Senator Hoar, Chief Justice Fuller, Professor James Bryce, Secretary John Hay, and Booker T. Washington—a goodly list of names, illustrative of the breadth of interest which Dartmouth, typifying the American college, represents.

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The Yacht Races It would be hard to imagine a closer race or a more exciting one than that of last Saturday for the Queen's Cup, or, as most Americans prefer to call it, the America's Cup. To win by the trifling difference of thirty-seven seconds actual time in a race over a thirty-mile course was truly evidence that the American Columbia and the Irish Shamrock were as closely matched as if they had been made from the same designs. And, in point of fact, the English yacht designers have for the present abandoned old-time theories as to what a "real yacht" should be, and seem willing to build what they still rather disparagingly call "racing machines," with the hope that the long list of American victories may thereby be broken. Thus the international race is no longer one of types but of individual boats. The skill with which both yachts were handled on Saturday was admired by many thousands, and experts agree that in both crews discipline and unison of work were brought as near to perfection as is humanly possible, while the skill and head-work of both captains were of the first order. The Shamrock seemed to show superior speed in beating to windward, but on the return before the wind she was passed by her rival, who, under the allowance for measurements, would have won the race even if she had been forty-three seconds behind in crossing the line. The race of Tuesday takes place before this paragraph will be read, and we can only join in the hope that as favorable weather conditions and as beautiful a race as on Saturday may be had. The popular interest and excitement in the international contest have been all but universal, and the scores of excursion boats and even ocean steamships crowded with pleasure-seekers, and the hundreds of yachts and other private boats of all descriptions, made the scene one long to be remembered. Another international athletic event of interest took place last week at Berkeley Oval in this city, between teams from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge on the one side and those of Harvard and Yale on the other. Here the American college men won six events out of the nine; it is interesting to note that one of the three English winners is a clergyman and the rector of a church. It is a sincere pleasure to be able to record the honorable and amicable feeling which has prevailed in both these outdoor contests, and the total absence of recrimination, squabbling, or claims of unfair treatment.

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The Worcester Musical Festival The forty-fourth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association was held in Worcester, Mass., last week. Year by year the Worcester music festivals have advanced both in the character of the works given and in the standard of excellence of performance, until their influence has become paramount in the artistic life of the community, and is felt throughout the country. While the local patronage this year was not equal to that of the past few years, in real value to the art of music this festival should be ranked as the most notable thus far in the long career of the Association. Uniformly excellent was the work of the soloists, among whom were Miss Suzanne Adams, Mrs. Shanna Cumming, Miss Gertrude May Stein, Mrs. Clara Poole-King, Messrs. Evan Williams, Ellison Van Hoose, David Bispham, and Carl Dufft, vocalists, and Richard Burmeister, pianist. The orchestra, consisting of sixty-five men from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Franz Kneisel as leader, went through the arduous week's work magnificently. The chorus of four hundred voices, the real foundation of such an enterprise, was the best of recent years.

The principal choral works given were Cæsar Franck's oratorio "The Beatitudes," Verdi's Requiem Mass, and "Judith"—a "lyric drama" composed on a commission from the Festival authorities—by George W. Chadwick, of Boston, who has conducted the Festivals since 1897. Two symphonies and a dozen orchestral works of less magnitude were given, and arias and other vocal numbers swelled the total number of works given in the seven concerts to about thirty, nearly one-half of which were new to Worcester audiences. This year more than in any previous year has the attention of the musical world been drawn to Worcester, because of the initial performance of a great choral work composed by an American. "Judith" is written for four or five soloists, as may be expedient, a chorus, often with parts subdivided, and full orchestra and organ, and occupies about two hours and a half in its production. The libretto, which is largely metrical, follows, in general, the Apocryphal story. The librettist, Mr. William C. Langdon, seems to write with great fluency, but there is a lack of poetic feeling and of the diction and figures of speech characteristic of the period in which the drama is set. He seems also to have been singularly unfortunate in avoiding the beauty of the original story and in emphasizing its disagreeable features. Metrically the work is highly satisfactory, however. The music throughout shows the hand of a master. In form this "lyric drama" is experimental, combining certain characteristics of oratorio with others of an operatic nature. Mr. Louis C. Elson calls "Judith" "a good guide-post of twentieth-century oratorio." The work certainly proved to be highly successful when given in concert form, while as an opera it is, of course, as yet untried. All credit is due to the Worcester Festival for calling forth such a work and for affording the composer an opportunity for an adequate initial performance.

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The Death of Dr. Gray The Rev. Dr. William C. Gray, who died at his home near Chicago on Sunday, at the age of seventy-one, was a man of very marked personality, with unusual qualities of character and unusual mental gifts. In his long career as editor of "The Interior" he had put his stamp so distinctly upon that journal that it had become his paper in every sense of the word. Outspoken, uncompromising, frank to a degree, with a keen sense of humor and a touch at times of willfulness in his judgments, Dr. Gray was not always consistent, but he was always interesting. In his own denomination he was a leading, if not a controlling, spirit; no one has spoken to the Presbyterians of the West more frankly than he. His editorials were keen, pungent, and marked by the strongest individuality of style and thought. He had many friends, and those who knew him well enjoyed him greatly. He was a lover of books and a lover of nature; and his "Camp-Fire Musings," which have been widely read, showed a spirit keenly sensitive to the beauty of the world and to the finer aspects of life.

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The Methodist Ecumenical Conference The Outlook has already reported in part the proceedings of this Conference, the sessions of which concluded, September 17, its two weeks' meeting in London. This was its third meeting, the first having been held in 1881 at London, and the second in 1891 at Washington. Twenty district groups included in the Methodist family, thirteen in the Eastern and eight in the Western Hemisphere, were represented by five hundred delegates, three hundred of them from this continent. Perhaps no ecclesiastical assembly but an Ecumenical Council of the Latin Church has represented a larger constituency. Such Conferences are not for legislative or administrative purposes, but solely for the cultivation of fraternal fellowship and concord. The Rev. W. T. Davison, D.D., President of the (British) Wesleyan Methodist Conference, presided. The closer alliance of the Methodist Churches which this Conference represents naturally brought to the front the subject of organic union. The greeting of the united Methodism of Canada, presented by the Rev. Dr. Potts, bore testimony to the beneficial effects of the union of the Wesleyan, the New Connection, the Methodist Episcopal, the Primitive, and the Bible Christian Churches in "one Church from the Atlantic to the Pacific." This, with the now practically accomplished unification of the Methodist Churches in Australia, and the hopes of progress in that direction by the Churches in Great Britain and the United States which various speakers expressed, encouraged the Conference to adopt this resolution:

> The Ecumenical Conference rejoices in abounding evidences of the essential unity which pervades the Methodist Churches throughout the world, and records with devout thankfulness the accomplishment of the organic union of the several branches of Methodism in Australasia. The Conference confidently anticipates that the Methodist Churches will yet see that it is the divine will, and will follow the example set by the Methodist Churches in Canada and Australasia.

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Prominent Topics of the Conference

Biblical criticism, the advanced positions of which few Methodists occupy, held a prominent place in the discussions. Professor J. J. Tigert, in a scholarly paper, held that historical science can alone transcend the dogmatic differences of Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Protestants. This has led back to the historical Christ as the norm and standard of all revelation in the Scriptures. He held that, "despite the grievous hurt to the Christian cause resulting from the deliverances contained in two recent Bible dictionaries," the historicity of the Gospel of John, as the work of an eye-witness of the ministry of Jesus, "wins its way to a more assured critical acceptance." Dr. Marshall Randles contended that archæological research had foiled attempts to destroy the credit of the Biblical history, and that the testimony of the monuments had only corroborated the narratives of Scripture—a statement which could not pass unchallenged in an assembly of scholars. Dr. J. Agar Beet conceded that "recent research has in some small details contradicted the Bible narrative." The theory of verbal inspiration and inerrancy had certainly been invalidated, and a retreat from an untenable to an impregnable position had been compelled. He pleaded for "patience with Biblical scholarship." The subject of "Protestantism *versus* Modern Sacerdotalism" also received large attention. The mind of the Conference expressed itself in its reply to a letter from the Bishop of London expressing his regret for the causes which had led to the separate organization of the Wesleyans, and his hope for its ultimate reunion with "the old Church." The great impediment to this, the Conference replied, was that the old Church had given no sign of willingness to recognize the validity of the ministry and sacraments in the Methodist Church. "That being so, any consent of ours to a movement toward corporate reunion with the Anglican Church would be an acknowledgment of an invalidity and inferiority of our Church order, which our convictions would not allow us to make." Equally noteworthy utterances were made on such subjects as "The Promotion of International Peace," "The Moral Unity of the English-speaking Peoples," "Christianity and Modern Unbelief," and other questions concerning the progress of Christianity. The interests of education, literature, temperance, missions, family religion and worship, and young people's movements, all engaged the Conference. On the burning social questions of the time it had little to say. Among its last acts was the utterance of international sympathy with the American people in their great bereavement.

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National Unitarian Conference

The nineteenth biennial National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches at Saratoga, September 23–26, though not so large as its recent predecessors, surpassed them in general quality. The high intellectualism of some of the addresses made large demands on the average hearer's powers. There was much faithful dealing both with duty and defect in duty. The fundamental truths of religion were set forth with simplicity and vigor. A note of sorrow inevitably ran through the various utterances of a meeting so soon after the President's death. But, as Senator Hoar said in his opening address from the chair, Unitarians are people of good cheer and hope. It was cheering, he said, in this dark hour to find men of all sects agreeing to recognize in the late President the things that make the true Christian and find acceptance with God. The programme of the Conference was a model for any such meeting on the threshold of a century. Summarized, it presented a retrospect and a prospect, the Church at work and at worship, and the Gospel for the twentieth century; it took note of the minister's adjustment to new conditions, and of the Church in relation to the social problem. Six addresses upon various topics, mostly by eminent specialists, attested the importance of this last subject—an example deserving of regard. The Rev. W. C. Gannett, of Rochester, affirmed, in a brilliant address, that the minister, equipped, of course, by thorough study, should discuss this subject whether discussion was desired or not, carrying his resignation in his pocket. But, he added, "it will yellow with age before it be used, if the truth be spoken in love." Unitarians have been called a "church of the critics," but the criticism heard at this Conference was of the kind that begins, like charity, at home. It also ended there in sharp plain-dealing with themselves for failures in points vital to church growth and efficiency. The Rev. Dr. Ames, of Boston, observed, in an incisive and able retrospect, that "it was not till 1894 that the Unitarian churches began to realize that they were one of the religious forces of the world." It appeared that they still suffer, as do other churches, from phlegm and apathy. It is also manifest that their leaders in the present advance hold forth a Gospel without negatives, and, with spiritual thought and constructive purpose, are inspired by a high ideal of their Church's mission. The keynote of advance to higher levels of life and action was struck in the opening sermon by the Rev. C. E. St. John, of Boston, on Jesus' saying about cross-bearing (Matthew xvi., 24) exhibiting the true glory of life as achieved by that facing the hard conditions of life of which the cross of Jesus is the symbol. "Life is not a battle," said he, "but battle is life." The note of energetic and heroic action pervaded the discourse. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in a ringing address suffused with prophetic fire, announced the motto for the new century: "Forgetting things behind and pressing on to things before, . . . to make the races one, the world one, and to secure right to every man in God's world." Of this Gospel of God's Fatherhood, the Gospel for the new century, Dr. Savage, of New York, presented Jesus as the embodiment, "the divinest man, so far, in the evolution of the race, for us the highest revelation of God." A Gospel, this, however, as Dr. Ecob, of Philadelphia, affirmed with impressive eloquence, which adds to its winsomeness the austerity of a Father who, at every cost of needful suffering to us, will bring us to himself.

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Factors of Importance In the new life manifest among American Unitarians in much larger measure than abroad, the Women's National Alliance constitutes a large and potent element. As Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, of Boston, said in her address from the chair, "its two principles are spiritual-mindedness and activity in service." The twelve thousand women of the Alliance in the United States and Canada carry on a vigorous propaganda. Their Post-Office Mission sows broadcast the seed of future churches; it has distributed sixteen thousand sermons in the last two years. Twenty-three traveling libraries of Unitarian books are kept on the road, circuit preaching in new fields is maintained, chapels built, and money that helps to do it all is raised by these energetic women. From their addresses it appeared that Unitarian beginnings are welcomed in the South, and that the largest recent advance has been made in New Jersey. Less conspicuous than the Alliance, but no less significant as a hopeful spring of power, is the Young People's Religious Union. This faces a condition like that of which English Nonconformists complain, whose children are often attracted into the Established Church. It aims to stop the drain of Unitarian youth into other churches by interesting them in the history, principles, and activities of their own Church. The fact was confessed that the Unitarian ministry is recruited by accessions from other denominations, not from those born under it. It seemed auspicious for the hope which the new Unitarianism is fixing upon its young people that it was before this Union rather than on the Conference platform that Secretary St. John said: "The missionary spirit is the coming spirit, and the future of our Church depends on our possession of this spirit to carry our

Gospel to all people of our own land and of other lands." No report was made by the committee appointed two years ago to confer with the Universalist committee for a closer co-operation of the two denominations. Generous gifts to the Meadville Theological School were reported, and it was resolved to raise $50,000 for building the "Edward Everett Hale House" for the flourishing school for boys at Tarrytown, N. Y., known by the name of its munificent foundress as "Hackley Hall." The Hon. Carroll D. Wright was chosen President of the Conference in place of Senator Hoar, whose resignation after years of efficient service was reluctantly accepted.

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Cardinal Vaughan on Oaths and Relics

At the recent meeting of the Roman Catholic Truth Society, at Newcastle, England, Cardinal Vaughan, head of that communion in Great Britain, took the opportunity to elaborate his views on two questions. His Eminence argued in regard to the Royal Declaration (with its abusive language concerning some Roman Catholic doctrines) that such a declaration is next to worthless regarded as any guarantee for the religion of the Crown. He himself finds no scruple in swearing allegiance to a Protestant King, because the religious law itself compels him to do so. He even recognizes that, in the present condition of affairs in England, the accession of a Roman Catholic King would be a source of difficulty. The main thing, after all, said the Cardinal, is that Parliament should not estrange its legislation from the principles of Christianity; that it should maintain the laws of marriage as the basis of society, and that it should leave to parents every liberty in giving a Christian education to their children. On the general question of oaths, however, he says:

> No engagement, no promise, no oath, is lawful unless the thing promised or sworn be just, right, and true. Herod took an oath to grant any request made to him, and he committed a double crime when he kept his oath. When a man fully realizes that, by a promise or an oath, he has pledged himself to something that is unjust, immoral, or untrue, the engagement ceases to bind. No dispensation from the Pope is needed of an oath that does not bind. The natural law itself declares null and void any promise in violation of the natural law. Now, should it ever happen that the King became convinced by God's grace of the truth of the doctrines which he abjures, of what value would be the Declaration? Absolutely none. No oath can stand against the command of God and of conscience. Is it not, then, obvious that the State, instead of seeking to fetter the liberty of the soul, the rights of conscience, and the claims of God, ought to seek most prodigiously to respect and guarantee their entire freedom? The Declaration, therefore, is worthless as a guarantee to anything in the future. At most it registers the conviction of the person who makes it at the time that he makes it.

Equally interesting were Cardinal Vaughan's remarks on relics. It seems that the bones of St. Edmund the Martyr, King of East Anglia, which had been kept in the Cathedral at Toulouse, France, were, by special intervention of Leo XIII., sent to enrich the new Cathedral at Westminster. They were brought thither with great ceremony, but Cardinal Vaughan now finds that they are not the bones of St. Edmund at all. This rather humiliating circumstance gives him the opportunity of a frank and manly explanation of his own attitude toward relics. He says that the question of their authenticity is, after all, a matter of human evidence. No authentication of the Bishop of the Diocese guarantees their genuineness, and the veneration of Catholics for relics, adds Cardinal Vaughan, is exactly the same in kind as that bestowed upon the hair of dead and loved friends.

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The Death of Dr. Purves

The death of the Rev. Dr. George T. Purves is a serious loss, not only to the Church which he served, but also to the community in which he lived. He was a man whose natural abilities were enhanced in efficiency by the intense energy with which he used them. Thoroughly consecrated to the service of religion, whether as student, author, professor, preacher, or pastor, he gave himself with all diligence to the work of the ministry. His first three pastorates (at Wayne, at Baltimore, and at Pittsburg), covering a period of about fifteen years in all, were models of earnestness and effectiveness. For eight years he was Professor of New Testament Literature in Princeton Theological Seminary. Great as the value of his lectures was, the value of his personality as an element of vigorous, warm-hearted, sympathetic manhood in the life of the theological students was even greater. There was something spontaneous, strong, direct, and fearless in his character that won the hearts of men. Holding conservative views in doctrinal theology and in the interpretation of the Bible, he was in touch with the life of to-day in practical religion, and never failed to bring his text "home to the business and bosoms of men." As a preacher he was, perhaps, at his best in the vivid interpretation of some narrative or character from the Bible. His two books, "The Testimony of Justin Martyr" and "A History of the Early Christian Church," represented his studies in the history of primitive Christianity, and were published during his professorship. In 1899 he accepted, in addition to his professorial chair, the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in Princeton, where he was greatly loved. A few months later he received a call to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, which he accepted, resigning his professorship in May, 1900. His work for the church in New York, left vacant by the lamented death of Dr. John Hall, was done with characteristic energy and devotion, and was moving forward, with increasing power, to the upbuilding of the church.

Anarchism—Its Cause and Cure

The wise physican first ascertains the nature and cause of disease before he undertakes to prescribe a cure. Before we can wisely consider what remedies will be effectual to preserve our chief officers from murderous assault we must consider the causes which have led to the assassination of three Presidents of the Republic in half a century. We could charge the assassination of Abraham Lincoln to insane passion bred in a theatrical nature by the bitterness of a civil war. We could charge the assassination of President Garfield to factional fights within the Republican ranks crazing a brain never very sane. No such specific cause contributed to the assassination of President McKinley. The cause is to be sought in general National conditions, and the consciousness of this fact has led the whole country to feel a certain sense of responsibility which has solemnized the Nation and caused it to forget wrath against the assassin in a half-conscious remorse for the Nation's unintentional preparation for the foul deed and unpurposed but not wholly innocent complicity in the wrong-doing which culminated in the assassination of the President.

It is an old saying and a true one that "when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death;" and never in American history has this biology of crime received a more striking illustration than in the murder of William McKinley. Unrestrained passion is the same venomous poison whether it expresses itself in violence of tongue or of hand; the law "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" is as sacred as the law "Thou shalt not kill." Intemperate speech, going far beyond all bounds of legitimate discussion of either public measures or public men, had exhausted the resources of vehement rhetoric in vituperation of the chief magistrate of the Nation. He had been assailed by reputable men and women as "unscrupulous and deceitful," "the most unmoral of all the occupants" of the Presidential chair; as one who was characterized by "vacillation, infirmity of purpose, and general dishonesty," as "affable putty," a "puppet," "watchful for votes alone," a "traitor," one who "stands not only for cheating and robbery, but also for arson and murder," a "shameless President," "an Ohio twaddler," with "mediocrity of mind and low, left-handed cunning," whose name history would "pillory in letters black," "whether as tool or tyrant . . . time alone can tell."

While these epithets were flung abroad in public speech and widespread publications by political opponents, in an endeavor to excite popular passion against the man whom the Nation had chosen to be its leader, the doctrine was in smaller circles sedulously taught that all government is oppression, that all rulers are "tool or tyrant" and stand "not only for cheating and robbery, but for arson and murder," and that there is a sacred right and even a solemn duty to slay them at sight, as one would slay a prowling wolf or a man-eating tiger. One of the disciples of this school traveled across the sea from America and assassinated the King of Italy, and his fellow-disciples here met and glorified his act; still Americans contented themselves with newspaper protests; nowhere was there a vigorous, concerted, and continuous effort either to restrain by law the speeches of Anarchists inciting to crime and glorifying it when committed, or to rebuke by public opinion the speeches of embittered partisans transcending all the bounds of honorable public debate.

At the same time practical anarchism was defended and acted upon in all sections of the country. Labor unions undertook to determine who might work and under what conditions, and mobs stood ready to enforce their lawless decrees. Men who dared to work on other conditions than those prescribed were set upon, beaten, and half killed; trains and trolley-cars which were operated by such men were assailed, stalled, or derailed; their operators, and in some instances their passengers, were attacked. Elsewhere men suspected of crime were caught, shot, hanged, or burned, without a trial and without an opportunity for defense. These mobs were sometimes justified, sometimes excused, sometimes mildly condemned, very rarely seriously punished. We do not recall a single instance in which any ringleader of any such mob has paid the penalty of his crime with his life.

These three evil forces were allowed to run their course unchecked: first, the unrestrained passionate abuse of the chief ruler of the Republic; second, the doctrine, sedulously taught without hindrance, that it is any man's right to kill at sight any ruler; third, the practice, permitted with but mild rebuke, of any collection of men adjudging any man guilty of crime and punishing him without trial. At last a man of feeble intellect and feebler conscience, excited by that ambition for notoriety which a sensational press does much to stimulate even in stronger men, and led on by the examples of violence with which the press had made him familiar, put the public teaching of the partisans and the private teachings of the Anarchists together and carried them to their logical conclusion. The one had told him that William McKinley was a tyrant, the other that all tyrants ought to die, and he resolved to achieve a martyr's crown by carrying into execution the lesson he had learned. It is idle to charge the result to immigration, or to think that its repetition can be guarded against by sentinels placed at the landing-piers of our Atlantic cities. Booth, Guiteau, and Czolgosz were all native Americans, and Czolgosz was a pupil of our public schools. The assassination of William McKinley was the ripened fruit of seeds sown in acts of mob violence perpetrated in all parts of the country against private citizens, in partisan invective against the Chief Magistrate, which public opinion regardless of party should have sternly rebuked, and in Anarchistic counseling of crime which public law ought to have forbidden under severe penalty.

If this interpretation of the causes which led to the assassination of President McKinley is true, it indicates the direction in which the country should look for remedy.

1. It should be made in every State a penal offense to counsel by print or speech acts of violence against person or property, or to commend such acts. Liberty of speech does not mean the right to use the tongue or the pen without restriction. It is no more legitimate to violate the rights of person or property by speech than by hand; nor is it less criminal to incite a man to commit murder than to do the murderous deed. To touch the match by incendiary speech to an inflammable mind is as guilty as to touch the flame to an inflammable bomb, and society has equal right to protect itself against the one crime as against the other. Liberty of speech involves two principles, established for all English-speaking peoples by the labor of Erskine, and not likely ever to be abandoned. The first is an uncensored press. No public official acting for government is to determine beforehand what may be printed or spoken and what not. But this principle does not in the least imply that he who speaks may not be called to a rigid account if by his speech he commits a crime in destroying the honorable reputation of his neighbor or leads on to crime by inciting another to commit it. The second principle is the full and free discussion of all doctrines, whether political or religious. We affirm the right of men to declare that there ought to be no government, and to endeavor to persuade their fellow-men to abolish all law and all penalty and leave every man to do what is right in his own

eyes. This doctrine is so irrational, so subversive of all civilization, so impossible of application, so like the dream of a disordered brain, that it never can find much currency outside an insane asylum. But the remedy for it is discussion, not repression; education, not penalty. Indeed, we can conceive no better remedy than for the civilized governments of the world to secure by purchase some fertile island and offer to all Anarchists to transport them thither, and even support them for a single season until they could sow and gather one crop, in order that they might have the best possible opportunity to prove their faith in their principles, by giving to the world an object-lesson of Anarchy in a community of individuals wholly unrestrained by law.

But the doctrine of the Terrorists, who do not deserve the name of Anarchists, the doctrine of John Most and Emma Goldman, is not merely that there ought not to be any government; it is that all rulers ought to die, and that it is the right of any man to slay them at sight. We quote again the doctrine of these Terrorists as published by John Most before the assassination of President McKinley: "If we wish for humanity, we are obliged to wish for murder. We say, 'Murder the murderers. Save humanity by blood and steel, poison and dynamite.'" This is not discussion of a theory, it is incitement to crime. Now that we have seen the result of such criminal incitement, first in the assassination of King Humbert of Italy, planned in this country, and then in the assassination of President McKinley, perpetrated in this country, we have public ground enough—and it was not lacking before—to justify us in making such utterances as these a felony, punishable by the confiscation and destruction of the press which prints them, and the imprisonment for no brief term of the man who utters them. We are glad to note in the public prints the report that an association has been organized to meet by intelligent discussion the theories of no-government advocated by the philosophical Anarchists. That is right; let us have education for the ignorant. There ought also to be some concurrent action by the Governors and Legislatures of the several States to secure combined and concurrent action carefully defining the difference between the unfettered discussion of theories and the advocacy of crime. Czolgosz by his act struck at the very heart of self-government, for he declared to the seventy millions of people in the United States, You shall not have the man of your choice for your chief magistrate. Not only the man who deprived us of our choice by murder, but the men who incited the murderer to this blow at both law and liberty, ought to be called to account; and if in our carelessness we have provided no law to prevent such a crime—and the discharge of Emma Goldman seems to demonstrate that to be the fact at least in Illinois—we should be careless no longer, but should make it our immediate duty to repair the fatal defect by a law making criminal all speech or publication which incites to crime.

2. It is not, however, enough to make new laws against theoretical Anarchism, even when it expresses itself in forms of speech which directly incite to lawlessness. Still more important is it to enforce the laws which already exist against actual lawlessness. Democracy cannot have one law for the private citizen and another for the public official. It cannot tolerate lawlessness which wrongs the humble and the poor and punish lawlessness which wrongs the exalted. It is not possible to allow the violence which hangs or burns without trial an unknown individual in the South or West, or which derails a railroad train or stops all street-car traffic in the East, and prevent the violence which threatens a Governor or a President. It is not possible at the same time to praise lawlessness and to rebuke it, to punish the speech of an Emma Goldman which incites a Czolgosz to assassinate the President, and applaud the speech of a reckless preacher who publicly regrets that the nearest bystander did not assassinate Czolgosz. Between the doctrine that the Pole may decide that McKinley is not fit to live, and may kill him at sight without a trial, and the doctrine that a bystander may decide that Czolgosz is not fit to live, and may kill him without trial, there is no difference. If we would protect our Presidents from assassins, we must begin by protecting all men from assassins, whether the assassin be an individual or a mob, whether he profess Anarchism or only practice it.

3. But it is a mistake to suppose that the only or even the chief restraint of the spirit of lawlessness must be accomplished by law. We have a right to punish the speech which directly counsels crime and incites to it. We have a duty to restrain by public opinion without statutory enactment language which inflames partisan prejudice into passion. The time is appropriate for recalling and enforcing the words of the Master: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you that . . . whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." While Americans are studying how they may restrain by law the violent tongues of professional Anarchists, they should learn how to restrain by public opinion their own scarcely less violent tongue.

Some years ago, when Charles Kingsley was visiting this country, he was asked at a dinner what he considered the greatest danger threatening the American people. He replied: The abuse of its public men; such abuse already prevents honorable men from accepting public office, and if it continues it will banish the best men from public life. It was, he said, the ruin of Greece and of Rome, and he feared it might be the ruin of the Republic. These are wise and weighty words, and they are enforced upon public thought and conscience by the assassination of President McKinley. It has only been necessary to elect a man to public office, from that of alderman in a city to that of President over the Nation, to make him at once a target for vehement and even vindictive abuse. The public acts and utterances of an official are always subject to criticism. The policies which he advocates and represents must always be freely discussed, and such free discussion may at any time involve freedom of condemnation. It is perfectly legitimate for one who is opposed to the policy of expansion to declare his conviction that it will lead to the overthrow of the Republic and the establishment of an empire upon its ruins; but it is not legitimate to vilify the President, to fling opprobrious epithets at him, to call him vile names, to impute to him the basest motives, to endeavor by every effort to bring him personally into public disgrace. The ancient Hebrew law, "Thou shalt not revile the judges, nor curse the ruler of thy people," was both just and wise. Its enforcement in a free community must be left to public sentiment. It cannot be enforced by statutory penalties. Not until audiences refuse to listen to foul-mouthed revilings of their public men, and readers refuse to purchase and advertisers to advertise in journals which employ both pen and pencil to bring the Nation's leaders into contempt or under odium, can politics be purified or public men be safe in either their persons or their reputation.

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Railroad Taxation in Ohio

In response to our comments two weeks ago upon Mayor Johnson's argument for the equal taxation of railroads in Ohio, we have received two copies of the "brief in reply" submitted on behalf of the railways, together with a statement from Attorney-General Sheets that he did not "attempt to exclude" any of the evidence presented to the State Board of Equalization as to the proper valuation of railroad property, but merely insisted that the State Board of Equalization had no legal authority to increase the total of the appraisements returned by the county boards. We gladly accept the Attorney-General's correction of the impression we had received from an Ohio newspaper's report of the proceedings before the State Board, and also gladly present a summary of the brief in reply to Mayor Johnson submitted on behalf of the railways. Taken in their order, the important points in this brief are as follows:

1. The "sole function" of the Ohio State Board of Equalization as defined by statute is "to *equalize* the value of railroad property 'as fixed by the county auditors.' . . . If the Board adopts Mr. Johnson's theory, and multiplies by three the valuations as fixed by the auditors, this Board is no longer one of equalization, but becomes a board of original appraisement."

2. "But, assuming for the purposes of argument that this Board has the powers claimed for it, Mr. Johnson's whole argument is based on the proposition that 'farms, city real estate, and ordinary manufactures and merchants' are assessed for taxation in Ohio at sixty per cent. of the real value of their property. . . .

We beg to submit the following facts in answer to Mr. Johnson's assumptions:"

(*a*) Personal property. "Manufacturers' stocks and materials are assessed in Ohio at not to exceed ten or fifteen per cent. of their true value in money;" "money on deposit in the State is not assessed for taxation at more than ten per cent. of its actual amount;" "stocks and bonds, taxable under the laws of this State, to all intents and purposes escape taxation."

(*b*) Real estate. "We have caused to be compiled a record of [102] recent sales of land in several [four] counties in Ohio, with the following results:" selling price, $461,000; assessed value, $136,000. The assessed value was but 29 per cent. of the true value, and "it is believed that these sales were typical."

In regard to the first of these arguments—that relating to the legal power of boards of equalization—it needs only to be noted that such boards often change the total of the appraisements brought before them for review. The Ohio statute goes out of the way to forbid the State Board of Equalization to *reduce* the total assessments returned by the county boards, and the Ohio Constitution distinctly requires that railroad property shall be assessed at the same rate as other property. The State Board should not construe the statute so as to violate the Constitution.

In regard to the other and more important argument—that railroad property in Ohio is already assessed about as high as other property—it is only necessary to point out that the facts notoriously and demonstrably contradict the claim. As to personal property, the railroad attorneys simply exaggerate a good point when they speak of the low assessment of manufacturers' stocks, but they misrepresent the situation when they omit from consideration the stocks of merchants, the stock of National banks, and the stock of farmers, all of which the Ohio law effectively reaches. They furthermore omit to note that the great bulk of the "stocks and bonds" which "to all intents and purposes escape taxation" are the stocks and bonds of railroads. Had these attorneys turned to the last census report (1890) they would have found that the assessed value of personal property in Ohio—*including railroads*—was 39 per cent. of the estimated true value of all the personal property in the State. Excluding the railroads, the average assessment of personalty was nearly 45 per cent. of the estimated true value. In regard to real estate, the census figures show that Mayor Johnson's "sixty per cent." estimate was too high for the State at large, though moderate for many localities. The estimated true value of the taxable real estate was $2,374,000,000, and its assessed value $1,232,000,000—giving an average assessment of 52 per cent. of the true value. In case the railroad attorneys are disposed to dispute the hitherto undisputed estimates of the census in this matter, it is sufficient to recall that if, as they claim, other property in Ohio was assessed, like the railroads, at about 21 per cent. of its market value, then the State of Ohio possessed in 1890 nearly nine billion dollars' worth of property, or over $12,000 worth for every family in the State! If this were true, communists could no longer be answered by calling attention to the meagerness of each family's share in the event of an "even division." The census estimate of the true value of property is as high as the facts warrant, and it shows that, apart from the railroads, all the private property in Ohio is assessed at nearly 50 per cent. of its market value.

Marriages Among College Women

Professor E. L. Thorndike, of the Teachers' College, Columbia University, has published in the New York "Evening Post" an analysis of the marriage statistics of women graduates from colleges. Taking the alumnæ catalogues of Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, he finds that the status of the graduates now living may be summarized as follows:

From classes	1880–84	55	per cent.	married.
"	1885–89	45	"	"
"	1890–91	35	"	"
"	1892–93	29.5	"	"
"	1894–95	23.5	"	"
"	1896–97	17	"	"

The first line in this table is the important one. It shows that among the graduates of these distinctively women's colleges, who are now close upon forty years of age, little more than half are married. In the co-educational college records Professor Thorndike finds a somewhat different state of affairs. The only table he presents is one for the women graduates of

Oberlin between 1840 and 1880. This runs as follows:

From classes	1840–45	about	98	per ct.	married.
"	1846–50	"	85	"	"
"	1851–55	"	80	"	"
"	1856–60	"	79	"	"
"	1861–65	"	77	"	"
"	1866–70	"	75	"	"
"	1871–75	"	66	"	"
"	1876–80	"	69	"	"

The important line in this table is the last, which shows that among Oberlin women graduates just past forty years of age nearly 70 per cent. have married, as against less than 60 per cent. among the graduates of almost the same age from the distinctively women's colleges. Professor Thorndike, however, attaches the greatest importance to the fact that in this table, as in that for Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, the later classes show a much smaller proportion of married graduates than the earlier, and he reaches the conclusion that the tendency of college women not to marry has been increasing as time has gone on. "It is absurd," he says, "to suppose that college women differ from others in possessing superior attractiveness in mature years, and we are therefore led to conclude that the college graduate has been growing less and less inclined to get married, or less and less able, or both." This conclusion of Professor Thorndike by no means follows from either table of statistics. The curriculum of Oberlin prior to 1850 required little more study than the curriculum of a modern high school; the curriculum of Oberlin in 1880 was that of a college all of whose graduates had reached their "twenties" without marrying. In the Eastern women's colleges the requirements have not greatly changed during the period covered by Professor Thorndike's figures, but he is demonstrably mistaken when, on the strength of these returns, he urges that "since 1880 college women have been progressively less likely to marry." If he had taken the trouble to examine earlier catalogues, he would have found that as small a percentage of the members of the early classes were reported married within four years of graduation as he now finds for the classes of 1896 and 1897. His table merely shows that college women marry late.

As to the relative infrequency of marriage among college women, Professor Thorndike draws conclusions which are more nearly warranted, but even here he overstates the point supported by his tables. "It is not wide of the mark," he declares, "to say that marriage is only half as prevalent among college women as with the general population." He bases this comparison upon his prediction that only 45 per cent. of the recent graduates of Smith, Wellesley, and Vassar will marry by the time they are forty, and upon the census statement that 90 per cent. of the female population at large marry by the time they reach that age. We have already seen that his prediction respecting the marriage prospects of recent graduates is entirely baseless; and his census statement regarding the female population in general, while correct, refers to the population of the whole country, and not to those of the sections from which most of the alumnæ come. In Arkansas 96 per cent. of the women are married by the time they are forty; but in Massachusetts—including the working population, who notoriously marry early—only 80 per cent. of the native women are married when they reach that age. The statistics of the classes 1880–1884 at Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley indicate that 60 per cent. of the *graduates* will be married when they reach forty, and to this number ought in fairness to be added the members of these classes who married without graduating. Professor Thorndike records that 17 per cent. of the recent alumnæ married within three or four years after graduation, and he should reflect that nearly as many of their classmates may have married during the three or four years before graduation (when they were from nineteen to twenty-two years of age). It is safe to say that of the women who *entered* Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley in the classes 1880–84 nearly 70 per cent. were married when they reached forty. In other words, instead of college women marrying only half as frequently as other women in the States represented, they marry nearly seven-eighths as frequently—even in the distinctively women's colleges, and quite as frequently in the co-educational colleges.

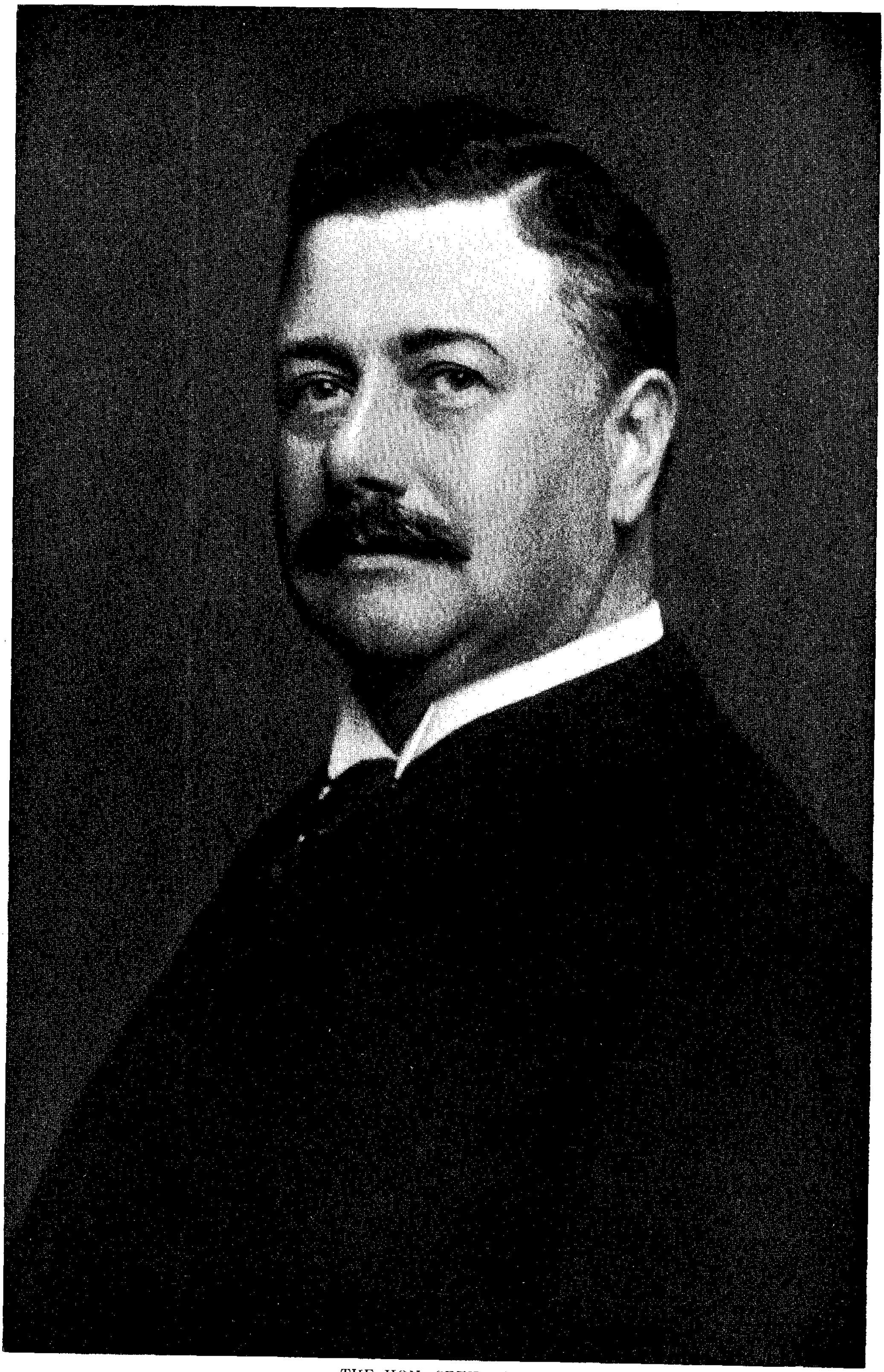
Professor Thorndike's comparison between the marriage statistics of college *graduates* and those of women at large was misleading, because among studious women he took only those who had reached twenty-two (the average age of women at graduation) before marrying. In Massachusetts 30 per cent. of all the native women are married by the time they reach twenty-two, and the census shows that of those unmarried at this age only 72 per cent. are married at forty. In short, the difference between the marriage statistics of college women and those of women in general is very slight, and it is doubtful if there is any material difference between the marriage statistics of college women and those of other women of the same social class. It is among families of social position, as every close observer knows, that the percentage of women who reach forty unmarried is greatest. Professor Thorndike's concluding observations as to how college women marry suggests the importance of comparing them with other members of the more influential social class, and also explains the remarkable lateness of their marriages. To a very large extent, he observes, they marry professional men, and, as a rule, they seem to marry exceptionally well. The intellectual and economic independence which college women generally possess interferes less than is commonly supposed with the likelihood of their marriage, though it does tend to postpone this event until the clear impulse comes from within.

❀

Which Background?

In the work of an artistic temperament it is easy to discover the background against which that work is done, because the background of the life of a sensitive man leaves its impress upon his imagination. Wordsworth's poetry is touched throughout with the elusive and mysterious beauty of the Lake region, and Scott's verse with the loveliness of that wild and beautiful scenery which he knew so well along the banks of the Tweed and among the southern Scottish lakes; again and again one hears in Tennyson's verse the roar of the sea along the coast of Lincolnshire, and one sees in the background of many of Titian's pictures those mountain forms with which his youth was familiar. Ruskin has described in one of his most eloquent passages the loveliness of sky and sea which enveloped the young imagination of Giorgione and gave his work its penetrating splendor.

It is not within the power of every man to choose his background. Some men are born far from the majesty of mountains and the glory of the sea. It is impossible for some men to select their surroundings; but there is another background than that of material forms, as there is another expression of a man's spirit than that of tangible work: there is a background of thought and there is a life of the mind. Those who have spiritual or literary insight are able to discern in a man's thought the background of his spiritual life; they know, if they have penetration, what images and ideals he sees in the hours when his mind is free and he lives in himself rather than in the expression of himself. One knows without being told what ideas were in the mind of Emerson when he gave free rein to his thought, and it is not difficult to imagine what kind of images thrilled Carlyle in those lonely walks in the days when "Sartor Resartus" was being written. Great spirits dwell habitually with great ideas; these ideas are their chosen companions, the intimate friends of leisure hours; it is by contact with such ideas that the springs of inspiration are fed when they have been drawn upon; it is in the fellowship of such ideas that the ideals of life are purified when they have been tarnished. The deepest and richest part of a man's life is unconscious. A great deal of his most fruitful thinking goes on without his direction, and when he is not aware that his mind is at work. The greatness of his nature and the value of his thought will depend largely upon what the mind does when he is not consciously directing it; will depend, in other words, on the ideas, the fundamental principles, the absorbing problems to which it reverts by instinct, by habit, and by affinity when it is free to select its own objects. These are its background. No man can conceal himself; no man can hide the background of his mind, and that background is of his own choosing. It lies in the power of each of us to live with the greatest ideas, the noblest ideals, the most inspiring achievements in the history of man, or to content ourselves with the mediocrities, the commonplaces, and the vulgarities of our time.



THE HON. SETH LOW

The Anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York City.

Photograph by Hollinger.

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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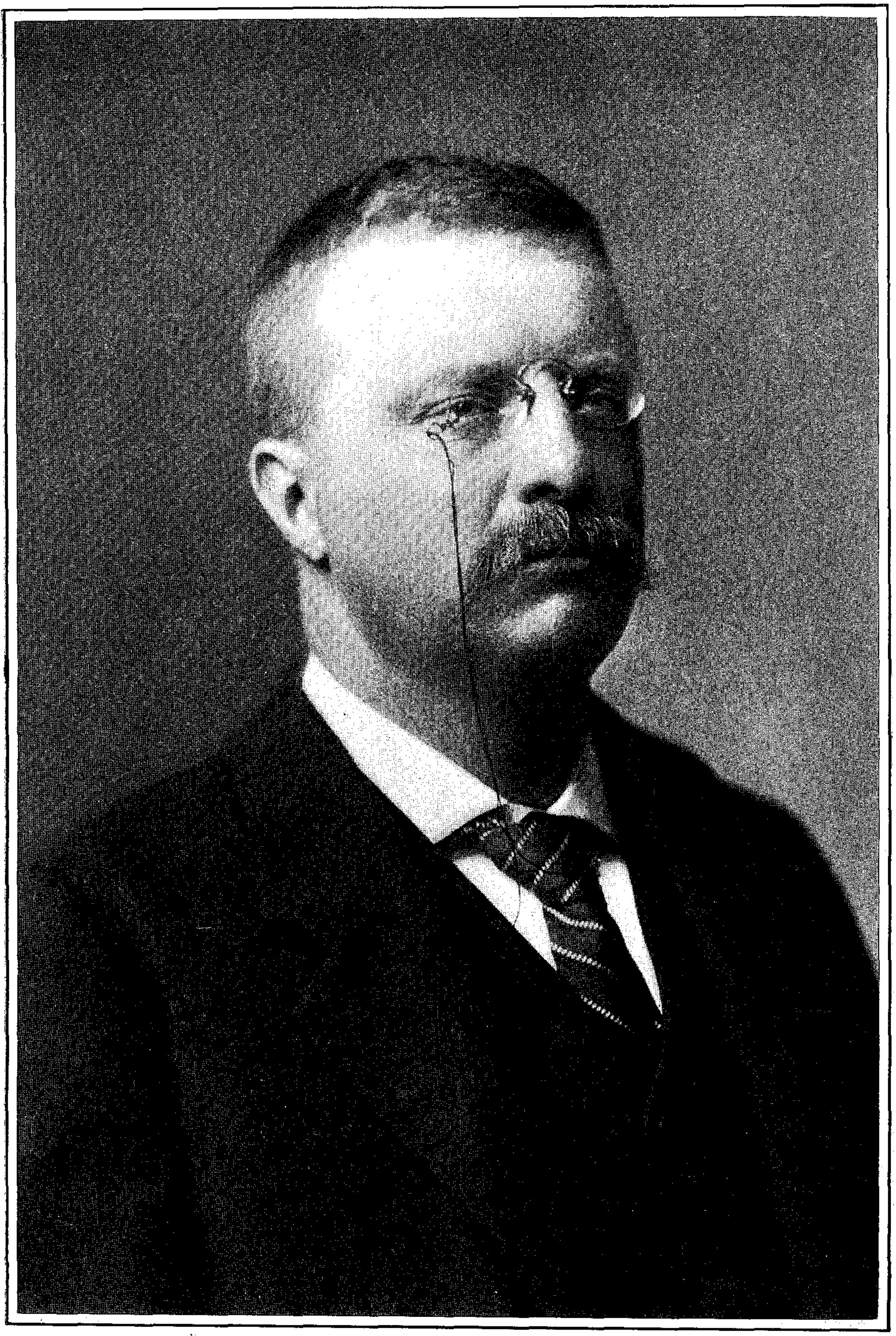

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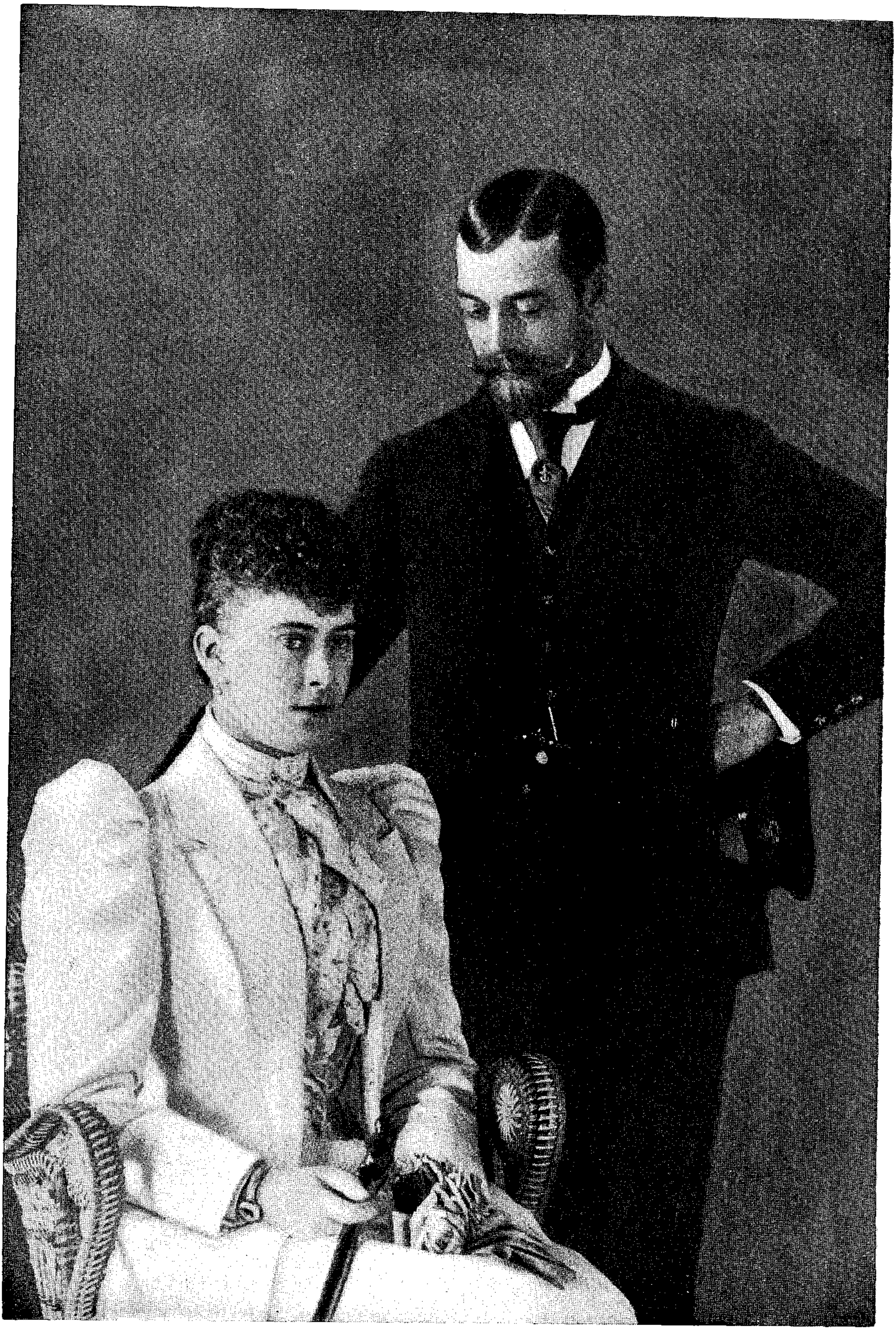
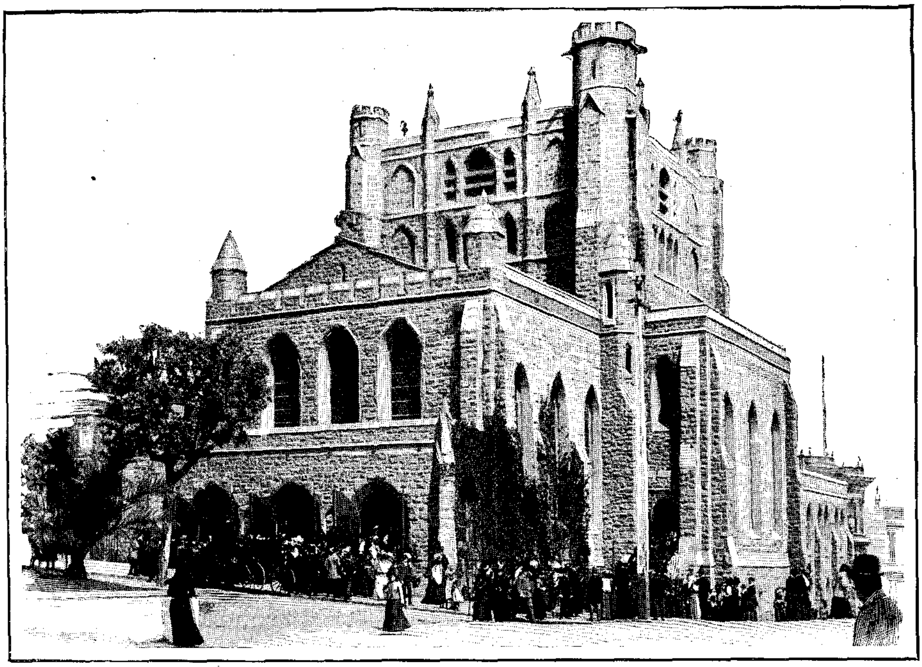


THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK
Now on a visit to Canada.



TRINITY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO

The Episcopal Triennial Convention

By Florence E. Winslow

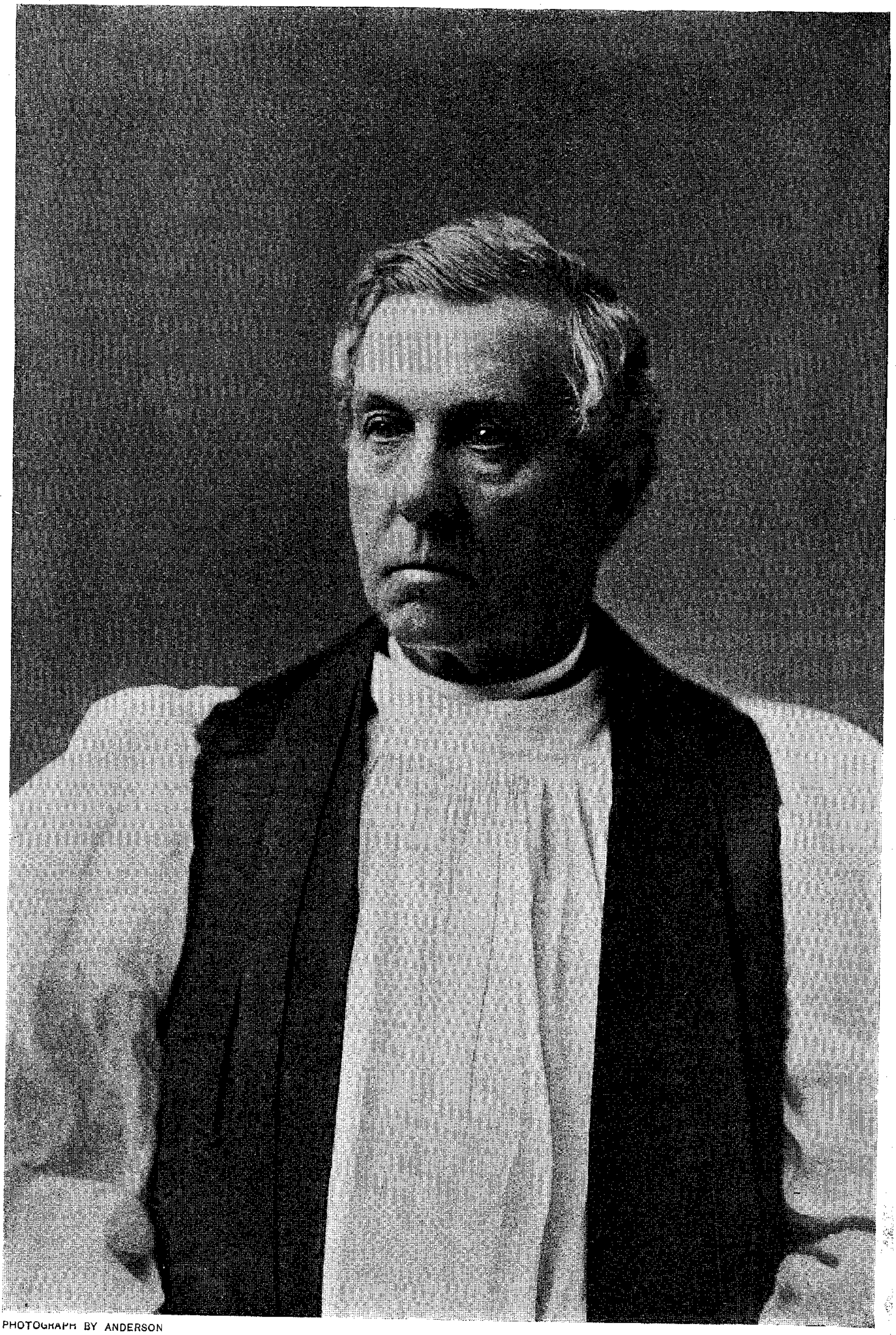
ON the second of October the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States assembles in Trinity Church, San Francisco, for what promises to be one of the most influential gatherings of this legislative council held since the Constitutional Convention of 1785, which met in Philadelphia and revolutionized Anglican precedent by the introduction of lay representation into the councils of the Church, and even indicated the lines on which the National Constitution was, two years later, organized. The General Convention retains the impress of this early assemblage of Churchmen seeking to construct a National Church from the ruined and disjointed parishes of ante-Revolutionary days. It is a National organization, the States its component units, each diocese of each State retaining in its own hand sovereign authority. Its sessions are triennial, the bishops, who are *ex officio* members of the Convention, forming an upper house; the delegates, clerical and lay, four of each order being elected to represent each diocese, a lower; to these are added single representatives of each order for the several missionary jurisdictions. The personnel of the delegates now traversing the several transcontinental routes to the Pacific coast is as varied as the broad geographical area which they represent. Some of the bishops who have influence in the House come from the far East, where they are trained to meet pressing questions of social life and order. Others from the mid-West may be more conservative and lay greater emphasis on questions of ecclesiastical tradition and order, while all will unite with the far Western bishops, all of whom are of necessity missionary bishops, in feeling that an important function of even a legislative convention of a missionary church may be to enlarge the boundaries and deepen existing lines of missionary service within the United States, and to arouse such public enthusiasm as shall place in the hands of the Missionary Board means for the extension of the work, both within existing limits and beyond the great waters, where Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, and China seem to have been providentially opened for new efforts.

An unusually large number of sessions will be allotted to the meetings of the Board of Missions. Many missionary services in adjacent churches will be held, and the Rt. Rev. Frederick R. Graves, Bishop of Shanghai, China, will preach a missionary sermon in the Convention church.

Trinity is the historic church of San Francisco. Organized in 1849 by the Rev. Flavel Scott Mines, who reached San Francisco on July 4, its first service was held on July 8. No one being present to lead the musical portion of the service, Mr. Mines prophetically raised the missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The splendid new church on the corner of Bush and Gough Streets, where the sessions of the Convention will be held, is the fourth edifice occupied by Trinity parish. Its rector is the Rev. F. W. Clampett, D.D. The Bishop of California, the Rt. Rev. William Ford Nichols, D.D., has his residence at San Mateo, in the Divinity School of the Pacific, but for the present month will occupy the home of Mr. Scott, in which President McKinley resided during his recent visit to San Francisco. The Bishop is a man in the prime of life, energetic, forceful, and imbued with the missionary spirit of self-sacrifice. The Bishop of Sacramento, the Rt. Rev. William H. Moreland, D.D., whose diocese is distinctively a missionary one, and the Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, D.D., Bishop of Los Angeles, worthily complete the list of the bishops in California. The Rt. Rev. Benjamin Wistar Morris, D.D., Bishop of Oregon, the senior bishop on the Pacific coast, will preach the opening sermon. Consecrated in 1868, he has seen much missionary service, both in pioneer days and in later years. The diocese of the Rt. Rev. Lemuel H. Wells, D.D., Missionary Bishop of Spokane, and at present in charge of Olympia, is the northernmost of the jurisdictions of the Pacific slope.

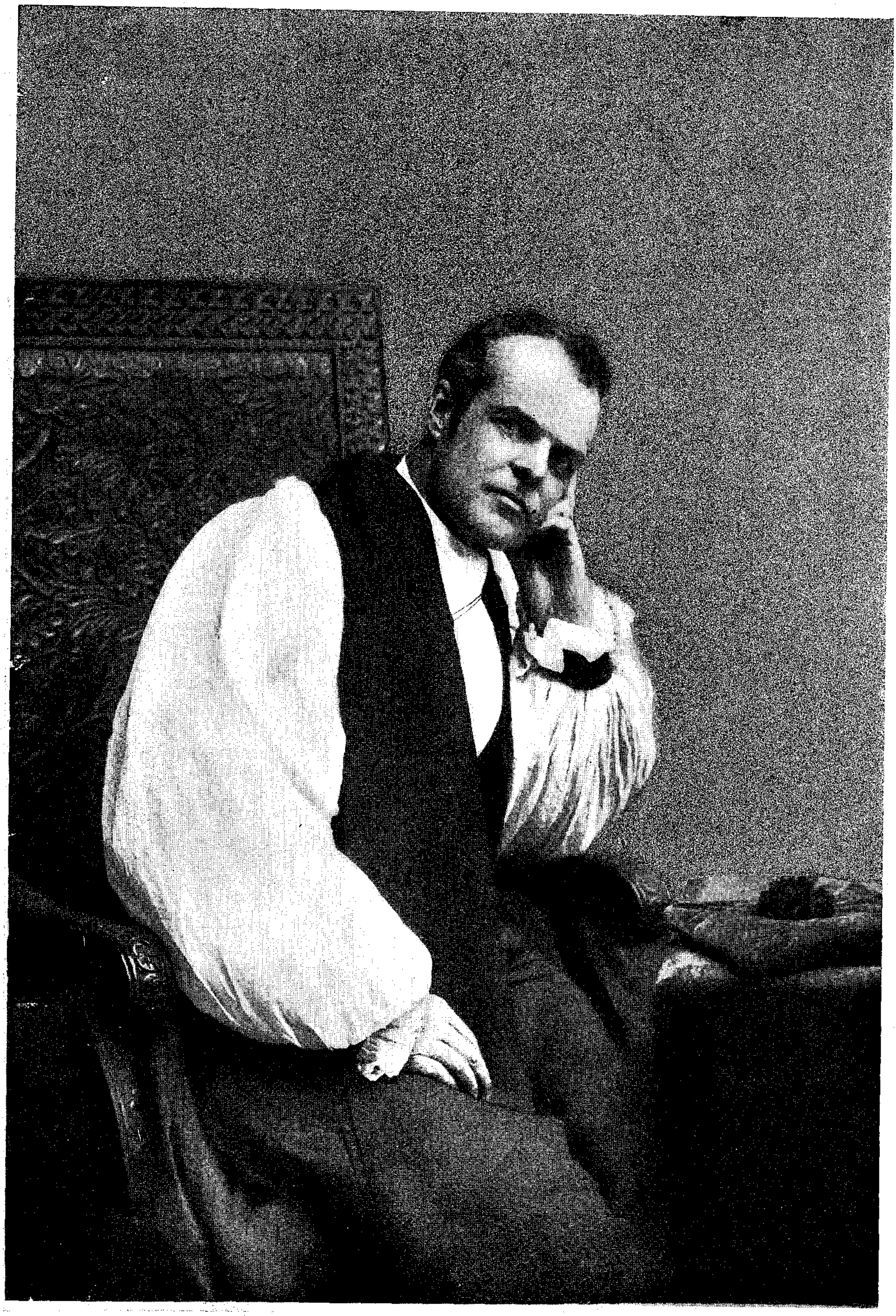
The opening service of Trinity parish, in 1849, was not the first worship of the Episcopal Church heard in San Francisco. In 1579 Sir Francis Drake sailed, first of Europeans, into the waters of the beautiful bay and remained some time refitting his vessel, the Golden Hinde. On one occasion, with the gathered Indians of the place, Francis Fletcher, Chaplain, and all Drake's company "fell to prayers," reading the Prayer-Book service and beseeching the Father of all to enlighten these Gentiles with the light of the everlasting Gospel. This was the first Christian service in the English tongue on the coast, the first use of the Book of Common Prayer in America, and one of the earliest missionary prayers on the continent. A great stone cross fifty-five feet high, erected in Golden Gate Park by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and visible from the ocean, commemorates this service.

The Presiding Bishop of the Church, the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D.D., Bishop of Rhode Island, fills this office as the Senior Bishop of the Church in the order of his consecration, which took place in 1854. As his health will not permit him to be present, the Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, D.D., Bishop of Albany and Chairman of the House of Bishops, will take his place. Bishop Doane's great interest in stricter legislation on the question of marriage and divorce, to which he has been urging forward the Church, will make him a figure of special interest during the coming Convention, when action is likely to be taken on part at least of the suggested canons on this subject. The House of Clerical and Lay Deputies will lose the advantage of its elected President, the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., D.C.L., rector of Trinity Church, New York, whose rare administrative ability and marked tact and impartiality have been for fifteen years at the service of his brethren. Dr. Dix, who has made the best of Presidents ever chosen, has declined re-election, and it will be necessary for the House to choose a new officer. At the outset, the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, D.D., Secretary of the House, will preside. Among leaders in the debates in the House of Deputies the Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., stands easily first. Notable names of speakers in the House are the Rev. Drs. McConnell, Fulton, Parks, Mann, Donald, Lindsay, Eccleston, Greer, McKim, Mackay-Smith, and Jewell, and Messrs. Packard, Paine, Low, Cutting, Thomas, Andrews, Earl, and Prince.



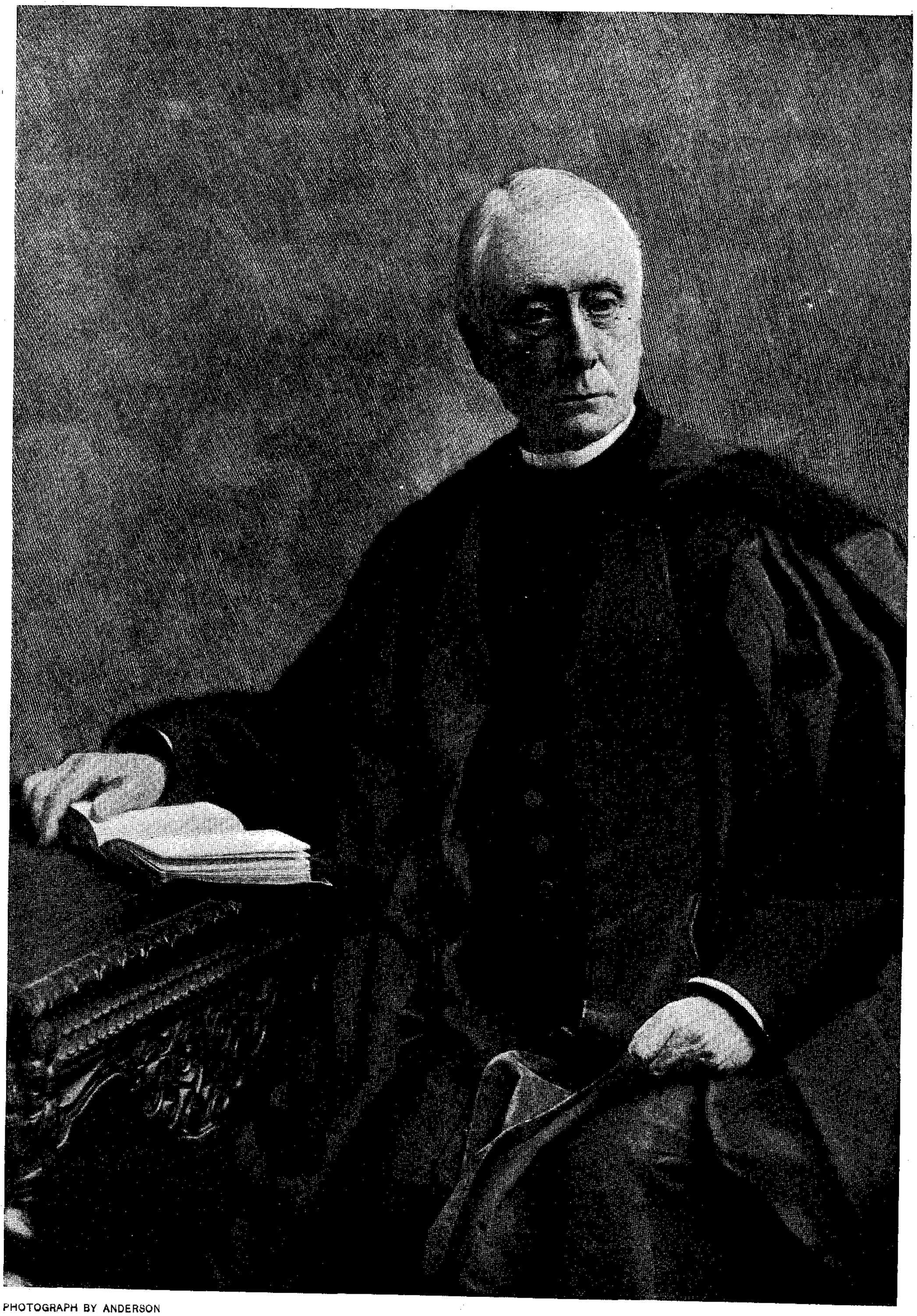
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

THE RT. REV. THOMAS M. CLARK
Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.



THE RT. REV. WILLIAM F. NICHOLS

Bishop of California.



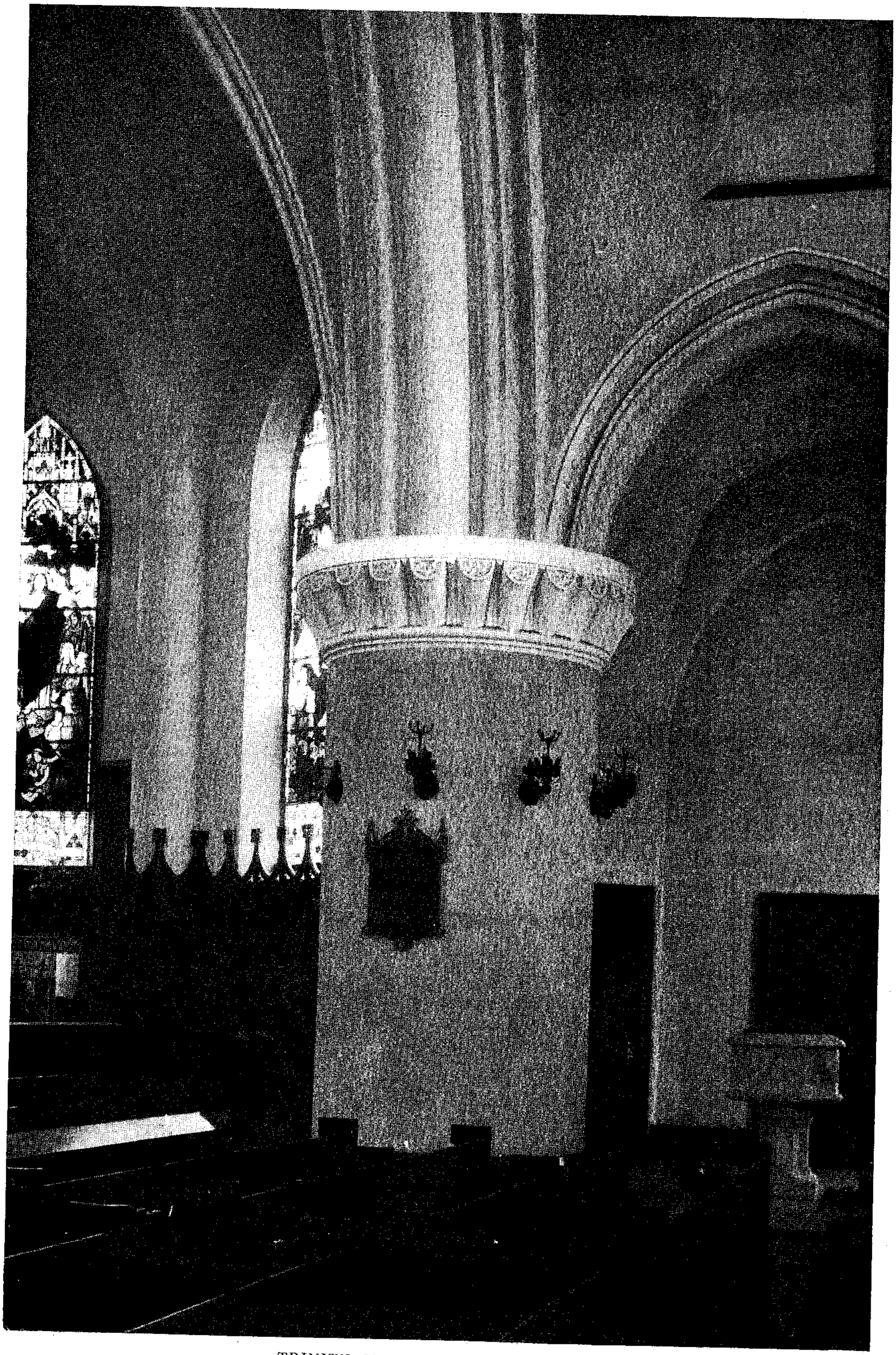
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

THE REV. MORGAN DIX, D.D.
Retiring President of the House of Deputies.

The House of Bishops sits with closed doors, conclusions only being announced, but it is understood that among the prominent speakers are the Rt. Rev. Drs. Henry C. Potter, Hugh Miller Thompson, F. D. Huntington, A. C. Garrett, T. U. Dudley, G. F. Seymour, A. M. Randolph, Ethelbert Talbot, Leighton Coleman, Davis Sessums, T. F. Gailor, William Lawrence, A. C. A. Hall, Henry Y. Satterlee, D. S. Tuttle, and H. B. Whipple. The missionary bishops, whose addresses will be made in public sessions of the combined houses, are the Rt. Rev. Drs. Hare, Brewer, Johnston, Leonard, Kendrick, Gray, Wells, Graves, Brooke, Rowe, Morrison, Horner, Edsall, Funsten, Ferguson, McKim, Partridge, Holly, and Kinsolving, the two last from the independent dioceses of Haiti and Brazil.

It will prove of interest to note the change of view which thinking men in both Houses have undergone in three years concerning the new canons on marriage and divorce, which is the prominent question of public interest to come before the Convention. It will be remembered by our readers that in 1898 both Houses failed to take action on these canons, which recorded the advanced position in the battle for the preservation of home life and the social order which the Episcopal Church is seeking to take. She stands now easily in the lead in this matter, as her clergy are forbidden to perform the marriage ceremony for any divorced person other than the innocent party in a suit for adultery. The proposed canon declares that no marriage of a divorced person is to be solemnized, save in the case of a marriage annulled by decree of a competent court for a cause existing before marriage. If this section of the new canon passes, it will be with the understanding that many deputies believe that its action may and must do injustice in certain cases, yet that the general good of society and of the Church requires this sacrifice of the isolated sufferer. Another section of the canon states the Levitical code of consanguinity, and points out that marriage within its limits is not permissible. The most drastic section of the new canon is the third, which forbids the parish minister to give the sacraments of the Church to any person married after divorce, unless he be the innocent party in a suit for adultery. The clergyman is made judge in this matter; but the severity of this disciplinary canon is relieved by the fact that appeal to the bishop, who may deliver final judgment, is allowed. These canons are reported by a special committee of the House of Deputies; but a joint committee appointed by the two Houses to consider the same matter substitutes the table of affinities in use in the Church of England for the words of the Levitical code. This form will bring up the deceased wife's sister tradition, and although approved by such able social workers as Bishops Doane and Hall, the provision forbidding a man to marry his sister-in-law will scarcely gain the general approval of American Churchmen. There are twenty-one canons on other subjects which require action.

The Provincial system, whose consideration had been somewhat complicated by irrelevant talk of primates, archbishops, and metropolitans, is, as its system is proposed by the report of the committee, a simple and potentially effective system for organizing adjacent dioceses. In a country where there is no acknowledged metropolis and no authority to be conferred, English terms need scarcely be dreaded. It is scarcely to be conceived that any American province will ever endow its bishop with such metropolitical authority as to justify such terms as archbishop and the like. It is not in the American blood. A party of Western bishops has but recently denied to the Presiding Bishop even the authority to investigate the ritual insertions in a consecration service, made without authorization by the several diocesan bishops sent by his own appointment to conduct the service. Provinces would be at their least and best simply groups of neighboring dioceses, with councils which might relieve the General Convention of much local legislation, and could not fail to work in the interest of the allied charities and benevolent institutions of the several dioceses represented. It is proposed also that they might contain the constituent elements of the much-needed judicial system, and begin their work in the line of the foundation of Courts of Appeal. A body of canons relating to Courts of Appeal has been prepared by two dis-



TRINITY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO

Where the Convention is being held.

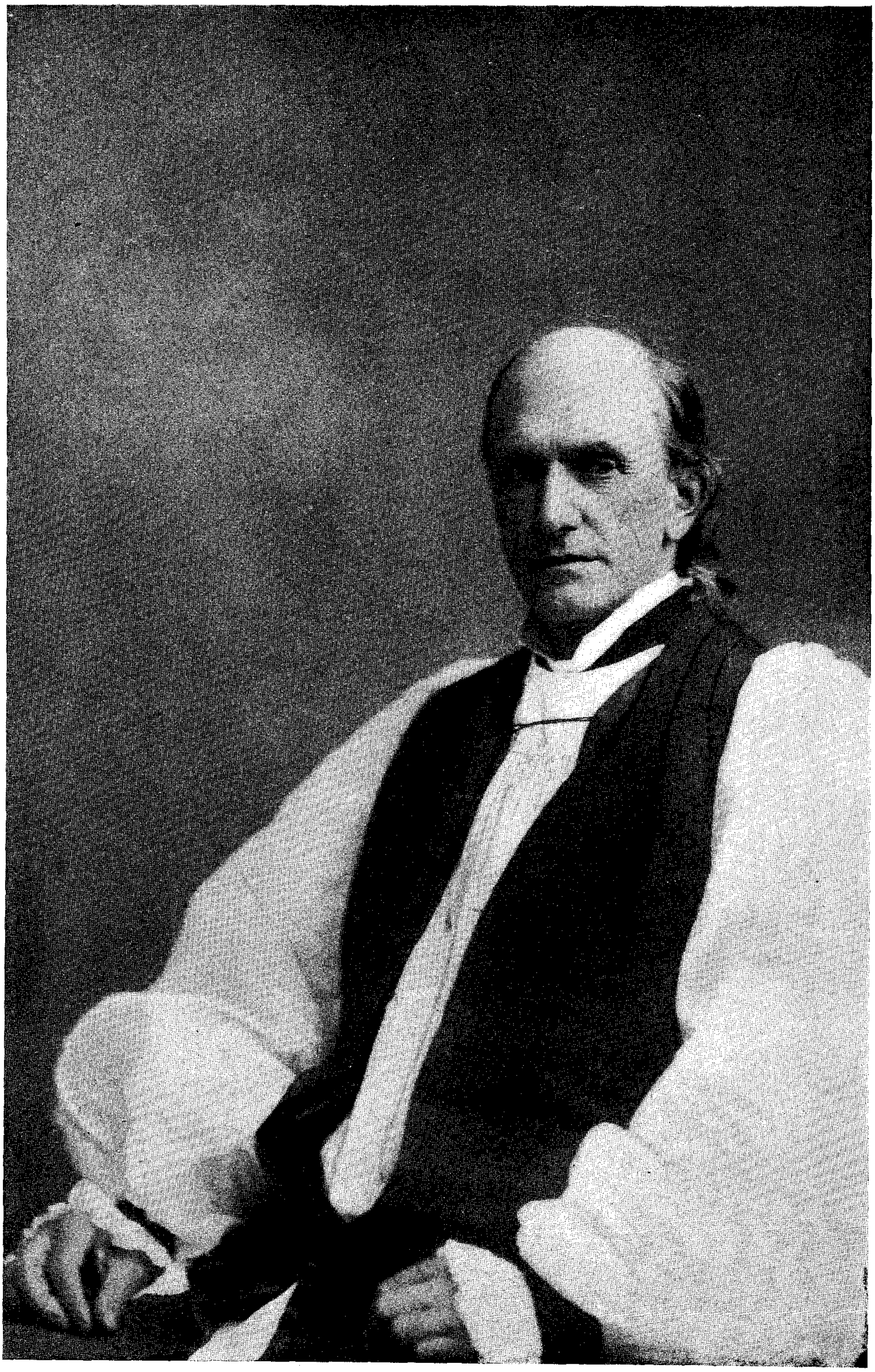
tinguished jurists, the Hon. Charles Andrews and the Hon. Robert Earl. It suggests the division of the dioceses and missionary districts of the Church in the United States into five judicial departments. This foundation of a competent judicial system for the Episcopal Church will undoubtedly receive careful consideration.

A matter of more general interest, however, is to be brought up in the report of a committee appointed by both bishops and delegates on marginal readings. The number of these suggested alternative readings of Holy Scripture is so great that the report, intended merely to alleviate certain glaring errors in the King James or Standard Bible of the Church, amounts, in fact, to a new version of the Scriptures. It is proposed to print these emendations, of which about seven thousand are suggested, as interlinear readings incorporated into the text. Some of the readings are taken from the margins of the version of 1611, some from the text of the Revised Version, and some from its margins; other readings are those preferred by the American Revisers of 1881, and for many suggestive changes this present joint committee of the two Houses assumes responsibility. While it is certain that some alternative readings are desired by all the clergy, who are denied the relief afforded by the Revised Version to other religious bodies, it is improbable that the Convention will feel itself competent to undertake the work of a new translation of the Bible, a service usually performed after years of labor by experts in Biblical science. It will be curious to note the result of the discussion of this matter in the present Convention. Time will scarcely allow the shaking of the sacred Scriptural fringes, yet something must be done, and the discussions may lead to permission to use the Revised Version, or to the conviction that the Episcopal Church needs an entire and separate revision of the Authorized English Version for its special use.

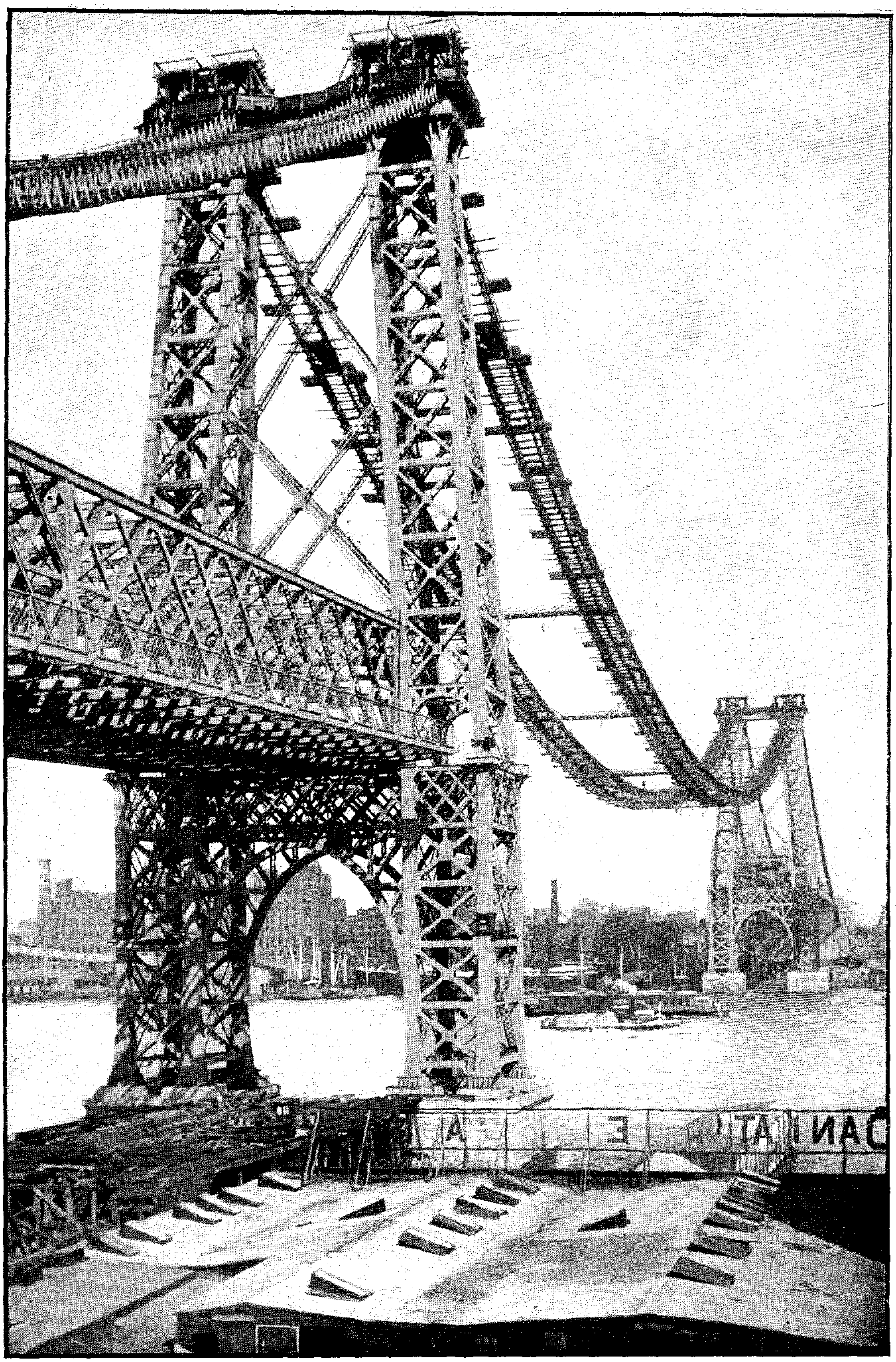
The agitators for a change of name of the Church are mustering in force, and will again seek, with stress and fervor, the elimination of the objectionable adjectives Protestant and Episcopal from the legal title of the Church, which has for over a hundred years borne up nobly and with little protest under their weight. When the agitation for change began fifteen years since, the term Protestant bore the brunt of disfavor as negative, uncatholic, and tending to perpetuate theological discords of past centuries; in the present symposiums "Episcopal" shares the attacks of the agitators. It is, in the words of one writer, on "a level with 'funeral obsequies,'" while another advances the claim that "this Church is not episcopal in her mode of government," authoritative legislation being vested in the General Convention, no bishop having government in the Church, save under the limitations and regulations of that body. The old words are approved by many, and will possibly weather this latest storm of disapproval. Brilliant debaters will rally to their support, and equally good oratory will expend its forces in advocating one or the other of the twenty-one suggested titles, of which "The Church in the United States of America" seems to find most favor.

The first subject to be taken up by the House of Deputies we mention last, because it comes up for final action, and has been already discussed. It is a series of amendments to the Constitution of the Church, eleven in number, which have been sent down to the several dioceses for approval, and must now receive final action. It is probable that the provision making the senior bishop in order of consecration Presiding Bishop will be seriously reconsidered in the House of Bishops, and the House of Deputies may seek an amendment to the proposed article on the Book of Common Prayer, in order that the introduction of unauthorized ceremonies into the worship of the Church may be made impossible in the future.

The Church people of California and the other dioceses of the coast are looking hopefully for the stimulus and encouragement which must come from the intelligent help and sympathy of so large a number of their brethren in council assembled, while delegates from the East are prepared for an enlarged vision, a keener appreciation of opportunity, to be gained from insight into the possibilities of the vast dioceses of the West, and an outlook into an inspiring future of service across the farthest ocean.



THE RT. REV. HENRY B. WHIPPLE
Died September 16, 1901.



THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE

Photograph by H. H. Moore.

THE UNIFICATION OF NEW YORK

BY THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

SCATTERED over a diversified surface of three hundred and twenty-three square miles, New York presents an area nearly three times that of London and ten times that of Paris. Paris, with its thirty square miles, by the side of it is a compact little city to the center of which all roads may be said to lead. And so with London, though four times New York's size, to the business center there are no great rivers to be spanned, no bay to be crossed, or very great distances traversed. In or about the centers of both these European cities people dwell, and there is constant life and movement, the attraction of theaters, public places, and gayety at all times.

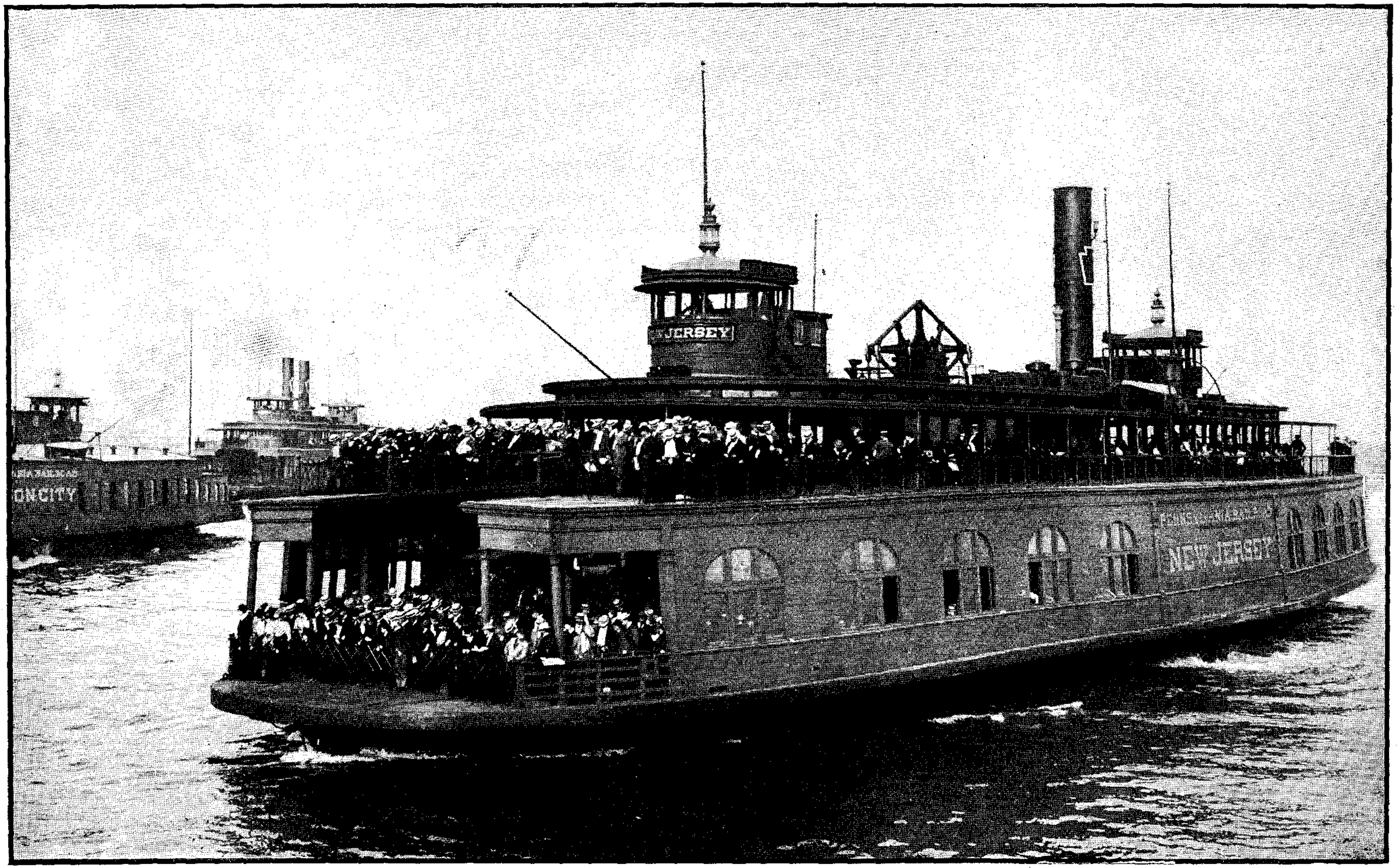
Not so with New York, where the business center is located on the lower end of Manhattan, which forms a narrow peninsula geographically isolated from the mainland. There no one pretends to live, if we may except the localized colonies of foreigners, such as the Syrians of Washington Street, the Italians of Mulberry Street, and the Chinese of Mott and Pell Streets, or the Jews on the East Side. With these localities excepted, the business center of the city outside of business hours is as silent as the tombs of Thebes.

As morning dawns, the reigning silence begins to be broken by the great rush of people from all directions to take their places in the empty workshops, factories, and buildings, till they are filled to the streets and wharfs with seething, hurrying humanity, all bent upon their personal gain and occupation. As the day wanes they begin to hurry away again as they came, leaving that part of the city, with its tall buildings, factories, and shops, and even its shipping, as silent and deserted as it was before.

This aspect of the American metropolis began with the natural desire of the independent, home-loving American to live apart from his business, combined with the limited area of the city proper to give him such a home as he required. It began on the very lowest end of the peninsula, pressing its way upwards, and as the city became more and more congested with business, it drove the homes out, either to the suburbs or further up town. Thus the fashionable quarters of Bleecker Street and Washington Square were transferred to Fifth Avenue, while the districts thus abandoned by the wealthy, like "the palace of a king in the day of its decline, which commonly ends in being the nestling-place of the beggar," became in the majority of cases the resort of the lowly. Thus early it became a marked feature of our growing metropolis that only the very rich or the very poor lived in what was then New York, to-day Manhattan.

Across the East River was the little city of Brooklyn, which furnished an aristocratic residential section on the heights opposite Wall Street even back in the days of the Dutch burghers, when they rowed their own boats across to the city, where, after transacting their business, they sat in front of the stores along the water-front, and smoked their pipes as they gossiped away an idle hour, looking out upon the green slope of the Brooklyn to be.

Williamsburg, further up, was a little settlement which grew and became popu-


JERSEY
NEW JERSEY
ON CITY

THE FERRY SYSTEM

This system will be largely replaced by the great North River railway bridge.

lated with the great influx of Germans from across the sea, who added rapidly to its increase. Brooklyn gradually spread over the green fields, its characteristic homes of the Hill district back of the Heights, the residential section of the fairly well-to-do who could afford dwellings with ample room on shaded streets, becoming its prominent feature. Back of the Hill oceanward spread the farms of the old Dutch settlers of Peter Stuyvesant days, with their little village of Flatbush centered around the old Dutch church which still exists. South Brooklyn formed a community by itself; then there was East New York, far inland—a suburban growth, from its name and beer gardens a seeming travesty on Bowery New York. Bushwick, with its dairy farms and fruit orchards, filled in the triangular space between East New York and Williamsburg. Williamsburg was soon swallowed up by fast-growing Brooklyn, and the other places, all growing and spreading, became merged with Brooklyn too, their seams between healing over till it would be hard to tell just where any of the former villages began or left off.

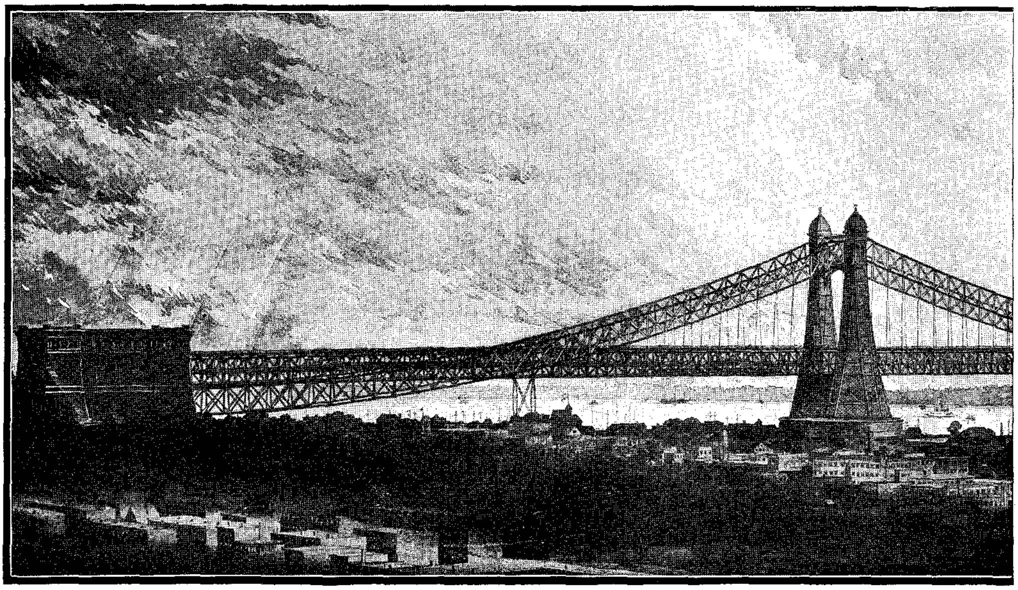
Then came the Consolidation Act which made New York and Brooklyn, with the outlying Boroughs of Bronx, Richmond, and Queens, one city, and thus we have the largest city in the world with a much smaller number of inhabitants per square mile than either Paris or London, the two next largest cities in point of population. And for this very reason, surrounded, traversed, and separated by its rivers, estuaries, and bays, it is the most inconvenient for its inhabitants in which to find a suitable place to live, with proper regard to getting to and fro from that point where it becomes necessary to go, not only in order to earn one's daily bread, but to enjoy such amusements and educational advantages as are offered by a great city.

If the home be selected in the upper part of Manhattan, the most available locality in regard to transit, perhaps, unless it be the extremely wealthy who can afford a mansion, it means one of the two extremes—either a dismal flat with its prison-like cells for bedrooms, or a fashionable apartment-house, very well for a small family of grown people, but no fit place for children, any more than the cheaper flat. And even the uptown flat is not cheap, for rents are high and the cost of provisions proportionately higher.

Bronx means a much longer, tedious ride, in crowded cars both night and morning, in which, unless one is fortunate enough or scrambles hard enough to secure a seat, he must hang on by a strap to his journey's end. We have New Jersey, which is nearer, and furnishes homes cheap enough to be sure, but there is a prejudice on the part of some people against living in a State apart from that in which their business interests are centered, especially as the laws of the State in which they do not reside treat them as foreigners. For residential purposes in New York we have left Richmond across the Bay, already crowding Brooklyn and Queens.

The great problem which has confronted the people of New York is the bringing of this great city, with all its boroughs, together; in other words, unifying it by adequate means of transit, so that its people may obtain suitable homes within its bounds, without having to devote a quarter of their time at least in getting to and from their places of work or business. To do this, great engineering feats have to be planned and accomplished, and millions of money supplied for the purpose. It has been this latter, appalling amounts for each new enterprise, which has hitherto prevented the carrying out of the schemes proposed for the closer unification of the great city. It never seemed possible that the investment of such vast capital as was required in any one of the schemes would pay. When the present Brooklyn Bridge was proposed, it was cried down as impossible, impracticable, and entirely unnecessary, and even after the work was commenced it dragged along for years, and at one time stopped completely for the lack of an appropriation.

At last the Bridge was finished, and now, as one looks at the great mass of people on an afternoon, struggling to get into the cars which are to convey them home—throngs in steady streams down Center Street, along Park Row and Nassau Street, across the City Hall Park from up and down Broadway and intersecting streets, all converging towards the iron-throated Bridge entrance, where it yawns with its various side entrances, swallowing them all, one wonders how



THE PROPOSED BRIDGE
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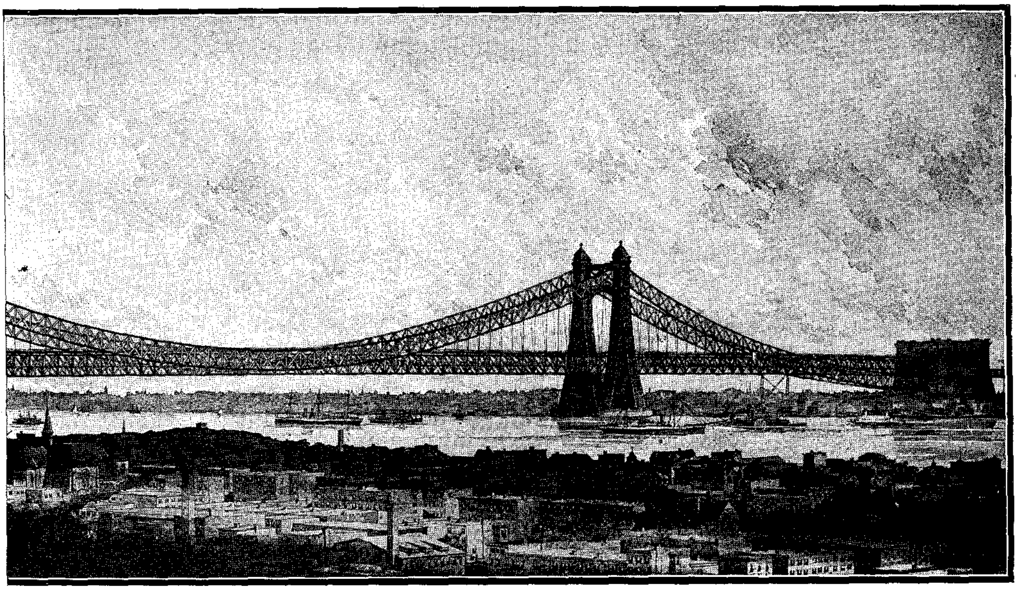
New York ever got along without the Bridge. By its system of rail, elevated, and trolley cars it carries daily more than a quarter of a million people, saying nothing of the vehicle and foot passengers, and, as was shown by the recent breaking of a number of its suspension rods, it is taxed to its utmost capacity. In the annual report of the Bridge engineers for 1900 to John L. Shea, Commissioner of Bridges, it was stated that during the rush hours of the evening the passenger travel in the trolley-cars had reached such proportions that the limit of capacity was practically obtained, and the physical condition prevailing at the trolley terminal in Manhattan absolutely precluded any adequate relief which would not interfere with the continued and free use of the carriage-ways provided for vehicular traffic. A record taken on the 31st of October indicated that about 276,000 passengers were carried in the bridge and trolley cars in one day, and indications are that this number has steadily increased up to the recent breaking of the rods, which has diverted some of the more timorous ones to the ferries. After two years of service, it was found necessary to replace the trolley tracks, about two and one-half million cars having passed over them during that time.

To relieve this Bridge has been the primary study of the Bridge engineers, and hence the Pike Street Bridge in the immediate neighborhood, officially designated as Bridge No. 3. The land for the approaches to this bridge has already been condemned, and the contract for the building of the caisson for the Brooklyn tower foundation let. The bridge is to span the river from the foot of Washington Street, Brooklyn, to Pike Street, Manhattan. It is to run from Myrtle Avenue, between Prince and Gold Streets, with a plaza extension to Fulton Street at the junction of DeKalb Avenue, in a straight line diagonally across that part of the city, terminating in Manhattan at Canal Street and the Bowery. Its entire length will be nearly twice that of the present structure, with which it forms on the Brooklyn side an acute angle. The length of its Brooklyn approach will be 4,230 feet, and its entire length not far from 10,000 feet. There is no possibility of the bridge being completed under five years, and then only in case the necessary appropriations are made as fast as required to push the work.

Bridge No. 4 is a cantilever bridge over Blackwell's Island from Long Island City, terminating at Second Avenue, between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets, Manhattan. Work has also begun on this bridge, which will also be completed in



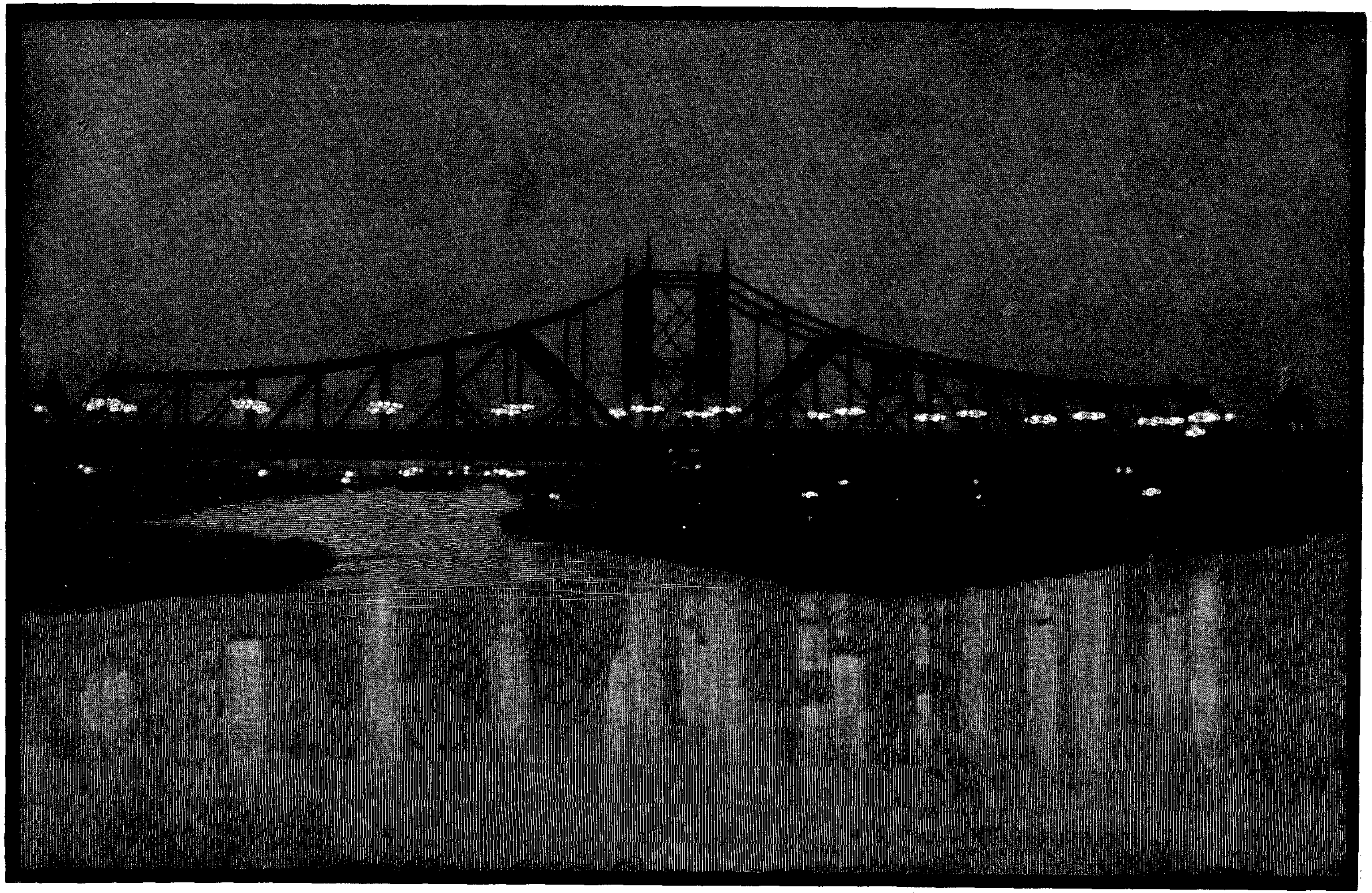
OVER THE NORTH RIVER
the engineer, Mr. Gustav Lindenthal.

five years provided the necessary appropriations are made in time.

It is estimated that it will take two and one-half years to complete the bridge at the foot of Broadway, Brooklyn, and Delancey Street, Manhattan, the towers of which are up and temporary foot-path across. Each of these bridges will have capacity for four trolley tracks, two L tracks and two roadways eighteen feet wide, with the somewhat novel feature of a ten-foot sidewalk for foot passengers on the extreme outsides of each bridge, thus affording ample room for the future bridge-jumper, without the necessity of his having to jump from cars or trucks to accomplish his perilous feat.

The naming of the bridges is an interesting topic recently taken up by the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, which has awarded a silver and a bronze medal respectively for the best and the next-best list of proposed names. Although the trustees did not consider any of the 121 lists submitted ideal, the prizes were awarded to Miss Mary I. Smithson, of East Orange, N. J., and Franklin T. Nevin, of Pittsburg, Pa. With only praise for all the Society has done in its particular field, I think that its Secretary, Mr. Hall, will agree with me in that the bridges are bound to name themselves. The present bridge, now known and named by the people as the "Brooklyn Bridge," in view of the near completion of No. 2 Bridge, is already beginning to be called the "Old Bridge," and I find around the bridge office Bridge No. 3 being termed the "Pike Street Bridge," though Pike Street has nothing more to do with it than have the many other streets which the bridge will cross when completed, and the name is considered by many, who have expressed the hope to me that it will not become fastened upon it by popular usage, as very commonplace and inappropriate. Bridge No. 4 is already being termed "Blackwell's Island Bridge," though "Queen's Bridge" is fully as appropriate, and, owing to its brevity, stands as good a chance of becoming its permanent name. I doubt if No. 2 bridge will ever be known by any other name than that of the "Williamsburg Bridge," though at present it is called the "New Bridge."

The new bridges are to be free bridges; that is, they will be open to all car lines which desire to use them, irrespectively. The city makes no plans for running cars, but merely provides the capacity for their use. If the companies for any reason should fail to extend their lines across the bridges when they have been thrown open for traffic, there are no provisions made for compelling them to do so.



THE CENTRAL BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER
Photograph by H. H. Moore.

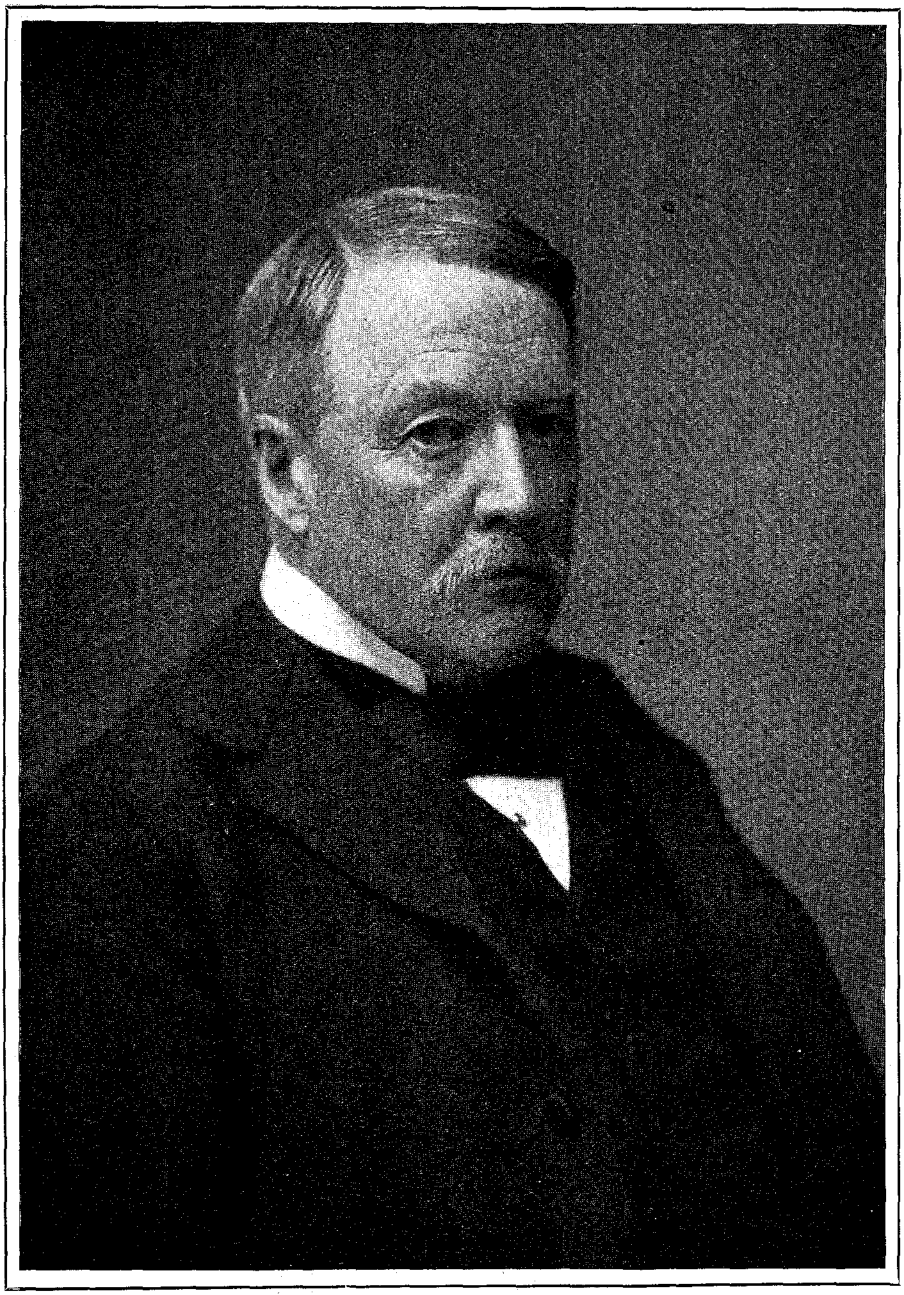
Ample terminal facilities are provided for at the Manhattan end of each of the bridges, for running surface cars over a loop back across the bridge on the same side over which they came, thus insuring a more even distribution of the load, as on the old bridge during rush hours the loaded cars are always on one side of the bridge.

Although the capacity of these bridges is immense, and the terminal facilities are ample and well arranged, it seems to me that they are lacking, in their present plans, the one essential feature of serving more completely the ultimate purpose of unifying the city. That the cars from Brooklyn should be taken across the bridges and there stop seems an incompleteness of the whole scheme. For example, the Williamsburg Bridge, or Bridge No. 2, which is the first to be completed, will furnish a short route from East New York in a direct line along Broadway, Brooklyn, to Manhattan, and directly across the island through either Grand, Broome, or Spring Street to the Hudson River, thus connecting with all the present Manhattan lines, either up or down town. One then could take a car approximately at the foot of Canal Street, North River, and, without changing, ride directly to East New York, a distance of six miles, saving from two to three miles by any of the other routes. Other lines across this bridge should continue through Division Street to the Bowery, and thence to the City Hall, thus taking passengers from the Eastern District of Brooklyn, or beyond, direct to the business center of the city. This would not only relieve to a great extent the strain upon the present bridge, but bring those outlying sections of the city closer to its business center.

In answer to my inquiry why such a scheme should not be carried out, one of the Bridge Department officials replied that he knew of no reason beyond that it would mean an entire change in the overhead trolley system now in use in Brooklyn; in other words, the terminal plans for the surface cars on the new bridges center around the present trolley system used in Brooklyn. This seems a peculiar piece of short-sightedness, for no doubt by the time the bridges are completed Brooklyn will be considering the advisability of putting its unsightly trolley wires also underground.

The Pike Street Bridge, or Bridge No. 3, is the bridge deemed most essential by the Bridge Department in relieving the traffic on the present bridge. It will also serve to relieve the present congestion on Fulton Street below Flatbush Avenue, by diverting one-half the cars from that very much congested section to the Manhattan terminus at Canal Street and the Bowery. But unless the car lines are continued in Manhattan, it will prove objectionable to a great many people whose business takes them further down town. Of course passengers may take any of the cars up or down town at the terminus, but this will mean an extra fare, "and you have no idea how far a person will walk, or even ride, out of his way to save an extra fare," as a bridge official said to me not long ago. Two or three cents to cross a ferry seems an insignificant amount, but I am told that thousands of people walk many blocks daily to save this small sum.

The extension of the Rapid Transit under the river by way of the Battery evidently means one fare for the passenger from any of its stations in Manhattan to its terminus at Flatbush and Atlantic Avenues. Bids for the borings under the river have already been advertised for and received by the Rapid Transit Commission, and it is expected that actual work on the tunnel will be well under way by the latter part of the year. Unlike the building of the bridges, there can be no delay in the prosecution of this work for the lack of appropriations, for the necessary amount of money has already been provided for. The estimated time required for completing the work is three years, and the cost $8,000,000. The extension was proposed by Comptroller Coler, to whose labors its progress is largely due. Its completion will tend more than anything else that can be seen at present to unify at least the two Boroughs of Brooklyn and Manhattan. Passengers may, when it is completed, take the "underground" uptown, or anywhere along Broadway below the Post-Office, and in a very few minutes find themselves in Brooklyn; and though to continue further than its Brooklyn terminus will mean another fare, it is not difficult to perceive in the not distant future a further extension



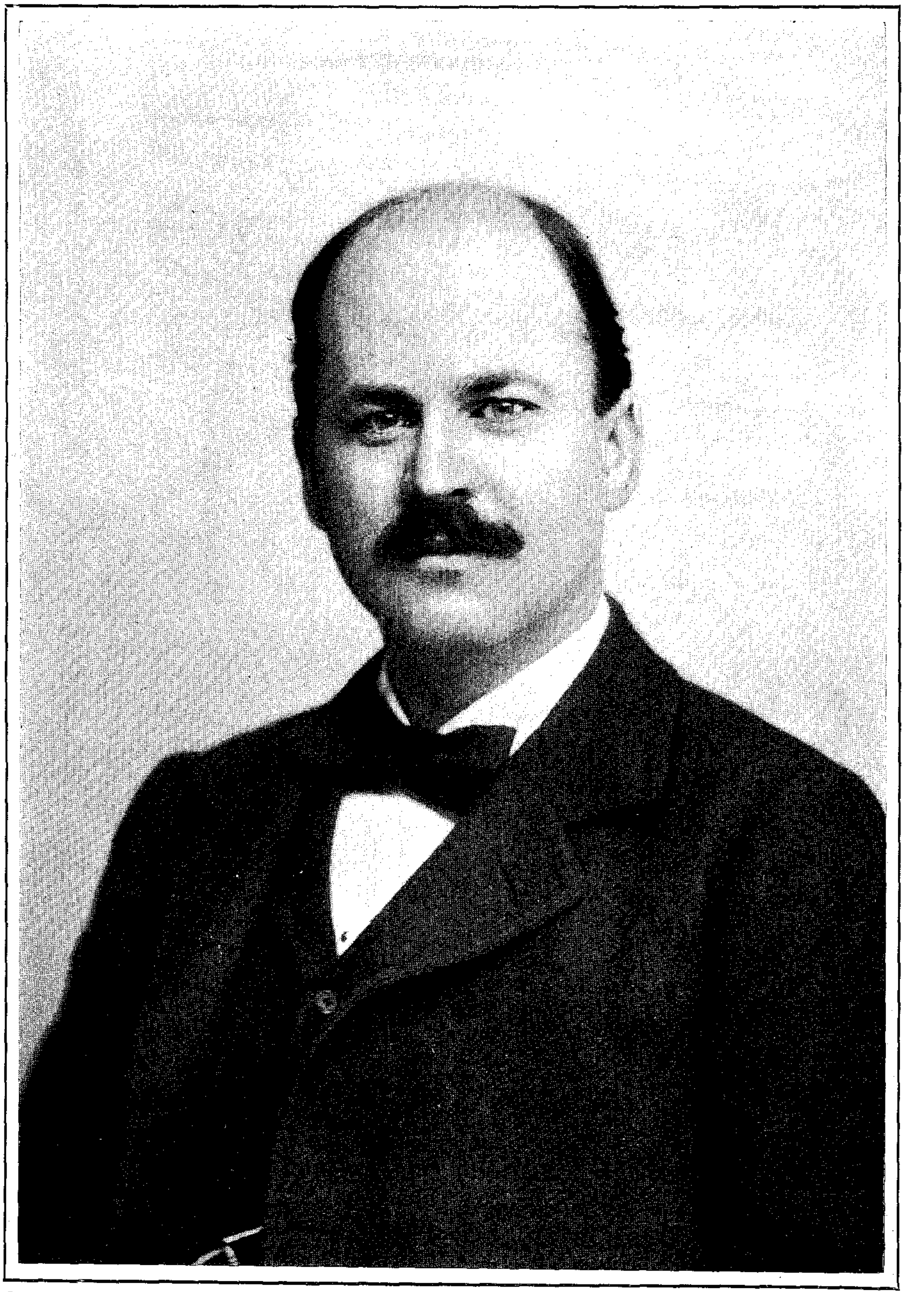
A. J. CASSATT

President of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

through the Borough, and a consequent revolutionizing of the entire transit system.

To bring the Borough of Richmond in closer unity to the business center of the city, a tunnel is talked of under the Narrows by private capital, but for the present it seems that this Borough must remain strictly a suburban section, where the city farmer may rear poultry and Belgian hares, or keep a few cows amidst the quiet of country life.

The Borough of Queens presents very much the same aspect as the Brooklyn of thirty years ago, when the tinkling bell

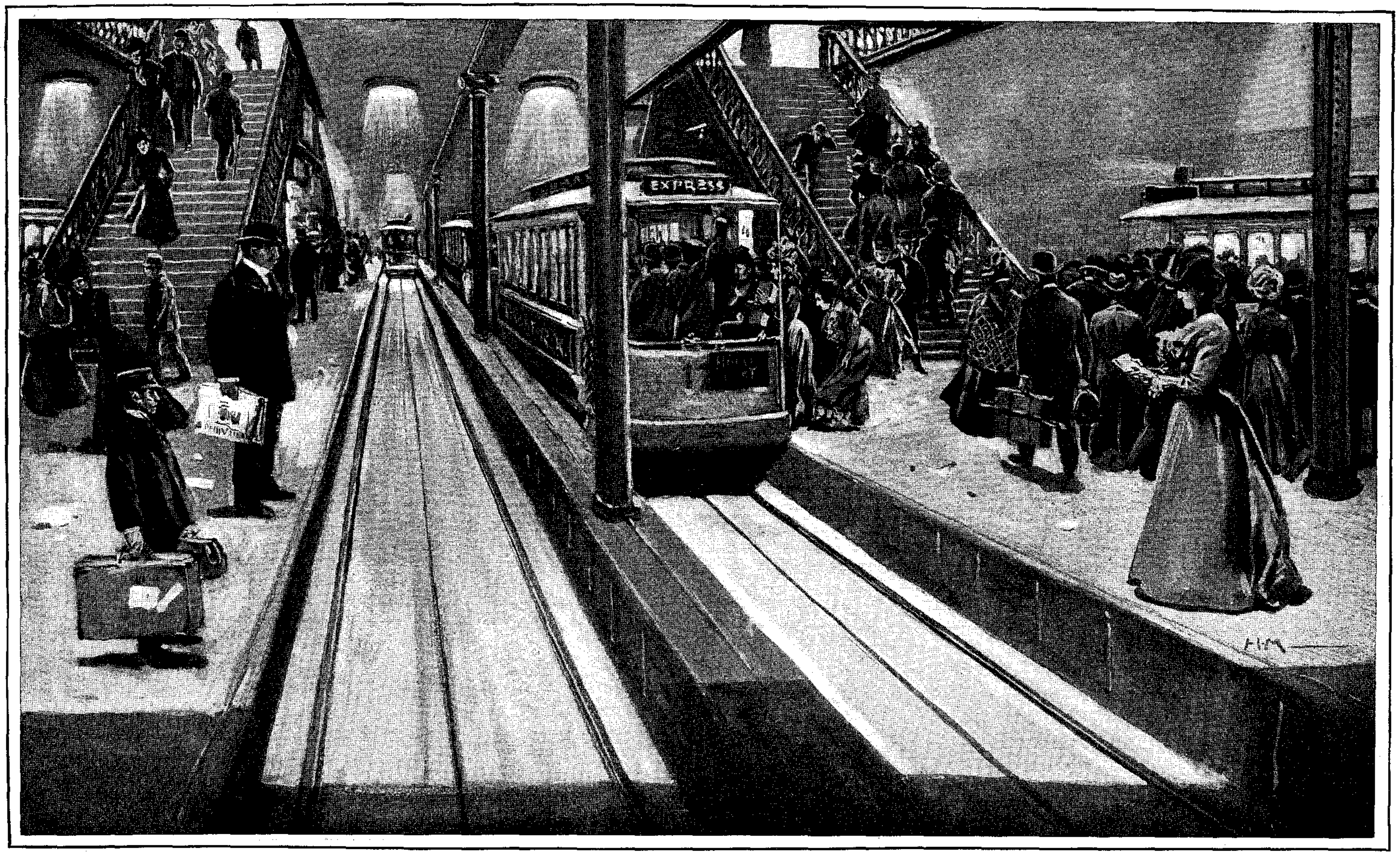


PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JR.

President of the Long Island Railroad Company.

dangling from the necks of the horses tugging at the horse-car warned the few children playing in the lonesome streets, or the solitary passer-by, to keep off the track. because the car was coming with its load of weary passengers from Fulton Ferry. Only, the horse-car, everywhere except in congested Manhattan, is a thing of the past. There are still six thousand horses employed in the street-car service of Manhattan—more than in all the other cities of the United States combined. For a single fare of five cents one may ride from the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry in the

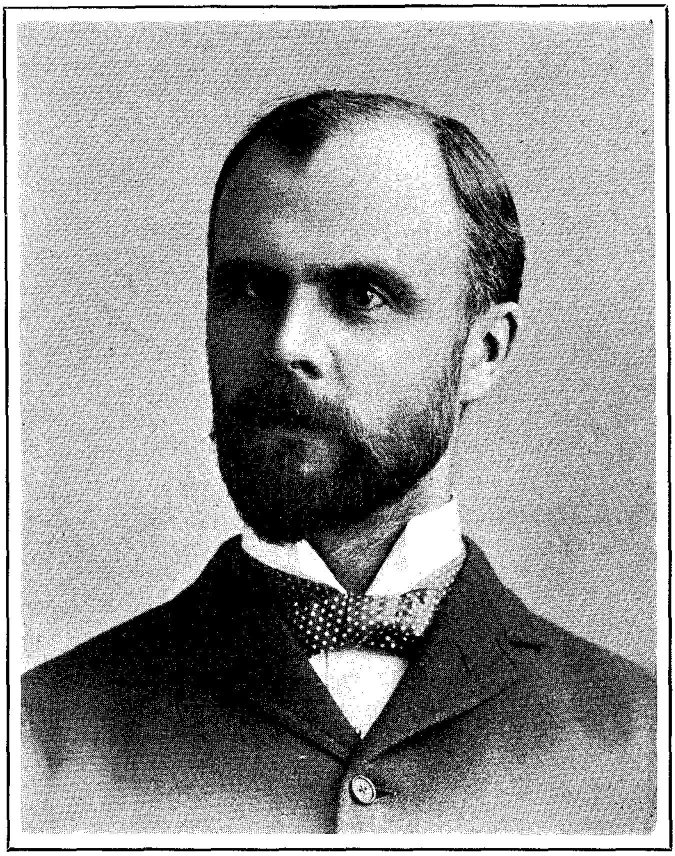


AN EXPRESS STATION OF THE NEW UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

Drawn by H. Methfessel.

Borough of Queens, in the rapid trolley-car, past long stretches of green fields, through shaded avenues with now and then a stately, colonial-like mansion, and by conglomerate little settlements such as Woodside, Winfield, Elmhurst, and Corona, to the old town of Flushing beyond, and thence by transfer to College Point. He may return by a line of the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company, which will take him whizzing over other fields, around sharp curves, through other villages to Ridgewood, and thence transfer him over any of its lines to Manhattan, a second fare having been collected at Corona.

What a prospect for the real estate speculator! Standing at East New York, settled Brooklyn spreads out like a fan, with the road to Jamaica its handle. To the north lies unsettled Queens, with its innumerable villages waiting to grow and unite, forming a conglomerate whole with the Boroughs of Brooklyn and Manhattan. I am told that lots can be purchased in this section, within easy distance of New York's business center, for less than $100; and modern, two-story, detached cottages are on the market as low as $2,800. One of the drawbacks to the rapid growth of the Borough is a well-developed sewer system, but there are several now under way, costing between two and three millions of dollars, all of which, it is estimated, will be completed within two years.



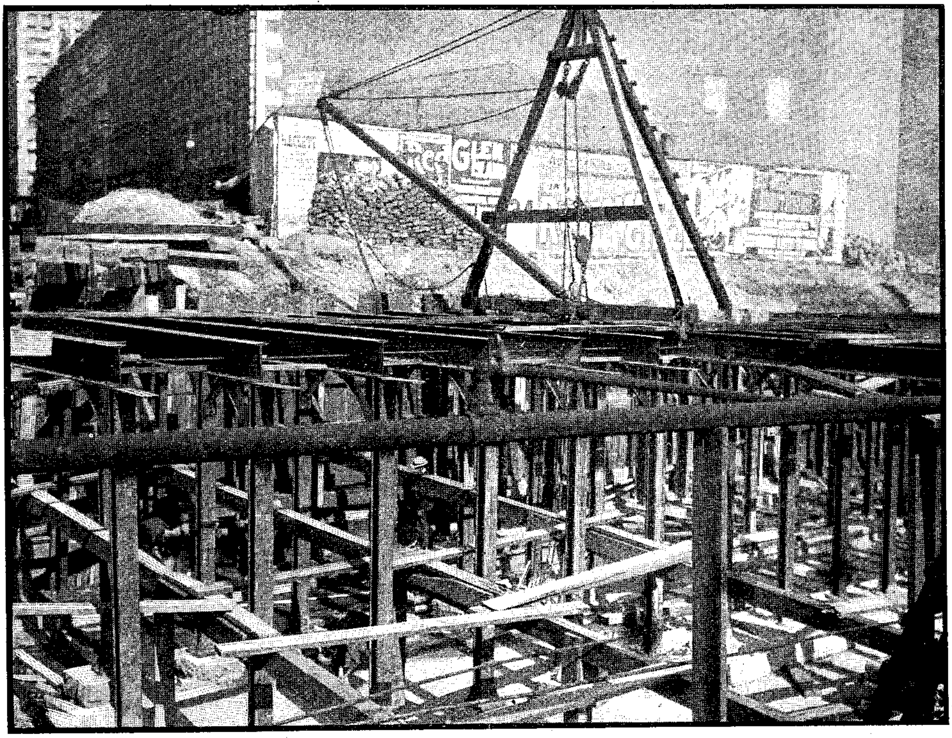
WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

Engineer of the Rapid Transit System.

The consideration of the usefulness of the Blackwell's Island Bridge is strictly pertinent to this section of the city. Unless transit lines are planned to convey passengers from the business center of the city directly over the bridge to this section where they can find cheap homes, it will be a long time after it is built and thrown open to traffic before it will begin to approximate its possible usefulness. People to whom the attraction of cheaper homes is an inducement will not pay two fares; besides, the advantage of being able to ride home without changing cars is an additional inducement, coveted by every man and woman whom daily business takes to the lower end of Manhattan. Instead of providing terminal loops at the Manhattan end of this bridge for the trolley-cars of Queens alone, some method should be devised for running the cars across the bridge to the lower end of Manhattan without change.

The discussion of the various projects planned for overcoming the city's geographical isolation from the continent by bringing heavy passenger trains into Manhattan may not seem within the precise scope of this article, but as the most promising of them all contemplates the building of a bridge over the Hudson River, the like of which the world has never seen, a brief description of the proposed work may not be out of place. The plans have been approved by the War Department, and a charter granted by Act of Congress, authorizing its construction. The work is in charge of the eminent engineer Mr. Gustav Lindenthal, and its prosecution only awaits the definite determination of all the trunk lines which now have terminals in Jersey City to use the bridge and terminal in New York, as the business of all these railroads is necessary to sustain the enormous cost of the structure.

It contemplates a stupendous suspension work of a single span 3,100 feet across the Hudson River, from towers 600 feet high. Next to the Eiffel Tower, these towers will be the highest structures in the world. The bridge is to have three decks, the upper deck to have a fifty-foot promenade for foot passengers, the middle deck six railroad tracks, and the lower deck eight. Provision is also made for two roadways for vehicles, and a special bicycle track. Its location will be at Eleventh Avenue and Twenty-third Street, in a straight line to Hoboken, N. J., its total length, with approaches, nearly four miles, and its estimated cost, without approaches or the very costly rights of way, $25,000,000, which is relatively very much less than the cost of the present East River Bridge or the Forth Bridge, the two largest bridges now in existence.



WORK ON THE RAPID TRANSIT TUNNEL

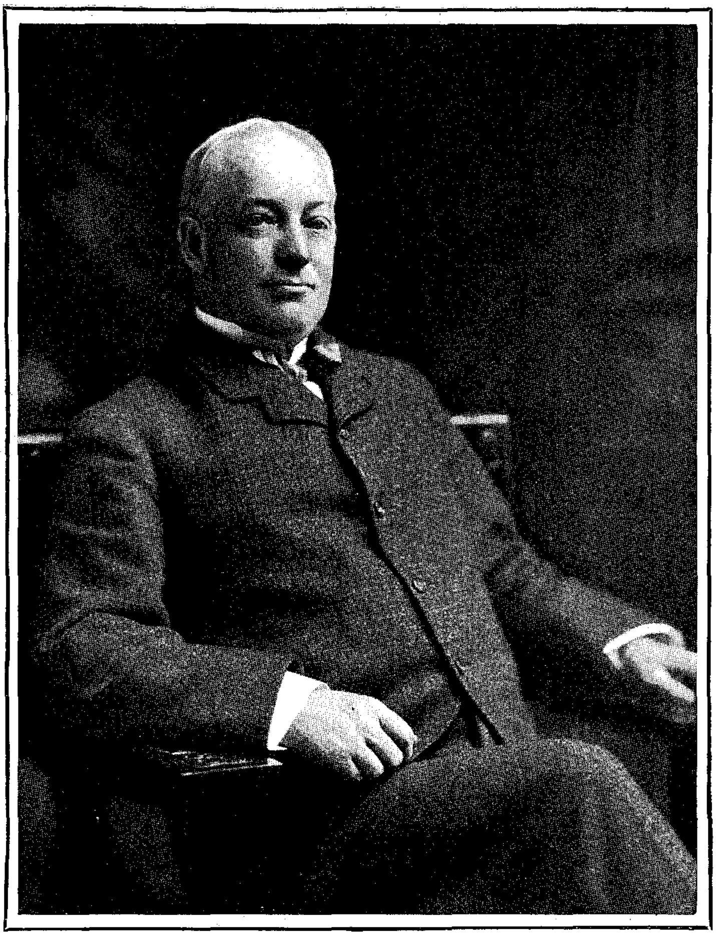
Photograph by H. H. Moore.

NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE
Photograph by H. H. Moore.

The strength and rigidity of this bridge is calculated to be so great that solid trains of locomotives may speed or crowd upon all its tracks simultaneously with perfect safety, the same as upon solid ground. Its terminal will be the largest in the world, planned on a loop line which will have a capacity of four hundred trains per hour.

This is not the proposed bridge which attracted such attention early in the year, contemplating a valuable city franchise along West Street, the bill for which passed the Assembly but was promptly vetoed by Governor Odell. This latter bridge, as proposed, would cross at or in the neighborhood of Fifty-ninth Street. At the office of the company known as the New York and New Jersey Bridge Co. I was unable to get any information concerning the future plans of the company, but it appears to be the general belief among the railroad people who are most interested in a bridge across the Hudson that the Lindenthal bridge at Twenty-third Street is the more promising.

The extensive plans of the Pennsylvania and Long Island Railroads for the development of Brooklyn and Queens, and of Long Island generally, form another



JOHN L. SHEA
Bridge Commissioner.

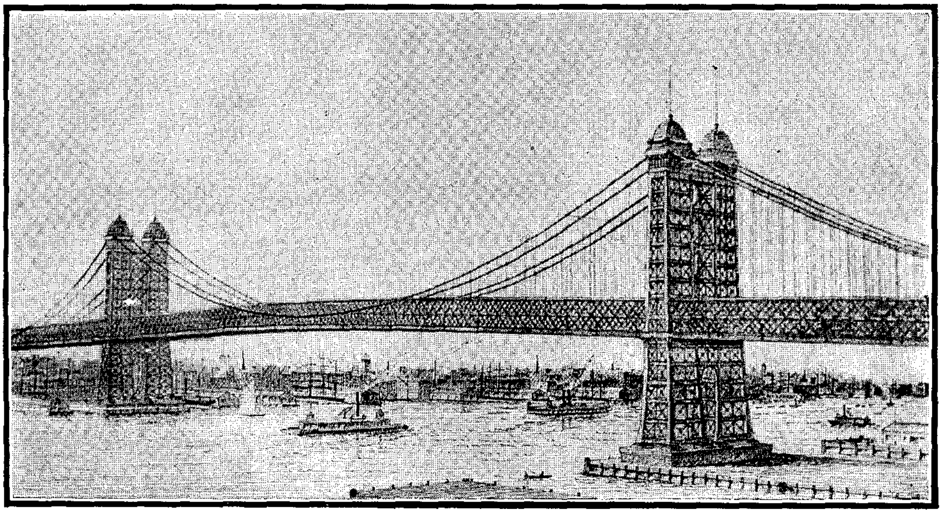
interesting feature of this subject. Recently the Pennsylvania Railroad purchased the controlling shares of the Long Island Company for $6,700,000, and thus acquired the lines, privileges, and franchises of that corporation, with all its terminals. It has also purchased a franchise permitting it to lay a line of road from Hunter's Point to Astoria; to lay a line of road on Ward's and Randall's Islands; also in the Borough of the Bronx from the shore line at Port Morris to a point at or about One Hundred and Sixtieth Street, where the Harlem Railroad crosses, and to construct bridges over the channel of the East River from Astoria to Ward's Island, and over the water spaces separating Ward's and Randall's Islands and Randall's Island and Port Morris—three bridges in all. The company has also established a car-float ferry from Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, to its terminal at Greenville, N. J., the operation of which will begin immediately upon the completion of the enterprises now in process of execution elsewhere. To carry out these enterprises it proposes at once the expenditure of $18,000,000.

The general scheme is to transport Pennsylvania Railroad trains across the Bay in a straight line from New Jersey to Bay Ridge, and thence by the old New York, Bay Ridge, and Jamaica Railroad, now a part of the Long Island system, run them to East New York, where a grand central passenger station is to be built, and thence across the Borough of Queens, crossing Ward's and Randall's Islands to One Hundred and Sixtieth Street, there to connect with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company. A trunk line will be the result, running trains from the far West to the far East without a change of cars. In less than two years, it is estimated, the Boston shipper can see his carload of freight roll out of the yard at Boston to reach its destination unbroken at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, or points farther west, and passengers can take their trains at the central station in Brooklyn for points either East or West, and, after entering their cars, not leave them until their destinations are reached.

The improvements of the Long Island Railroad system will include the new tunnel under the river in the vicinity of Thirty-fourth Street from Hunter's Point, the present chief terminal of the Long Island Railroad Company. The tunnel is to cross under Manhattan to Broadway and Thirty-third Street, with stations at its junction with the Rapid Transit subway at Fourth Avenue and its terminus near Herald Square. According to the present plans, trains will be run through the tunnel by electricity, and passengers will be taken up on elevators at the Hunter's Point terminus and transferred to the Long Island Compan 's trains. This scheme of having to transfer passengers from one train to another meets with anything but the passenger's ideal of transportation, but it is argued that it is necessary to forestall such problems as those now agitating the public by the continued use of the Park Avenue tunnel for full passenger trains, drawn by the panting, gasping steam locomotive. Perhaps by the time the tunnel construction is well under way an electrical system, or powerful electric motors, will be devised for running complete passenger trains from the terminus at Herald Square to any of the Long Island stations without change of cars. Such a system is now being studied to do away with the objectionable feature of the Park Avenue tunnel.

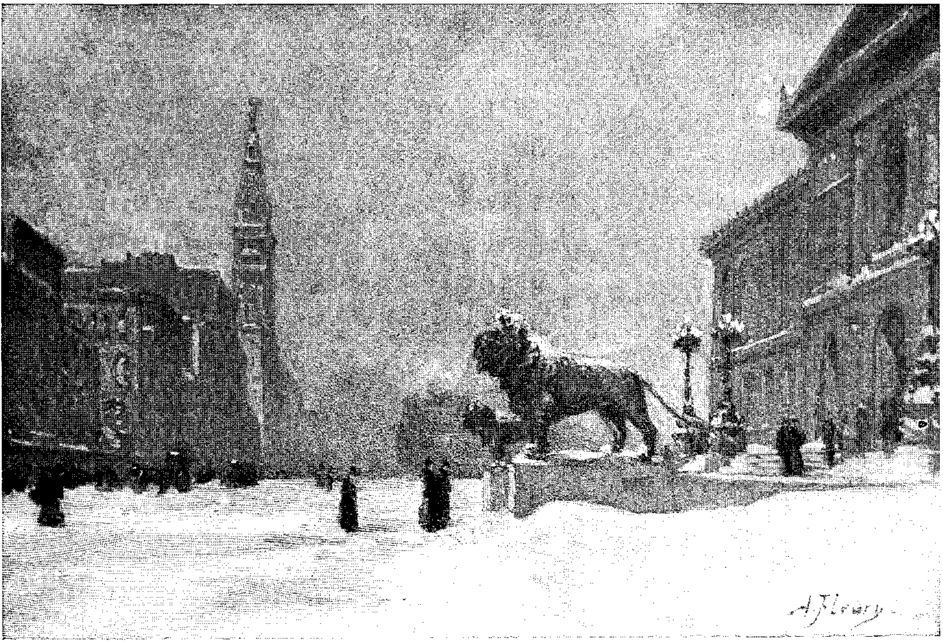
The depression of the Long Island Railroad Company's tracks on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, has become a law, and this very much discussed and objectionable steam railway through the heart of Brooklyn is to be removed. In its place a subway is to be constructed through which cars will be operated by electricity to Jamaica, a charming residential center in the Borough of Queens, at which the Long Island lines diverge to the many garden spots, suburban homes, and summer resorts of Long Island. With the completion of the Manhattan subway to Flatbush and Atlantic Avenues, passengers will be able to ride from the New York City Hall to Jamaica in less than three-quarters of an hour, saving at least from thirty to forty minutes required now.

A conservative estimate of expenditures of private and public capital for the more complete unification of New York within the next five years, including the great bridge across the Hudson, is put at $200,000,000. With the expenditure of all these millions, the future possibilities of New York stand forth with almost appalling magnitude.



THE PROPOSED PIKE STREET BRIDGE

Across the East River.



LATE AFTERNOON ON MICHIGAN AVENUE

CHICAGO'S BOOK OF DAYS

By Henry B. Fuller

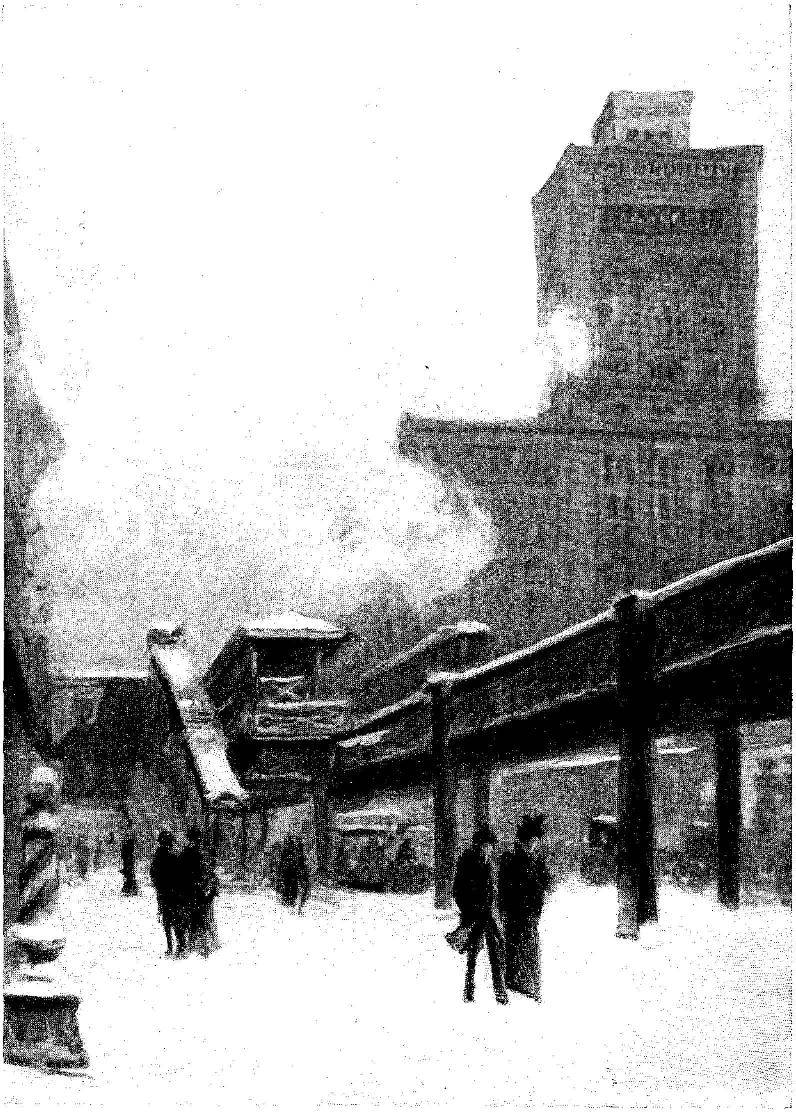
Author of "The Cliff Dwellers," "With the Procession," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY ALBERT FLEURY

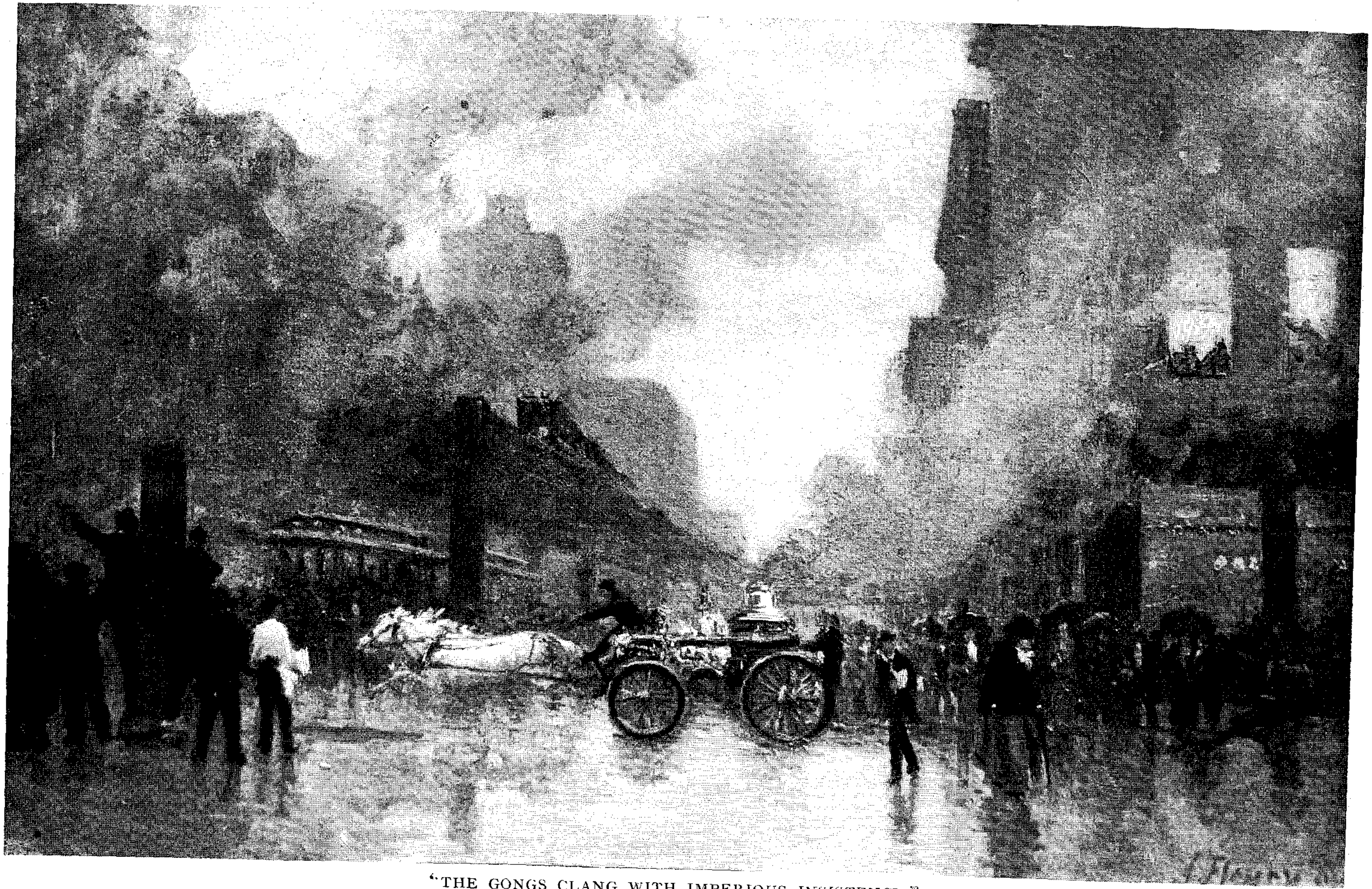
CHICAGO has no climate of its own; it lies exposed to the incursions of all the climates there are. Within its boundaries—those of a province rather than those of a city—the activities of Nature are no less varied, heterogeneous, and discordant than the activities of man; but the city's meteorology, like its population, is largely a contribution from outside. Our census is swelled from Hungary, Italy, Syria, Scandinavia, Japan; our climate gives equal welcome to the tropics and the poles. Seated at the meeting-place of the wide lake with the wider prairie, Chicago receives as little protection from any natural barriers in the physical world as from the artificial barriers set up by the Immigration Office. Texas breathes upon us one day, and Athabasca the next. In the forenoon the languid breezes of Lake Michigan; in the afternoon a decisive blast from the Rockies. To-day Nature caresses us; to-morrow she currycombs us. It is a meteorological merry-go-round that never ceases. We tingle, we swelter; we are braced, we are enervated. One day we doubt the beneficence of the Great Mother; the next we are certain that Chicago is her favorite child. No one would venture an apology for our Marches; no one could overpraise our Junes and Octobers.

Freely exposed, then, to all the winds the compass knows, Chicago changes her skies as easily as she changes her temperature. The opinion persists outside that the local firmament remains perpetually overhung by a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. This opinion is erroneous. If at one time our sky is that of London in January, at another it may be that of Algiers in June. Now and then, on some neutral day of early summer, when the giant bulks of the great sky-scrapers are half lost, in their long shoulder-to-shoulder vistas, under a languid silver mist, there comes a change: the wind from Mackinaw rouses itself, our tarnished and obfuscated atmosphere is swept clean, the face of the lake alters from the feeblest Nile green to the deepest Prussian blue, the horizon stands forth with the hard, uncompromising definition of a ruler, the sand-hills of Michigan become visible from tenth-story windows, the purified heavens clang like a pair of azure cymbals, the younger shopping element acknowledge that "summer drinks" are not, after all, the burning necessity they were supposed to be, and the business man, throwing out his chest, prepares to do on foot the distance between the house and the office. The same old earth is beneath us, but a new heaven, assuredly, is above. A blue almost beyond belief—cloudless, unfaltering, even to the horizon; a blue raw, strident, virulent, dogmatic; a blue not merely stimulating, but positively hectoring; a blue that glares down upon the tinnish, jangling array of roofs and gables with the seeming intention of a tyrannous co-operation. It is not that we *may* work with redoubled vigor; we *must.*

Thus in summer. But the same result



"OVERHEAD THE CLANK AND RUMBLE OF THE ELEVATED ROADS BECOMES ALMOST CONTINUOUS"



"THE GONGS CLANG WITH IMPERIOUS INSISTENCY" is often reached, with a different setting, on the opposite side of the calendar. Mid-January. The roaring wind from Medicine Hat sends the city's myriad plumes of smoke—black, white, or gray—streaking toward the lake; the ice-floes churning along the stretches of ragged breakwater solidify into rest; the wide stone walks around the bases of the sky-scrapers are swept clear at once of rubbish and of pedestrians; the sloppy pavements are immediately frozen to a deceptive cleanliness that the first thaw will expose; and the Montana stockman, who has been lingering around the hotel lobby in a bearskin overcoat, looks out from under his wide hat up at the glaring, resonant dome of blue, and feels a general harmony he hardly felt before.

But such hours as these, though bright, are usually brief. In general, we live beneath a sky within a sky, and our funereal pall, while it occasionally lightens, seldom lifts altogether. Whether the newcomer approaches along the bluffs and ravines of the north, or through the swamps and marshes of the south, or over the wide-stretching prairies of the west, the dun trappings of the Great Horror show from afar. As he rattles along through perky suburban settlements, or honest truck-farms, or half-dried swales and disheveled swamps, the horror grows. Across the wide fields—gay with this year's flowers or somber with last year's weeds—separating the raw huddles of workers' cottages, tangles of telegraph-poles and of trolley-wires lead on the eye toward ugly, shapeless hulks looming above the dingy horizon—foundries, elevators, machine-shops, breweries, factories, ice-houses—detached notes that prelude the great discord to come. Then avenues of tracks, shut in by the shameless backs of things and spanned by grimy viaducts; arrays of mean streets doggedly curtained against the sun and resolutely fighting off the sweet country airs. The heart sinks, the stomach revolts, as, through dirt, dust, grime, soot, smoke, and cinders, the trembling neophyte bumps and jars along toward the besmirched shrine of the two-faced goddess of Bustle and Slouch.

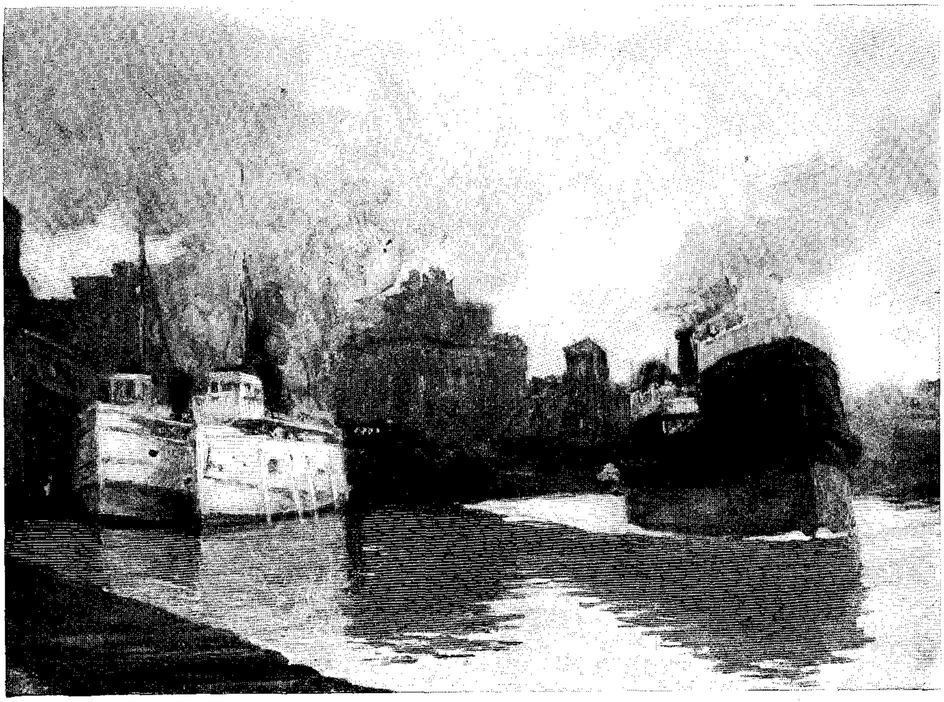
Nature persists, however. She was on the ground first, and has no idea of giving up the fight. The sun shines when it may, and smites when it can; the moon finds solace in the parks, if not in the gaudy glitterings of the downtown streets; and the stars, once given a clear field, stand out with a triumphal brightness that is arctic or tropic, as you please. Trees live their lives, too; not the exotic elm, which ill consorts with coal-smoke and asphalt, but the lank, effusive cottonwood, which has seen the elm come and seen it go; the willow, also sturdily indigenous; and the scrub-oak, save where starved by the exigencies of modern drainage. The bland, uneventful leaf of the catalpa, too, shows where shade is wanted, and wanted in a hurry—in improvised suburbs and in ephemeral summer gardens. The lilac bourgeons irrepressibly with earliest spring; the blue-flowered wild onion (chicagou) disputes inch by inch the advance of the subdivider's sidewalks of artificial stone; and pigweed and sweet clover kindly cloak, for a few months at least, the refuse that Chicago ingenuously strews on every vacant lot. The airs, too, stir with some little freedom within the province, bringing this or withholding that; and they are often as local as the neighborhood "Gazette" or "Advocate." Thus, hail may work blue ruin down in Kenwood without at all alarming the florists up in Lake View; and the central business district may be aswim without producing the least need of umbrellas out at Oak Park.

The sun rises regularly from Lake Michigan, now with some degree of pomp, now with a complete absence of it. But in either case his treatment is like that accorded the unheeded child in Wordsworth's poem: little note is taken of him one way or the other. For early as he is, the city is astir before him, and fully engrossed with its own concerns. Long before he appears the mail-wagons get into motion, and the milk-trains, and the earliest street-cars, and the springless carts of fruit and vegetable dealers. And Phœbus attracts no more attention than that given a junior partner who is incorrigibly late at the office.

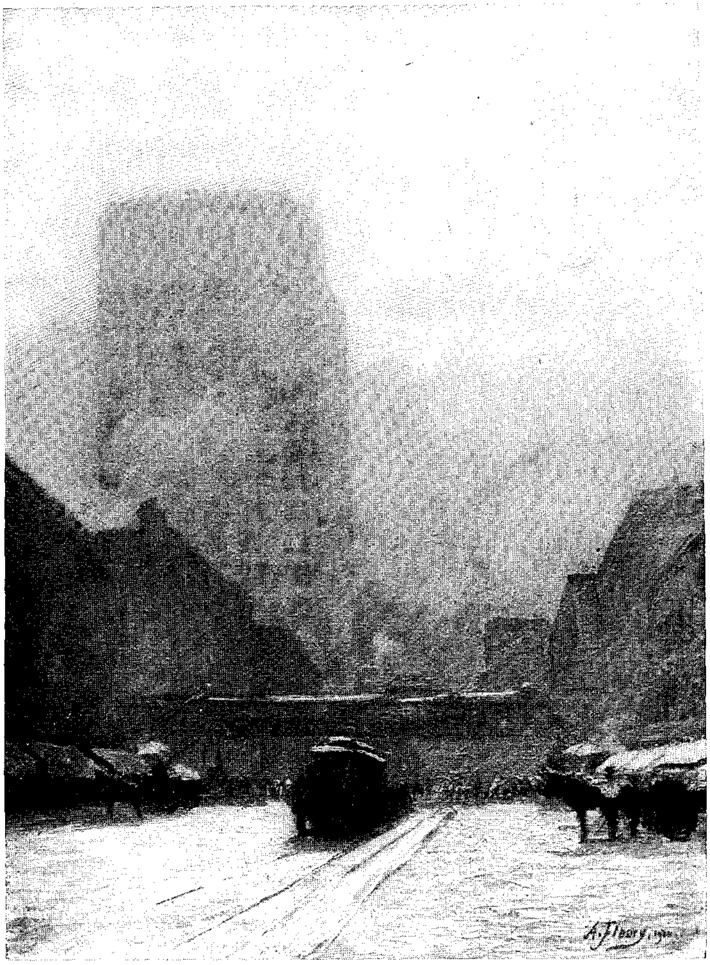
In due course he expires obscurely upon the misty prairie, and, unless favoring circumstance enables him to hang out a pink token on some cumulus in the East, few of the town's two million dwellers are much the wiser. It is only at the equinox that he actually goes down before our eyes. On September afternoons he rakes the rosy cañons of the east-and-west streets, and seems to be setting a round red curse upon the smoke and dust and grime that conspire to shroud his going. He leaves the sky to the sad, superfluous moon, who—especially if on the wane—seems to be screwing up her face at the arc lamps of the avenues and the myriad incandescent lights of the retail shop fronts, and to be wondering disgustedly why she was sent for at all.

Lake Michigan, though a large and important geographical fact, has but lately been discovered by Chicago. Despite a frontage of some twenty-five miles—fifty, with the suburbs—we have been willing enough to leave it alone. Michigan has a reputation for a treacherous temper, and the community has been too busy and too disordered for the formulation of pleasures aquatic. The best of the frontage was appropriated by the railroads at an early day, and the disinherited mostly content themselves with a distant view across the tracks. Yacht races sometimes engage the attention of a few hundreds along the Government pier, and the excursion steamers are developing a traffic with Michigan and with Milwaukee; but the great majority of Chicagoans know the lake only through the bulletins of the daily papers, which tell them whether its water is "bad" or "usable." This, with some consciousness of the lighthouses, and of the distant "cribs" from which the water comes, suffices.

But the lake makes our normal climate, particularly in summer, and most of all on summer evenings, which are seldom warm. The roof-garden, after an experiment of two or three years, withdrew from the contest—the nights were too chilly. The ordinary theaters are open and comfortable all the year round, and any defection among the Chicagoans themselves is made good by the regular summer influx from the South. Lake bathing scarcely begins before the middle of July, and lasts but five or six weeks—the water is slow to warm and quick to cool. The great out-of-door pyrotechnic spectacles—the sieges, bombardments, and the like—are a thing of the past. The season was too short to pay for the plant; even before the end of August the cold airs sent the crowds home in the shivers. No summer brings more than three or four "hot spells," and none of these often lasts beyond three days.



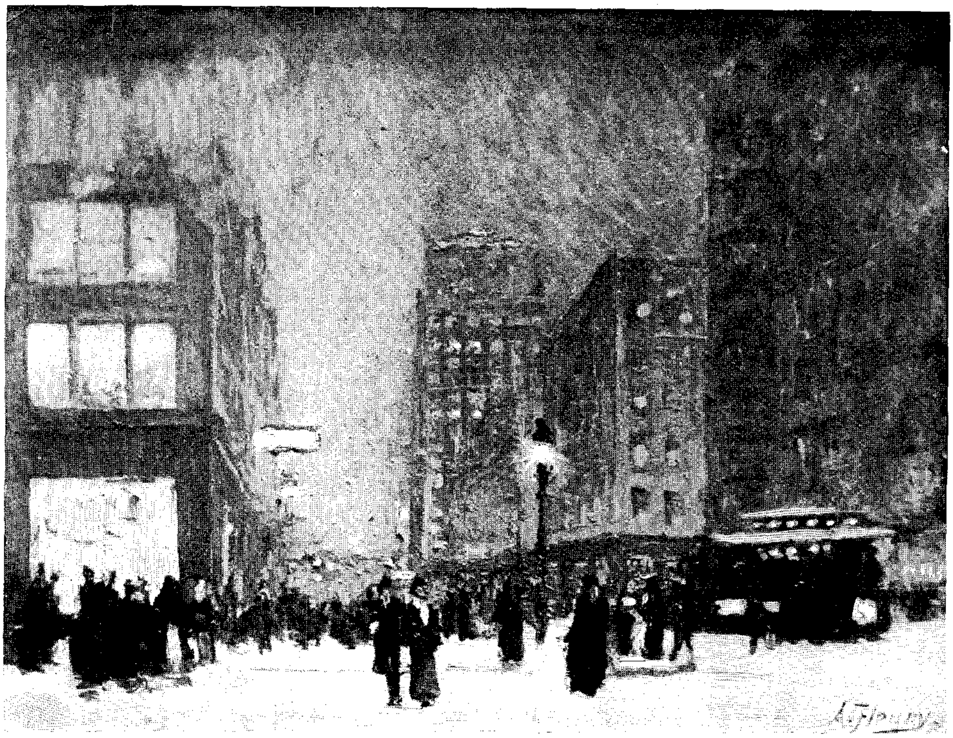
"FROM AN OPEN SEWER IT HAS BECOME A CANAL"



"EARLY AS HE IS, THE CITY IS ASTIR BEFORE HIM"

The Chicago River has always passed for one of the most picturesque features of the town. Even in its earlier and unregenerate state it had its apologists—nay, its enthusiasts: artists who saw in its bridges, shorings, warehouses, and shipping a beauty to which the laity remained blind. If the former state of the stream could produce panegyrics, its present state should call forth pæans. For to-day it is a river ransomed, redeemed, rendered respectable in the eyes of all. From an open sewer it has become a canal. After years of hesitancy between Lake Michigan and the Illinois River, it has definitely chosen the latter, and the flood it now hurries to the Gulf of Mexico is no longer a dubious, problematical brown, but a singularly frank and candid green. The very gulls that once viewed it askance from the outer lake now fish confidently among its bridges. Even the ice-cakes that sweep gulfward with the spring break-up seem to feel themselves free at last from the burdensome charge of keeping bad company.

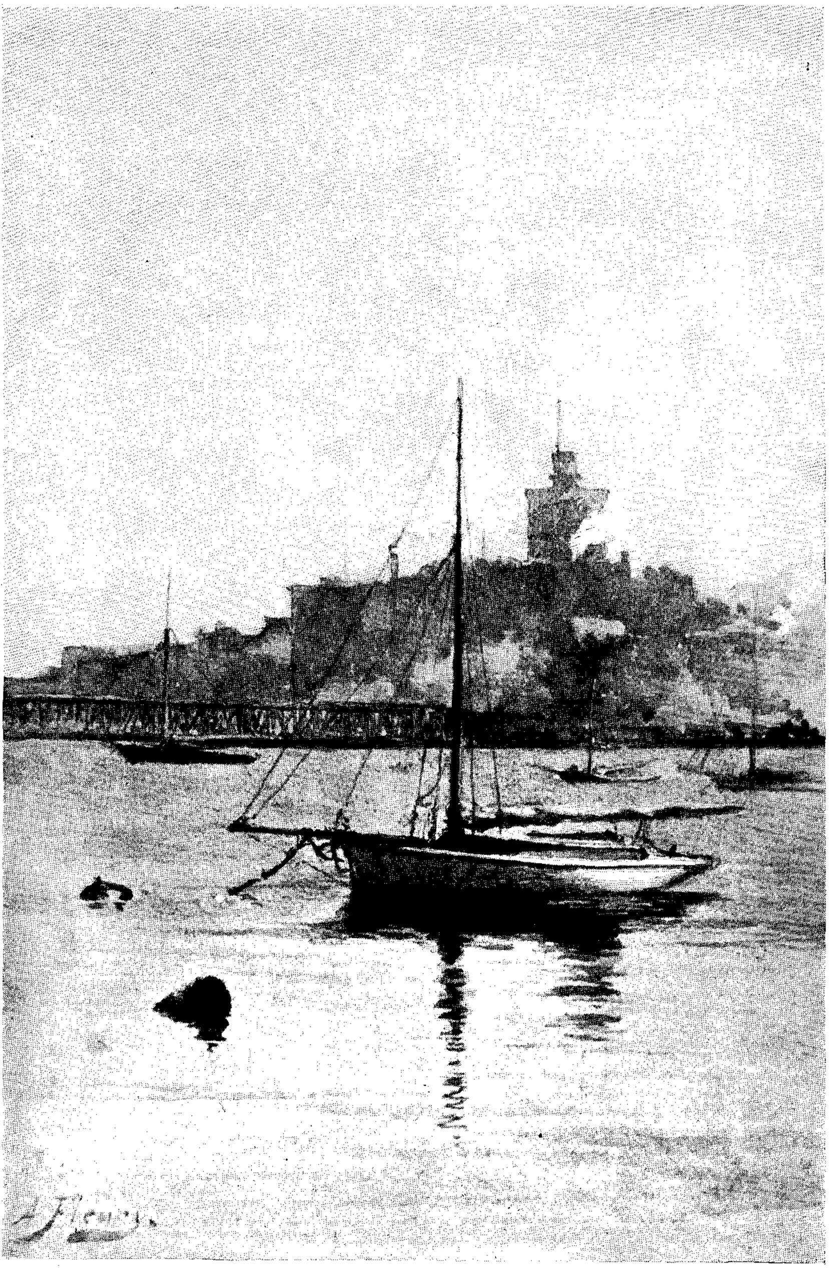
But the aspects of nature in and about Chicago should not receive more attention than they can justly claim. For nowhere, after all, do mere land and water present themselves in a more negative, more featureless aspect, and nowhere, on the other hand, are man's activities more exclusively regnant. Chicago, in fact, is the first of the great cities of the world to rise under purely modern conditions; what we see here is the product of democracy working in a new field—a democracy free from all tradition, untrammeled by any precedent,



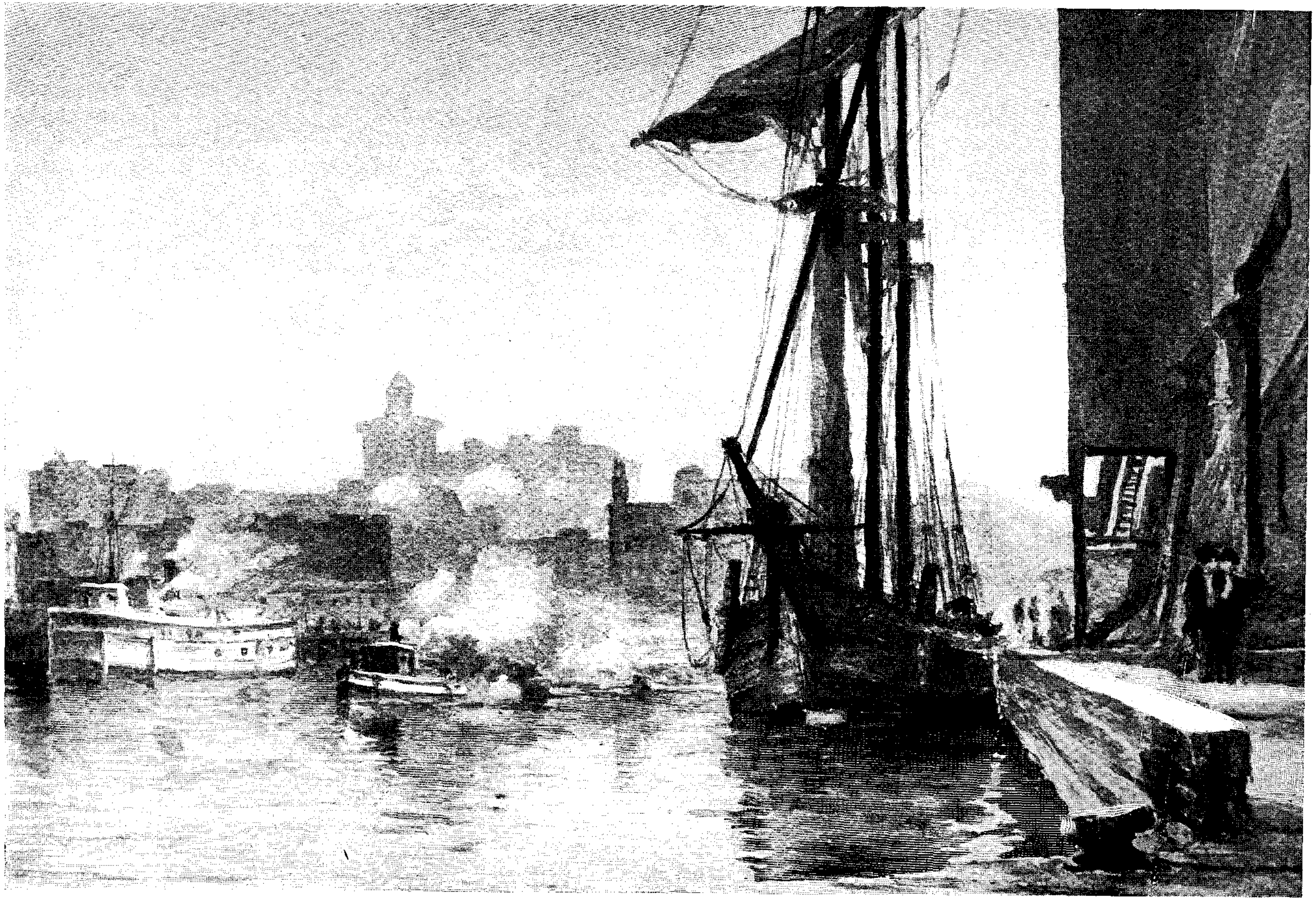
"THE GREAT CLIFF-LIKE STRUCTURES BEGIN TO SHINE REDLY"

and frankly open to every new influence that stirs. Individual initiative reaches here its highest development, along with a hardy contempt for authority, and every new notion is gladly welcomed by a community at once open-minded and very consciously up-to-date. The result is eloquent; the town speaks loudly, stentoriously, for itself. Many men of many minds, each doing as seemeth best to himself and giving vociferous tongue to his own tastes and convictions. Anything like a standard, a criterion, disappears; what results is an average, a blend, a roaring mean. The city stands a jumble of incongruities and contradictions. It is at once smart and shabby, trim and slovenly. The permanent and the temporary stand face to face; the massive and the flimsy exist side by side; the grandiloquent future elbows the discredited past; the high and the low are met together in a union aggressively, vociferously, repellently picturesque.

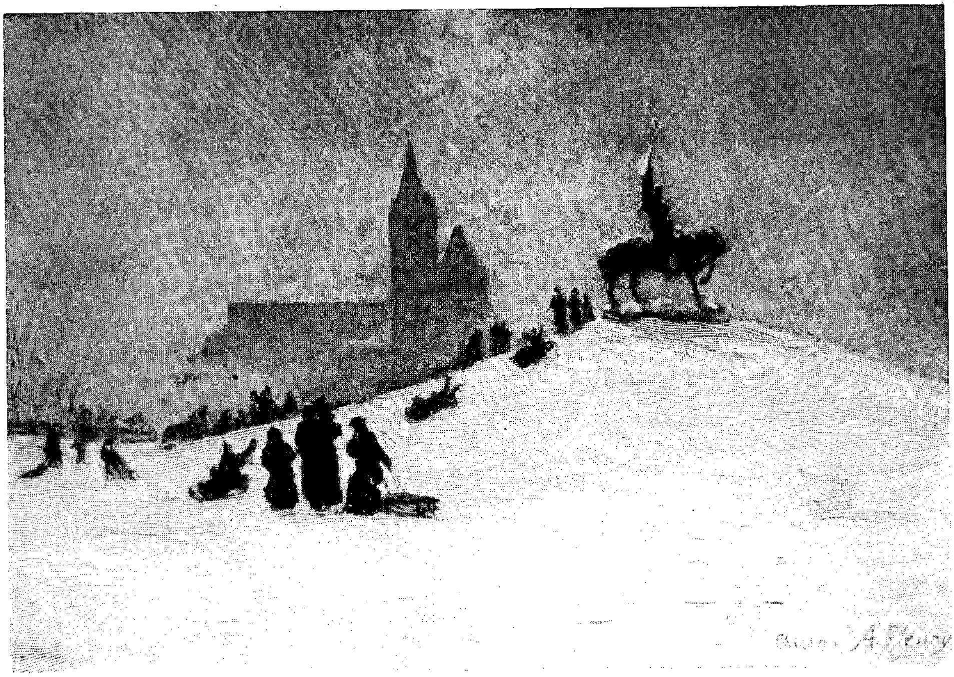
Most man-made of all in this man-made town is the great central district of the sky-scrapers—that anvil upon which, under the bellows-blast of one of the most stimulating climates known, the hammer of man's unshackled and unwearied initiative is forging, more or less consciously, the civilization of the future. Here "awful forms" associate to make a topographical effect without precedent, and to produce meteorological conditions almost unique. Around these great crags the sun moves half baffled; in these ragged chasms the winds lose their way. Weather-vanes, unless the highest set, fall into perplexity; and the thermometer feebly gives up all claim to anything like certitude. By day the visitor has to deal merely with the rugged and erratic plateau of the Bad Lands; but nightfall sets him within a veritable City of Dis. Then the great cliff-like structures, standing there shoulder to shoulder, begin to shine redly through the ranks and rows of their multitudinous windows, and the glow from their fronts and from the streets below is caught aloft on the clouds, on the woolly face of the fog, if fog there happen to be, and on the white plumes of thousands of escaping jets of steam; and it is answered from the *cima rovente* of many an *alta torre*—the flaming summit of many a tall tower. Great gusts of coal-smoke—the soft coal beloved by economical Chicago—belch forth to darken the already darkening air; the gongs of the public traffic clang with imperious insistency upon the ears of the despairing creatures who, with the best will in the world, have failed yet again to put three days' work into one; overhead the clank and rumble of the elevated roads becomes almost continuous—a sudden condensation, as it seems, of the uproar of the whole sixteen hundred trains that daily ravage the business center viâ the "Loop." Noise, glare, smoke, darkness, envelop the *grande stuolo* hurrying through this *basso inferno*, any one of whom might well ask about the wayfaring



"THE FLEET OF SLOOPS AND CATBOATS"



"THE BEAUTY OF ITS SHORINGS, WAREHOUSES, AND SHIPPING"



IN THE WINTER MOONLIGHT

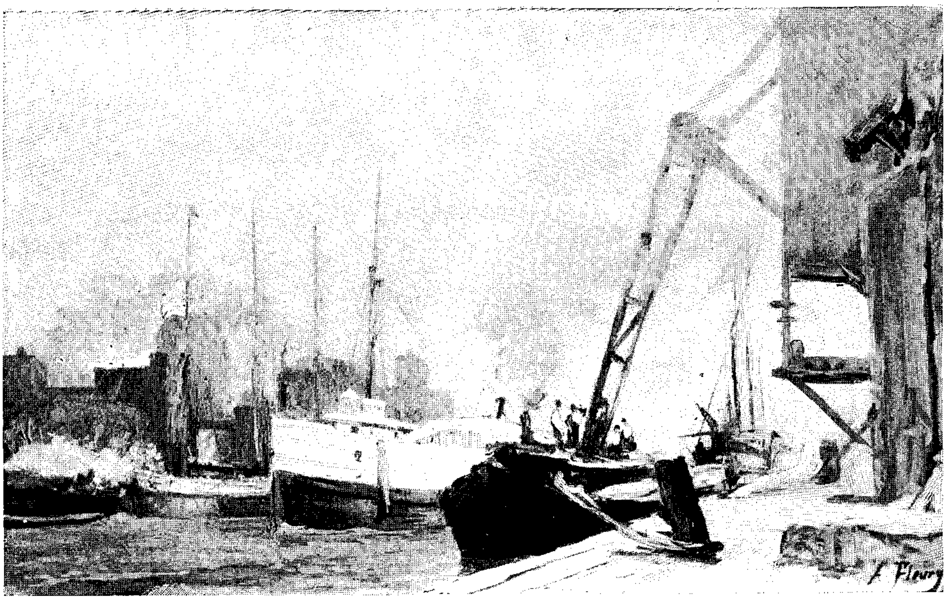
stranger as the fallen angels asked Virgil about Dante:

> ". . . chi è costui, che senza morte
> Va per lo regno della morta gente?"—

save that these grimy, hastening spirits, far from having left this mundane sphere behind, are still in it and of it most gallantly, irrepressibly, unconquerably. Rather might the question be, to the newcomer who ventured to dawdle on a crowded corner or to show indecision at a critical crossing: "Who is this that, alive no longer, yet wanders through the domain of those who are still living life for all there is in it?"

All these crags and cliffs of man's own devising feel continuously the assaults of a nature little reconciled to the idea of defeat. Heat and cold harry them; sudden changes wreak here their worst excesses. These towering fronts endure the attacks of storm and frost and drought, of December's sleet and August's calcining sun. Stone scales, iron rusts, brick crumbles, electrolysis impends; the tabernacles of trade seem always ready to meet disintegration half way. But mortar, putty, and paint are called in—the paint-brush, in particular, reigns omnipresent over brick, stone, and iron, no less than wood; things hold together and preserve a certain degree of "face." The human tabernacle, too, undergoes like ravages and receives like treatment. The raw lake winds, the harsh lake water; the soot, the smoke, the grime, the cinders that seem almost component parts of the atmosphere—these play havoc with the complexion. Man submits, and joins the great army of "clay-faces." Woman rebels, and flies to the beauty parlor—an institution that battens marvelously on local needs. Under the dominance of these untoward conditions the careful housekeeper sinks down in despair; and the depressed connoisseur packs up his books and pictures and moves to New York.

Such a defection is but one symptom of a threatened exodus; with only a single life to live and with the means in hand for making existence yield its best, why should the man of fortune linger longer where conditions are so unlovely? However, the city—still under the spell of mere numbers—makes light of these occasional apostasies, though it indignantly hushes down any Gregers Werle who may attempt to puncture the civic ideal. The faithful contributions of the country round about more than offset any such losses.



"THE GREAT ELEVATORS AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER"

Iowa and Wisconsin and Michigan and Indiana and the farther West flock in, reverent, teachable, not presuming to criticise, but only too happy in the opportunity to admire. Every one of the ragged festivals and disheveled commemorations with which the city strives to mitigate the monotony of an existence largely practical and utilitarian brings the Great West to fortify native faith in the local ideal. Our visitors are charmed by the hustle and clatter; they wander innocently through the less innocent streets; they climb dizzy heights to look down upon acres of tar-and-gravel roofs and upon dingy miles of shingled slums; and they return like homing pigeons to the green sward and rugged parapet of the Lake Front park, whence, across the dozens of cindered tracks and the jangling freight trains, they dwell upon the prospect waterward: the fleet of sloops and catboats, the long line of seines dipping from the outer breakwater, the great elevators at the mouth of the river, and the solitary gunboat that the majesty of Britain permits upon our inland seas. They lunch primitively on the lawns, in close association with the city's unemployed and unesteemed, and help make the tract, when viewed from the upper windows of the hotels that face upon it, appear like an immense sheet of emerald "tanglefoot."

Farmers, stockmen, veterans, cowboys, rustic beauties, mothers in Israel, they stroll, they shop, they wonder, they parade, they adventure—one of Nature's tidal waves, as it might seem, for the sudden cleansing and complete redemption of the crass and froward town.

Thus far the children of Nature. But the great mother herself now and then takes a hand and combats the complacent, self-willed city on its own ground. She descends with all the crude vehemence proper to her kingdom of the Middle West. She uses a full brush and a free hand, and drips and splashes and overlays with the greatest insouciance. We hardly know whether to look upon one of her irruptions as an assault or as a piece of co-operation. Perhaps the latter. "You are so grotesque, so freakish, so bizarre," she seems to say, "that I feel prompted to meet you half-way in the same spirit. You have heaped up your mountains; I will send the winds to play about them." And she does—the icy blasts from Montana, the sickening, suffocating breath from Kansas' scorching corn-fields. "You have dug out these deep chasms; I will send snow to fill them." And she does—sometimes the dry, driving, silting, salty snow born of the blizzard, sometimes the damp, soft, fleecy snow of the lakes, which clings to the tall fronts, and fastens upon the serried ranks of window-sills, and caps the tinnish terminals above the twentieth story. "You have been attempting to produce your own clouds; I will help you with better ones." She rolls up a few thunderheads which discharge themselves with as hearty an abandon upon the busiest square mile on the earth's surface as if it were no more than the same area of farm land or ranch. And, finding that we illuminate our darkness by means of many strange contrivances unknown to her economy, she turns our asphalt into shining mirror-glass and makes of the city's watery ways a double path of light. "You have redeemed your river," she says; "now I will glorify it." She does so—holding a late-afternoon revel upon the forking stream, a chromatic fantasy set in the mode of the unbridled West; sometimes she adds her fogs to our smokes and vapors, and a sinister orange glare tinges the disconcerted heavens. "You are vast and impressive," she says to our preposterous erections, "but I will make you more so." Night falls, benign or blusterous. Twilight deepens into dusk, through all the various shades of darkening blue. The glare below shuts off the heights above, and the great hulks of man's imperious contriving rise aloft, after the day's activities have put out their internal fires, like so many manifestations of primitive nature itself. The moon looks down serenely upon the peaks, the cliffs, the gulfs and cañons of this modern landscape. The last of the dwellers upon the mountain slopes puts out his camp-fire and retires; only a janitor here and there is left quietly smoking at the door of his den. Peace falls upon the "high country;" and the competition or co-operation of man and nature ends in a brief truce—a truce to be broken before daylight shall come around once again.

Hors de Combat

By Charlotte Elizabeth Wells

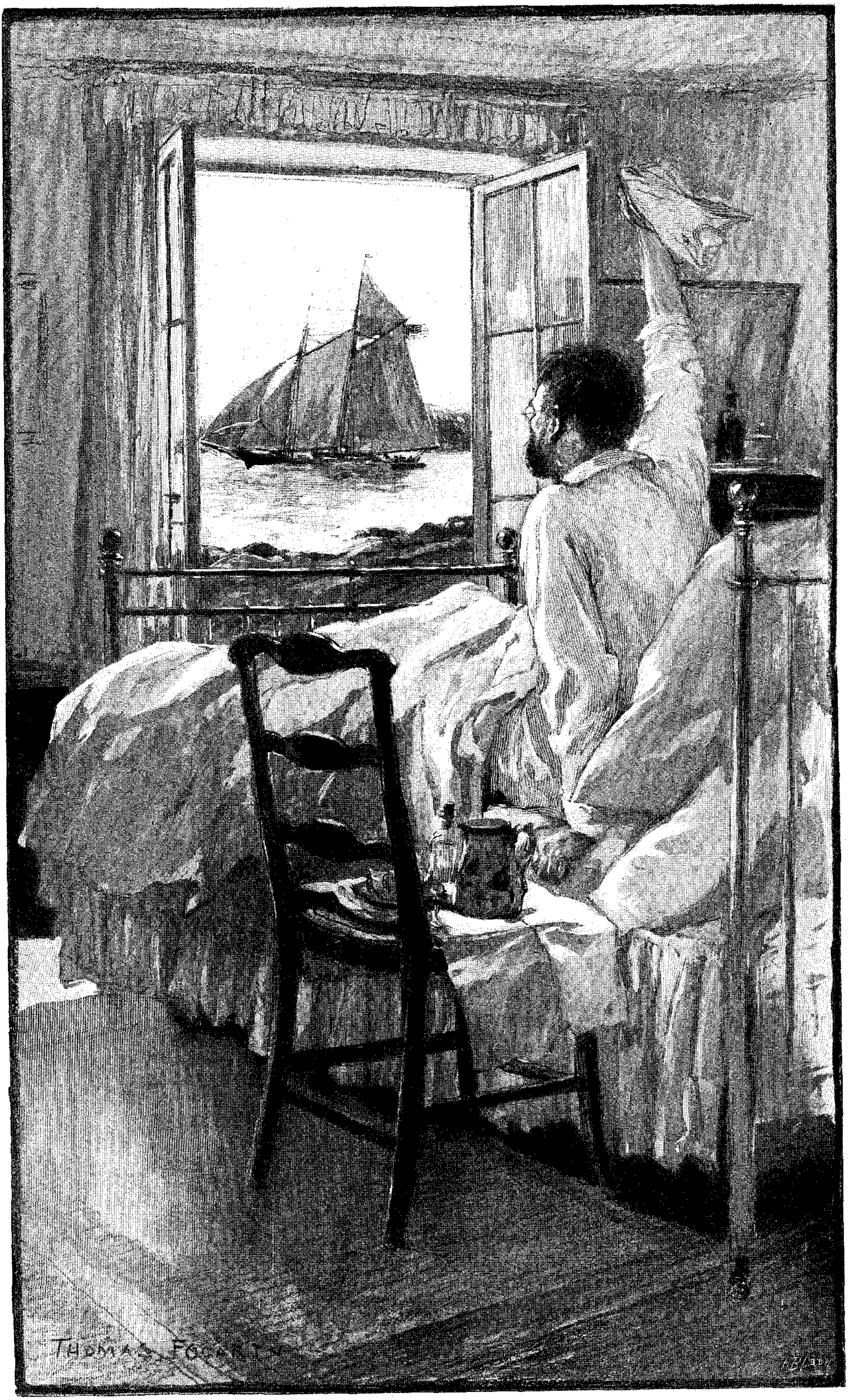
The sun pours down—the wind brings the fragrance of flowers—
Heavy with fruit and with wine are the golden hours—
They say, "He is one beloved of the unseen powers."

Warmed and fed am I, and drunk with the wine of life;
I bear no hand in the toil, no sword in the strife,
Yet under my feet are thorns, in my heart a knife.

Crowned are the brows that sweat in the noonday sun,
Sweet is the laborer's rest when the day is done,
They who share in the fight share when the battle's won.

The feet of the marching armies pass where I lie—
"Coward!" is hissed through the ranks—I know it is I—
And pierce my heart with the word as the host sweeps by.

But for them! though they fall on the field and are slain,
Earth bathed in their blood, her garments dark with its stain—
Heroes shall rise from graves where these vanquished have lain.


THOMAS FOGARTY

"THAT MINUTE I KNEW"

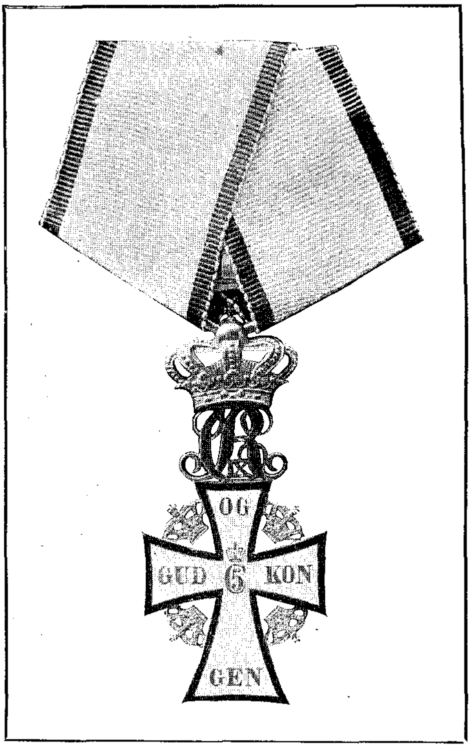
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.



THE CROSS OF DANNEBROG

Chapter XV.—The American Made

LONG ago, when I found my work beginning to master me, I put up a nest of fifty pigeonholes in my office so that with system I might get the upper hand of it; only to find, as the years passed, that I had got fifty tyrants for one. The other day I had to call in a Hessian to help me tame the pigeonholes. He was a serious library person, and he could not quite make out what it meant when among such heads as "Slum Tenements," "The Bend," and "Rum's Curse," he came upon this one over one of the pigeonholes:

> Him all that goodly company
> Did as deliverer hail.
> They tied a ribbon round his neck,
> Another round his tail.

With all his learning, his education was not finished, for he had missed the "delectable ballad of the Waller lot" and Eugene Field's account of the dignities that were "heaped upon Clow's noble yellow pup," else he would have understood. The pigeonhole contained most of the "honors" that have come to me of late years—the nominations to membership in societies, guilds, and committees, in conventions at home and abroad—most of them declined, as I declined Governor Roosevelt's request that I should serve on the last Tenement-House Commission, for the reason which I have given heretofore, that to represent is not my business. To write is; I can do it much better and back up the other; so we are two for one. Not that I would be understood as being insensible of the real honor intended to be conferred by such tokens. I do not hold them lightly. I value the good opinion of my fellow-men, for with it comes increased power to do things. But I would reserve the honors for those who have fairly earned them and on whom they sit easy. They don't on me. I am not ornamental by nature. Now that I have told all there is to tell, the reader is at liberty to agree with my little boy concerning the upshot of it. He was having a heart-to-heart talk with his mother the other day, in the course of which she told him that we must be patient; no one in the world was all good except God.

"And you," said he, admiringly. He is his father's son.

She demurred, but he stoutly maintained his own.

"I'll bet you," he said, "if you were to ask lots of people around here they would say you were fine. But"—he struggled reflectively with a button—"Gee! I can't understand why they make such a fuss about papa."

Out of the mouth of babes, etc. The

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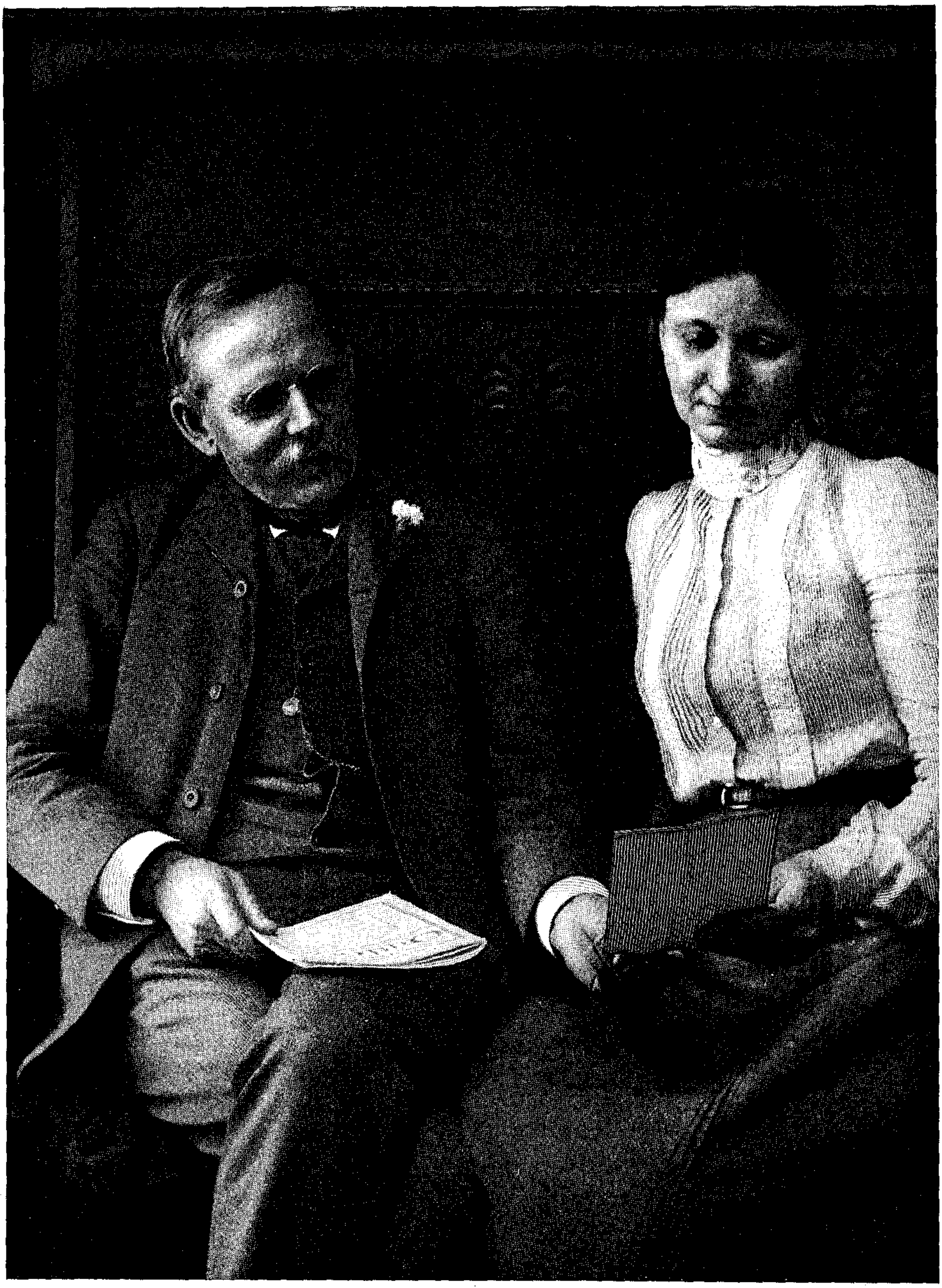
[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.

boy is right. I cannot either, and it makes me feel small. I did my work and tried to put into it what I thought citizenship ought to be, when I made it out. I wish I had made it out earlier for my own peace of mind. And that is all there is to it.

For hating the slum what credit belongs to me? Who could love it? When it comes to that, perhaps it was the open, the woods, the freedom of my Danish fields I loved, the contrast that was hateful. I hate darkness and dirt anywhere, and naturally want to let in the light. I will have no dark corners in my own cellar; it must be whitewashed clean. Nature, I think, intended me for a cobbler, or a patch-tailor. I love to mend and make crooked things straight. When I was a carpenter I preferred to make an old house over to building a new one. Just now I am trying to help a young couple set up in the laundry business. It is along the same line; that is the reason I picked it out for them. If any of my readers know of a good place for them to start, I wish they would tell me of it. They are just two—young people with the world before them. My office years ago became notorious as a sort of misfit shop where things were matched that had got mislaid in the hurry and bustle of life, in which some of us always get shoved aside. Some one has got to do that, and I like the job; which is fortunate, for I have no head for creative work of any kind. The publishers bother me to write a novel; editors want me on their staffs. I shall do neither, for the good reason that I am neither poet, philosopher, nor, I was going to say, philanthropist; but leave me that. I would love my fellow-man. For the rest I am a reporter of facts. And that I would remain. So, I know what I can do and how to do it best. Perhaps, also, I am getting lazy.

We all love power—to be on the winning side. With your back covered that way and right on your side, what is there to be afraid of? How can you lose? And what matters it how you fare, your cause is bound to win. I said it before, but it will bear to be said again, not once but many times: every defeat in such a fight is a step toward victory taken in the right spirit. In the end you will come out ahead. The power of the biggest boss is like chaff in your hands. You can see his finish. And he knows it. Hence, even he will treat you with respect. However he try to bluff you, he is the one who is afraid. The ink was not dry upon Bishop Potter's arraignment of Tammany's bestiality before Richard Croker was offering to sacrifice Devery, Sexton—any one of his most faithful henchmen—as the price of peace; and he would have done it had the Bishop but crooked his little finger in the direction of any one of them. The boss has the courage of the brute, or he would not be boss; but when it comes to a moral issue he is the biggest coward in the lot. The bigger the brute the more abject its terror at what it does not understand.

Some of the honors I refused; there were some my heart craved, and I could not let them go. There hangs on my wall the passport Governor Roosevelt gave me when I went abroad, dearer to me than sheepskin or degree, for the heart of a friend is in it. What would I not give to be worthy of its faithful affection! Sometimes when I go abroad I wear upon my breast a golden cross which King Christian gave me. It is the old Crusaders' cross, in the sign of which my stern forefathers conquered the heathen and themselves on many a hard-fought field. My father wore it for long and faithful service to the State. I rendered none. I can think of but one chance I had to strike a blow for the old flag. That was when in a typhus epidemic I found the health officers using it as a fever flag to warn boats away from the emergency hospital pier at East Sixteenth Street. They had no idea of what flag it was; they just happened to have it on hand. But they found out quickly. I gave them half an hour in which to find another. The hospital was full of very sick patients, or I should have made them fire a salute to old Dannebrog by way of reparation. As it was, I think they had visions of ironclads in the East River. They had one of a very angry reporter, anyhow. But though I did nothing to deserve it, I wear the cross proudly for the love I bear the flag under which I was born and the good old King who gave it to me. I saw him often when I was a young lad. In that which makes the man he had not changed when last I met him in Copenhagen.



AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

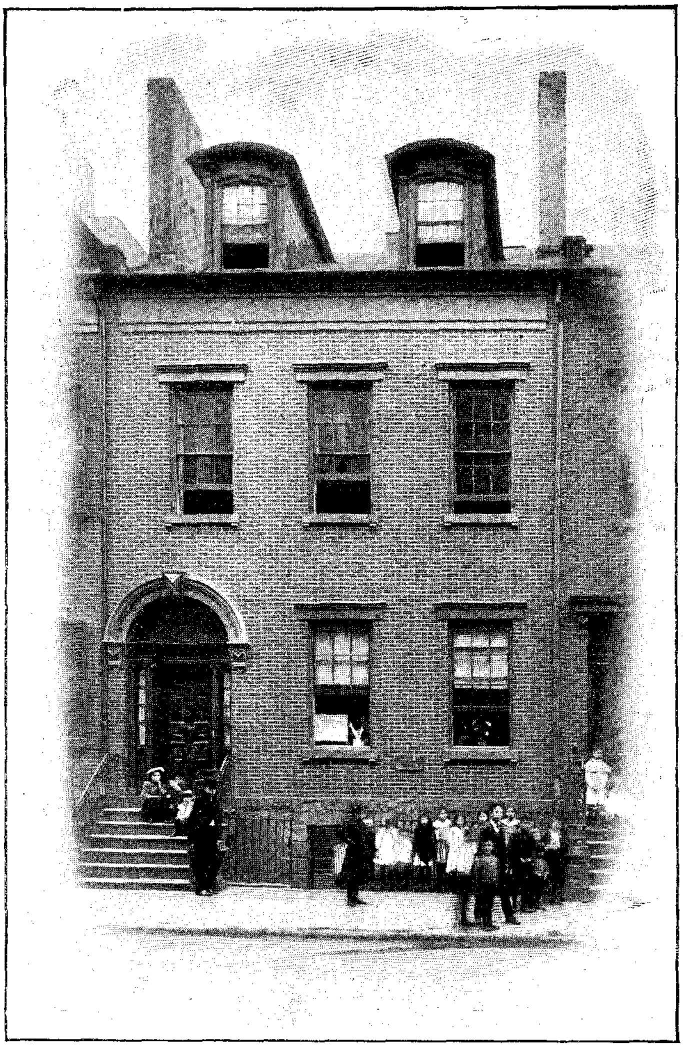
Photograph by Mrs. Käsebier.

They told there how beggars used to waylay him on his daily walks until the police threatened them with arrest. Then they stood at a distance making sorrowful gestures; and the King, who understood, laid a silver coin upon the palace window shelf and went his way. The King must obey the law, but he can forget the principles of alms-giving, as may the rest of us at Christmas, and be blameless.

Of that last meeting with King Christian I mean to let my American fellow-citizens know, so that they may understand what manner of man is he whom they call in Europe "the first gentleman" and in Denmark "the good King." But first I shall have to tell how my father came to wear the cross of Dannebrog. He was very old at the time; retired long since from his post which he had filled faithfully forty years and more. In some way, I never knew quite how, they passed him by with the cross at the time of the retirement. Perhaps he had given offense by refusing a title. He was an independent old man, and cared nothing for such things; but I knew that the cross he would gladly have worn for the King he had served so well. And when he sat in the shadow, with the darkness closing in, I planned to get it for him as the one thing I knew would give him pleasure.

But the official red tape was stronger than I; until one day, roused to anger by it all, I wrote direct to the King and told him about it. I showed him the wrong that had been done, and told him that I was sure he would set it right as soon as he knew of it. And I was not mistaken. The old town was put into a great state of excitement and mystification when one day there arrived in a large official envelope, straight from the King, the cross long since given up; for, indeed, the Minister had told me that, my father having been retired, the case was closed. The injustice that had been done was itself a bar to its being undone; there was no precedent for such action. That was what I told the King, and also that it was his business to set precedents, and he did. Four years later, when I took my children home to let my father bless them—they were his only grandchildren and he had never seen

"THE LITTLE ONES FROM CHERRY STREET ARE PLAYING ON THE GRASS UNDER MY TREES"



THE JACOB A. RIIS HOUSE

any of them—he sat in his easy chair and wondered yet at the queer way in which that cross came. And I marveled with him. He died without knowing how I had interfered. It was better so.

It was when I went home to mother that I met King Christian last. They had told me the right way to approach the King, the proper number of bows and all that, and I meant faithfully to observe it all. I saw a tired and lonely old man, to whom my heart went out on the instant, and I went right up and shook hands, and told him how much I thought of him and how sorry I was for his losing his wife, the Queen Louise, whom everybody loved. He looked surprised a moment; then such a friendly look came into his face, and I thought him the handsomest King that ever was. He asked about the Danes in America, and I told him they were good citizens, better for not forgetting their motherland and him in his age and loss. He patted my hand with a glad little laugh, and bade me tell them how much he appreciated it and how kindly his thoughts were of them all. As I made to go, after a long talk, he stopped me and, touching the little silver cross on my coat lapel, asked what it was.

I told him; told him of the motto, "In His Name," and of the labor of devoted women in our great country to make it mean what it said. As I spoke I remembered my father, and I took it off and gave it to him, bidding him keep it, for surely few men could wear it so worthily. But he put it back into my hand, thanking me with a faithful grasp of his own; he could not take it from me, he said. And so we parted. I thought with a pang of remorse, as I stood in the doorway, of the parting bow I had forgotten, and turned around to make good the omission. There stood the King in his blue uniform, nodding so mildly to me, with a smile so full of kindness, that I—why, I just nodded back and waved my hand. It was very improper, I dare say; perfectly shocking; but never was heartier greeting to king. I meant every bit of it.

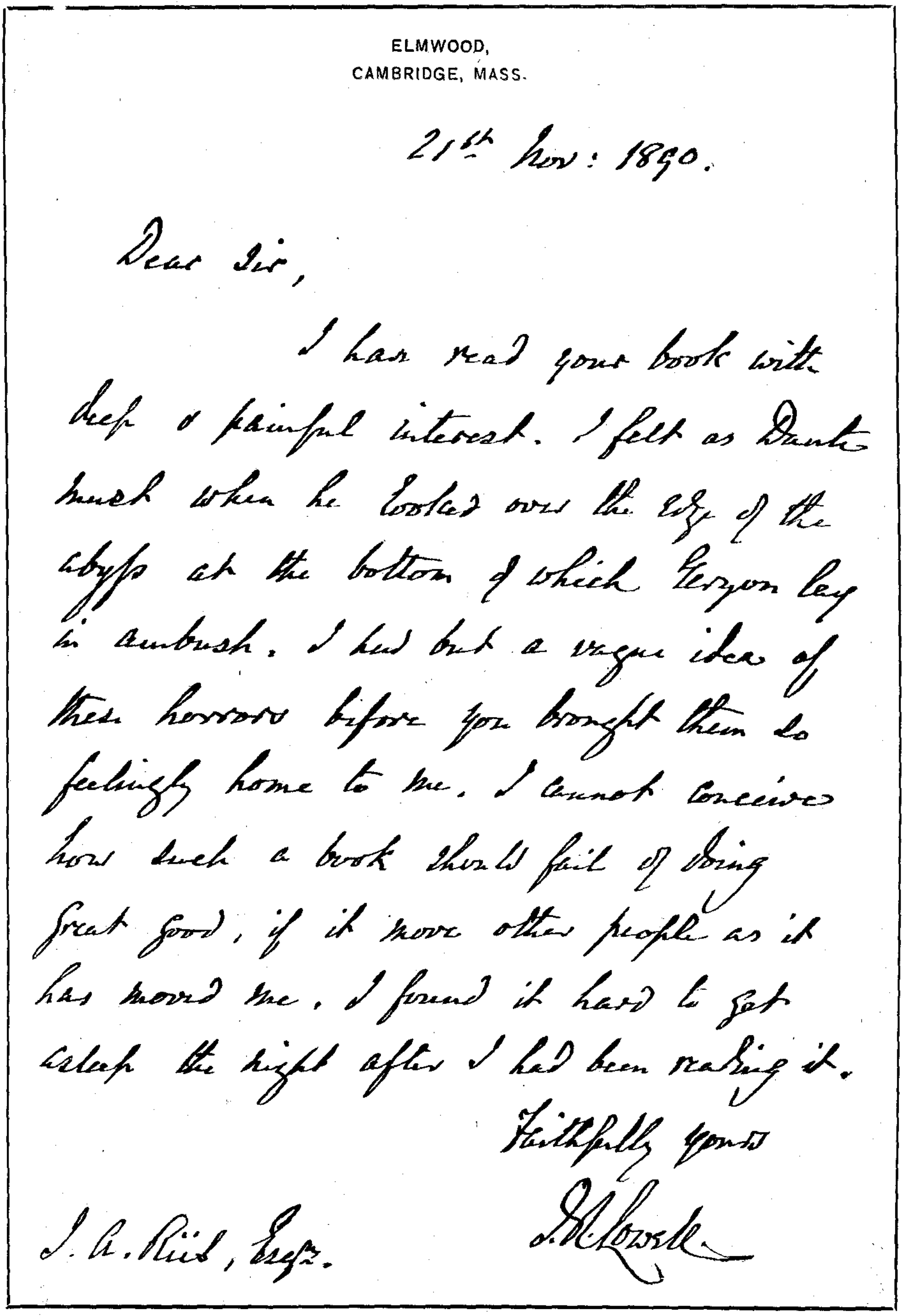
The next year he sent me his cross of gold for the one of silver I offered him. I wear it gladly, for the knighthood it confers pledges to the defense of womanhood and of little children, and if I cannot wield lance and sword as the king's men of old, I can wield the pen. It may be that in the providence of God the shedding of ink in the cause of right shall set the world further ahead in our day than the bloodletting of all the ages past.

These I could not forego. Neither, when friends gathered in the King's Daughters' Settlement on our silver wedding day, and with loving words gave to the new house my name, could I say them nay. It stands, that house, within a stone's throw of many a door in which I sat friendless and forlorn, trying to hide from the policeman who would not let me sleep; within hail of the Bend of the wicked past, atoned for at last; of the Bowery boarding-house where I lay senseless on the stairs after my first day's work in the newspaper office, starved well-nigh to death. But the memory of the old days has no sting. Its message is one of hope; the house itself is the keynote. It is the pledge of a better day, of the defeat of the slum with its helpless heredity of despair. It shall damn no longer lives yet unborn. Children of God are we! that is our challenge to the slum, and on earth we shall claim yet our heritage of light.

Of home and neighborliness restored it is the pledge. The want of them makes the great gap in the city life that is to be our modern civic life. With the home preserved we may look forward without fear; there is no question that can be asked of the Republic to which we shall not find the answer. We may not always agree as to what is right; but, starting there, we shall be seeking the right, and seeking we shall find it. Ruin and disaster are at the end of the road that starts from the slum.

Perhaps it is easy for me to preach contentment. With a mother who prays, a wife who fills the house with song, and the laughter of happy children about me, all my dreams come true or coming true, why should I not be content? In fact, I know of no better equipment for making them come true: faith in God to make all things possible that are right; faith in man to get them done; fun enough in between to keep them from spoiling or running off the track into useless crankery. An extra good sprinkling of that! The longer I live the more I think of humor as in truth the saving sense. A civil-service examination to hit home might well be one to make sure the man could appreciate a good story. For all editors I would have that kind made compulsory. Here is one chiding me in his paper—oh! a serious paper that calls upon parents to "insist that children's play shall be play and not loafing" and not be allowed to obscure "their more serious responsibilities"—chiding me for encouraging truancy! "We are quite sure," he writes, "that no really well-brought-up and well-disposed boy ever thinks of such a thing." Perish the thought! And yet, if he *should* take the notion—you never can tell with the devil so busy all the time—there's the barrel they kept us in at school when we were bad; I told of it before. Putting the lid on was a sure preventive; with our little short legs we couldn't climb out. Don't think I recommend it. It just comes to me, the way things will. It was held to be a powerful means of bringing children up "well disposed" in those days.

Looking back over thirty years it seems to me that never had man a better time than I. Enough of the editor chaps there were always to keep up the spirits. The hardships people write to me about were not worth mentioning; and anyway they had to be, to get some of the crankery out of me, I guess. But the friendships endure. For all the rebuffs of my life



ELMWOOD,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

21st Nov: 1890.

Dear Sir,

I have read your book with deep & painful interest. I felt as Dante must when he looked over the edge of the abyss at the bottom of which Geryon lay in ambush. I had but a vague idea of these horrors before you brought them so feelingly home to me. I cannot conceive how such a book should fail of doing great good, if it move other people as it has moved me. I found it hard to get asleep the night after I had been reading it.

Faithfully yours

J. R. Lowell

J. A. Riis, Esq.

A LETTER FROM MR. LOWELL

they have more than made up. When I think of them, of the good men and women who have called me friend, I am filled with wonder and gratitude. I know the editor of the heavy responsibilities would not have approved of all of them. Even the police might not have done it. But, then, police approval is not a certificate of character to one who has lived the best part of his life in Mulberry Street. They drove Harry Hill out of the business after milking him dry. Harry Hill kept a dive, but he was a square man; his word was as good as his bond. He was hardly a model citizen, but in a hard winter he kept half the ward from starving; his latch-string hung out always to those in need. Harry was no particular friend of mine; I mention him as a type of some to whom objection might be made.

But then the police would certainly disapprove of Dr. Parkhurst, whom I am glad to call by the name of friend. They might even object to Bishop Potter, whose friendship I return with a warmth that is nowise dampened by his disapproval of reporters as a class. That is where the Bishop is mistaken; we are none of us infallible, and what a good thing it is that we are not. Think of having an infallible friend to live alongside of always! How long could you stand it? We were not infallible, James Tanner—called Corporal by the world, Jim by us—when we sat together in the front seats of the old Eighteenth Street Church under Brother Simmons's teaching. Far from it; but we were willing to learn the ways of grace, and that was something. Had he only stayed! Your wife mothered my Elisabeth when she was homesick in a strange land. I have never forgotten it. And you could pass civil service, Jim, on the story I spoke of. I would be willing to let the rest go, if you will promise to forget about that bottle of champagne. It was your doings, anyhow, you know.

Amos Ensign, I did not give you the credit you should have had for our success in Mulberry Street in the early days, but I give it to you now. You were loyal and good, and you have stayed a reporter, a living denial of the charge that our profession is not as good as the best. Dr. Jane Elizabeth Robbins, you told me, when I was hesitating over the first chapters of these reminiscences, to take the short cut and put it all in, and I did,

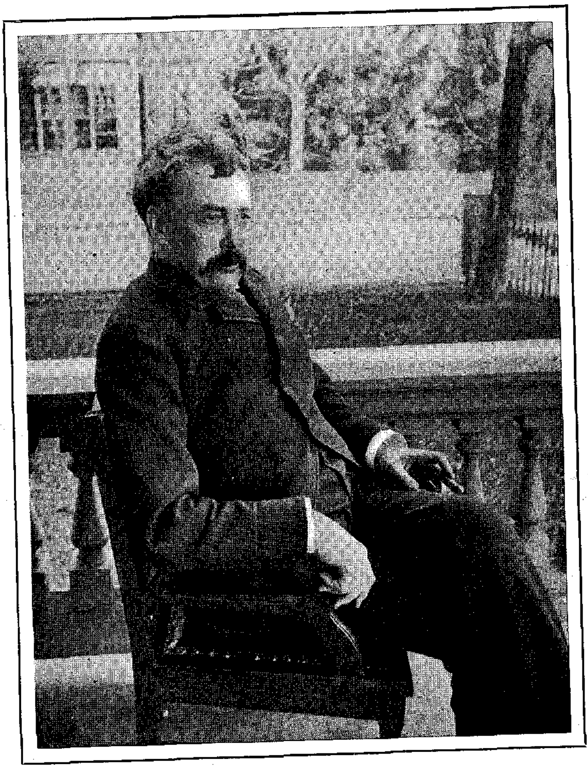
AT HOME IN THE OLD TOWN

The last time we were all together.

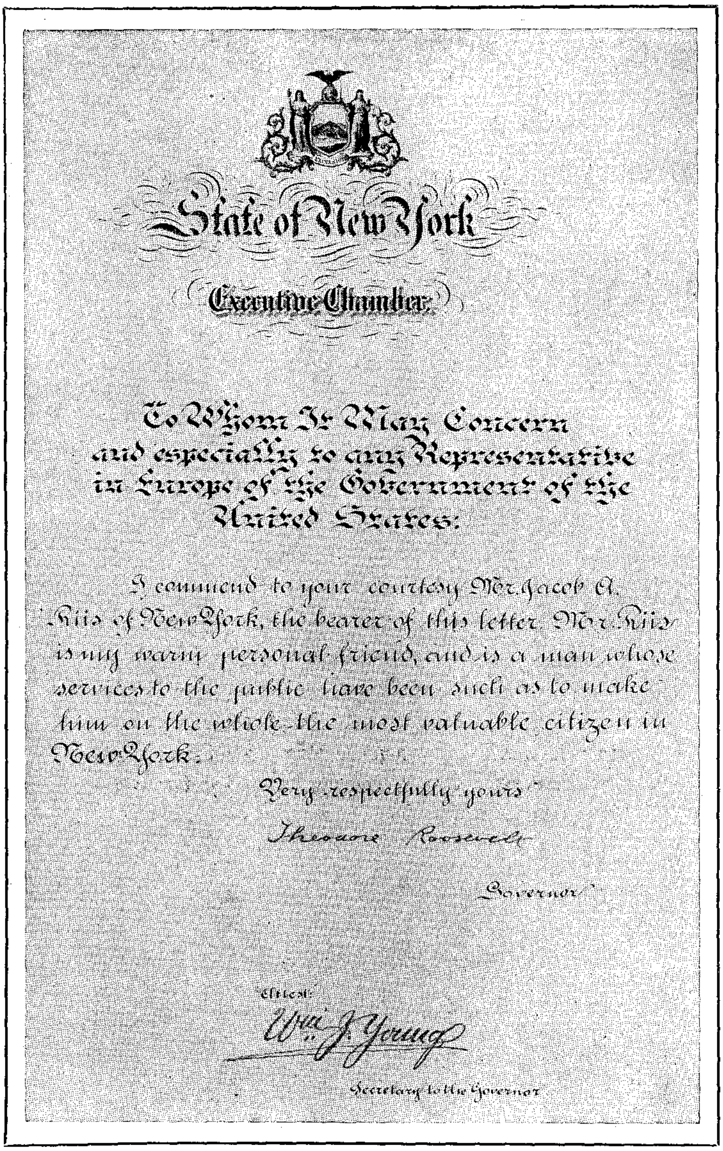
KING CHRISTIAN AS I SAW HIM LAST

because you are as wise as you are good. I have told it all, and now, manlike, I will serve you as your sex has been served from the dawn of time: the woman did it! yours be the blame. Anthony Ronne, dear old chum in the days of adversity; Max Fishel, trusty friend of the years in Mulberry Street, who never said "can't" once—you always knew a way; Brother W. W. J. Warren, faithful in good and in evil report; General C. T. Christensen, whose compassion passeth understanding, for, though a banker, you bore with and befriended me, who cannot count; Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, my civic conscience ever; John H. Mulchahey, without whose wise counsels in the days of good government and reform the battle with the slum would surely have gone against me; Jane Addams and Mrs. Emmons Blaine, leaven that shall yet leaven the whole unsightly lump out yonder by the western lake and let in the light; A. S. Solomons, Silas McBee, Mrs. Roland C.

Lincoln, Lilian D. Wald, Felix Adler, Endicott Peabody, Lyman Abbott, Louise Seymour Houghton, Jacob H. Schiff, John Finley—Jew and Gentile who taught me why in this world personal conduct and personal character count ever for most—my love to you all! It is time I am off and away. William McCloy, the next time I step into your canoe and upset it, and you turn that smiling countenance upon me, up to your neck in the lake, I will surely drown you. You are too good for this world. J. Evarts Tracy, host of my happy days on restful Wahwaskesh! I know of a certain hole in under a shelving rock upon which the partridge is wont to hatch her young, where lies a bigger bass than ever you tired out according to the rules of your beloved sport, and I will have him if I have to charm him with honeyed words and a bean-pole. And Ainslie shall cook him to a turn. Make haste to the feast!


JAMES TANNER

Ahead there is light. Even as I write the little ones from Cherry Street are playing on the grass under my trees. The time is at hand when we shall bring to them in their slum the things which we must now bring them to see, and then the slum shall be no more. How little we grasp the meaning of it all! In a report of the Commissioner of Education I read the other day that of kindergarten children in an Eastern city who were questioned sixty-three per cent. did not know a robin, and more than half had not seen a dandelion in its yellow glory. And yet we complain that our cities are misgoverned! You who think that the teaching of "civics" in the school covers it all, I am not speaking to you. You will never understand. But the rest of you who are willing to sit with me at the feet of little Molly and learn from her, listen: She was poor and ragged and starved. Her home was a hovel. We were debating, some good women who knew her and I, how best to make a merry Christmas for her, and my material mind hung upon clothes and boots and rubbers, for it was in Chicago. But the vision of her soul was a pair of red shoes! Her heart craved them; aye, brethren, and she got them. Not for all the gold in the Treasury would I have trodden it under in pork and beans, smothered it in—no, not in rubber boots, though the mud in the city by the lake be both deep and black. They were the window, those red shoes, through which her little captive soul looked out and yearned for the beauty of God's great world. Could I forget the blue boots with the tassels which I worshiped in my boyhood? Nay, friends, the robin and the dandelion we must put back into those barren lives if we would have good citizenship. They and the citizenship are first cousins. We robbed the children of them, or stood by and saw it done, and it is for us to restore them. That is my answer to the missionary who writes to ask what is the "most practical way of making good Christians and American citizens" out of the immigrants who sit heavy on her conscience, as well they may. Christianity without the robin and the dandelion is never going to reach down in the slum; American citizenship without



State of New York

Executive Chamber

To Whom It May Concern
and especially to any Representative
in Europe of the Government of the
United States:

I commend to your courtesy Mr. Jacob A. Riis of New York, the bearer of this letter. Mr. Riis is my warm personal friend, and is a man whose services to the public have been such as to make him on the whole the most valuable citizen in New York.

Very respectfully yours
Theodore Roosevelt
Governor

Attest:
Wm. J. Young
Secretary to the Governor

THE GOVERNOR'S PASSPORT

them would leave the slum there, to dig the grave of it and of the Republic.

Light ahead! The very battle that is now waged for righteousness on the once forgotten East Side is our answer to the cry of the young who, having seen the light, were willing no longer to live in darkness. I know, for I was one of the committee which Dr. Felix Adler called together in response to their appeal a year ago. The Committee of Fifteen succeeded to its work. "What does it all help?" the doubting Thomases have asked a half-score years, watching the settlements build their bridge of hearts between mansion and tenement, and hundreds give devoted lives of toil and sacrifice to make it strong and lasting; and ever the answer came back, sturdily: "Wait and see! It will come." And now it has come. The work is bearing fruit. On the East Side the young rise in rebellion against the slum; on the West Side the League for Political Education runs a ball-ground. Omen of good sense and of victory! So the country is safe. When we fight no longer for the poor, but with the poor, the slum is taken in the rear and beaten already.

The world moves. The Bend is gone; the Barracks are gone; Mulberry Street itself as I knew it so long is gone. Cat Alley, whence came the deputation of ragamuffins to my office demanding flowers for "the lady in the back," the poor old scrubwoman who lay dead in her dark basement, went when the Elm Street widening let light into the heart of our block. The old days are gone. I myself am gone. A year ago I had warning that "the night cometh" when no man can work, and Mulberry Street knew me no more. I am still a young man, not far past fifty, and I have much I would do yet. But what if it were ordered otherwise? I have been very happy. No man ever had so good a time. Should I not be content?

I dreamed a beautiful dream in my youth, and I awoke and found it true. My silver bride they called her just now. The frost is upon my head, indeed; hers winter has not touched with its softest breath. Her footfall is the lightest, her laugh the merriest in the house. The boys are all in love with their mother; the girls tyrannize and worship her together. The cadet corps elects her an honorary member, for no stouter champion of the flag is in the land. Sometimes when she sings with the children I sit and listen, and with her voice there comes to me as an echo of the long past the words in her letter, that blessed first letter in which she wrote down the text of all my after-life: "We will strive together for all that is noble and good." So she saw her duty as a true American, and aye! she has kept the pledge.

"HERE COMES THE BABY"

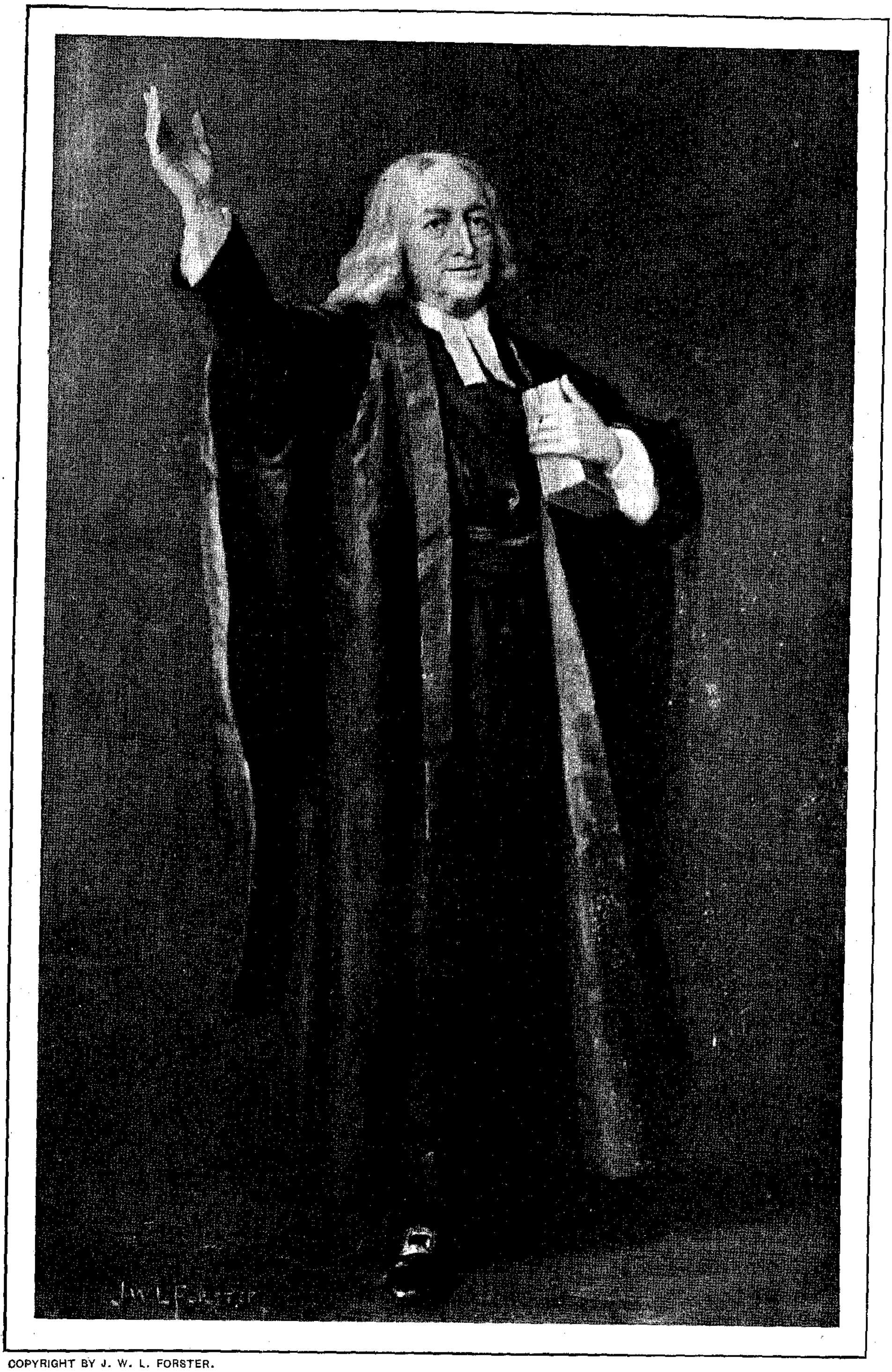
But here comes our daughter with little Virginia to visit her grandpapa. Oh, the little vixen! Then where is his peace? God bless the child!

I have told the story of the making of an American. There remains to tell how I found out that he was made and finished at last. It was when I went back to see my mother once more, and, wandering about the country of my childhood's memories, had come to the city of Elsinore. There I fell ill of a sneaking fever and lay many weeks in the house of a friend upon the shore of the beautiful Oeresund. One day when the fever had left me they rolled my bed into a room overlooking the sea. The sunlight danced upon the waves, and the distant mountains of Sweden were blue against the horizon. Ships passed under full sail up and down the great waterway of the nations. But the sunshine and the peaceful day bore no message to me. I lay moodily picking at the coverlet, sick and discouraged and sore—I hardly knew why myself. Until all at once there sailed past, close inshore, a ship flying at the top the flag of freedom, blown out on the breeze till every star in it showed bright and clear. That moment I knew. Gone were illness, discouragement, and gloom! Forgotten weakness and suffering, the cautions of doctor and nurse. I sat up in bed and shouted, laughed and cried by turns, waving my handkerchief to the flag out there. They thought I had lost my head, but I told them no, thank God! I had found it, and my heart, too, at last. I knew then that it was my flag; that my children's home was mine, indeed; that I also had become an American in truth. And I thanked God, and, like unto the man sick of the palsy, arose from my bed and went home, healed.

Pierre-Marie Waldeck-Rousseau

Prime Minister of France.

Among intelligent and thoughtful Frenchmen there would be little dissent to the assertion that M. Waldeck-Rousseau has conducted French affairs for the past two years with exceptional ability, tact, and force. Last month the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet became the most long-lived Cabinet of the Third Republic, the thirty years of which have seen in all thirty-two Ministers. The present Premier came into power on June 22, 1899; and his conduct in office has disappointed the confident predictions of his political enemies that the Cabinet was merely a temporary expedient.


J. W. L. Forster

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JOHN WESLEY
From the painting by J. W. L. Forster.

The Wesleys and the New Portraits

By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.

IT is a curious circumstance that the best group of Wesley portraits in the world is in the chapel of Victoria University, Toronto. These portraits were painted under the direction of the Methodist Social Union of that city. A distinguished Canadian artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, was commissioned to visit England to make a study of existing portraits of the Wesley family. Notable among these is the celebrated Romney portrait of John Wesley, which has long been deemed the best art presentation of the founder of Methodism. An authentic mask of the great preacher, taken some years before his death, was carefully studied. Portraits of Charles Wesley and of Susannah Wesley, "the mother of Methodism," as Southey has called her, also furnished important data. The artist has been singularly happy in the interpretative skill with which he has given an expression of spirituality and refinement to these portraits. They are a little over life-size, and are a fine combination of strength and delicacy of treatment.

John Wesley is represented as wearing his clergyman's gown and with outstretched hand proclaiming the Word of Life, which he preached more often than any other man who ever lived. The sweet, benignant expression of countenance, the combination of the scholar and refined ascetic, the blending of authority and persuasiveness, are really admirable. In his left hand is clasped to his heart his field Bible, the book which is still handed down from President to President of the Wesleyan Conference as one of the insignia of office.

On the face of Susannah Wesley is an expression of sweet motherliness, gentleness, and purity which reveals the saintliness of her soul. In the background are the old Epworth church, near which she spent much of her life, and the tombstone of her husband, standing on which, when excluded from his father's pulpit, her distinguished son preached to the rustic parishioners—a not unfit emblem of Methodism standing in the traditions of the past and inspiring them with new life.

The animation and soulfulness of Charles Wesley's portrait are masterly. The artist has caught the glow of inspiration on the poet's face as he reads from the manuscript one of his own hymns, perhaps that immortal lyric, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The placing in the oldest Methodist college in Canada, dating from 1841, of these memorials of the three distinguished persons most intimately associated with the founding of Methodism may warrant a brief reference to the part which they severally played in its history.

In the quiet rectory of Epworth, often amid straitened circumstances and manifold household cares, Susannah Wesley molded the character of her distinguished sons who were destined to originate a religious movement which should extend to furthest shores and remotest times. It may in the eyes of some lend interest to her story that she was "nobly born." Her father, Dr. Samuel Annesley, was closely related to an Earl of Anglesea whose pedigree went back to the Norman conquest. A stronger claim on our sympathy is the fact that Dr. Annesley was one of those two thousand English rectors and vicars who, by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, for their fidelity to the dictates of their conscience, were driven from their pulpits and parishes. His daughter, fair of face and form, broadly cultured in ancient and modern tongues, of earnest piety and rare common sense, was ideally fitted for that sweet English idyl, as Coleridge has called it, life in a country parsonage.

The Wesleys, too, were of ancient family; probably, as is inferred from the "scallop shell" on their coat of arms, descended from Crusading ancestors. Both the father and grandfather of Samuel Wesley, who married Miss Annesley, had also been driven from their homes and pulpits by the Act of Uniformity. The latter had a mania for "beating rhymes" and writing learned Latin dissertations. One of these procured him the presentation to the quiet rectory of Epworth.

Like the Roman matron Cornelia, Susannah Wesley cherished her children, of whom she had nineteen in all—thirteen around her at one time—as her chief jewels. She superintended their entire early education. This was more learned than was common then or now, for one of the girls, we are told, could in her eighth year read Greek. But the culture of the heart was more diligently sought than that of the head. The pinchings of poverty were only too familiar, and once for three months, under the shadow of debt, the learned rector lay in prison.

In spite of family straits the boys were sent to Charter House School and Oxford University, where John Wesley became lecturer in Greek at the age of twenty-three. It is significant that Methodism—more than any other form of religion that of the lowly and poor—had its birth in the first university of Europe. They were no illiterates, those Fellows of Oxford who in the Holy Club met for the study of the oracles of God in their original tongues.

On his father's death John Wesley was invited to succeed him as rector at Epworth. He was also requested to go with his brother as a missionary to Georgia. The decision rested upon the consent of his venerable mother. "I can be," he said, "the staff of her age, her chief support and comfort." But the heroic soul, notwithstanding her lonely widowhood, replied, "Had I twenty sons I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them again."

In Georgia the Wesleys devoted themselves with ascetic zeal to missionary toil. "They slept on the ground rather than on beds, they refused all food but bread and water, and John went barefooted that he might encourage the boys of his school—a condescension better in its motive than in its example." The matter-of-fact colonists did not appreciate such ascetic piety, and the Wesleys soon found it expedient to return to England.

"I went to America," wrote John Wesley in his journal, "to convert the Indians, but, oh! who shall convert me? I have a fair summer religion; I can talk well, nay, and believe myself, while no danger is near; but let Death look me in the face and my spirit is troubled, nor can I say to die is gain."

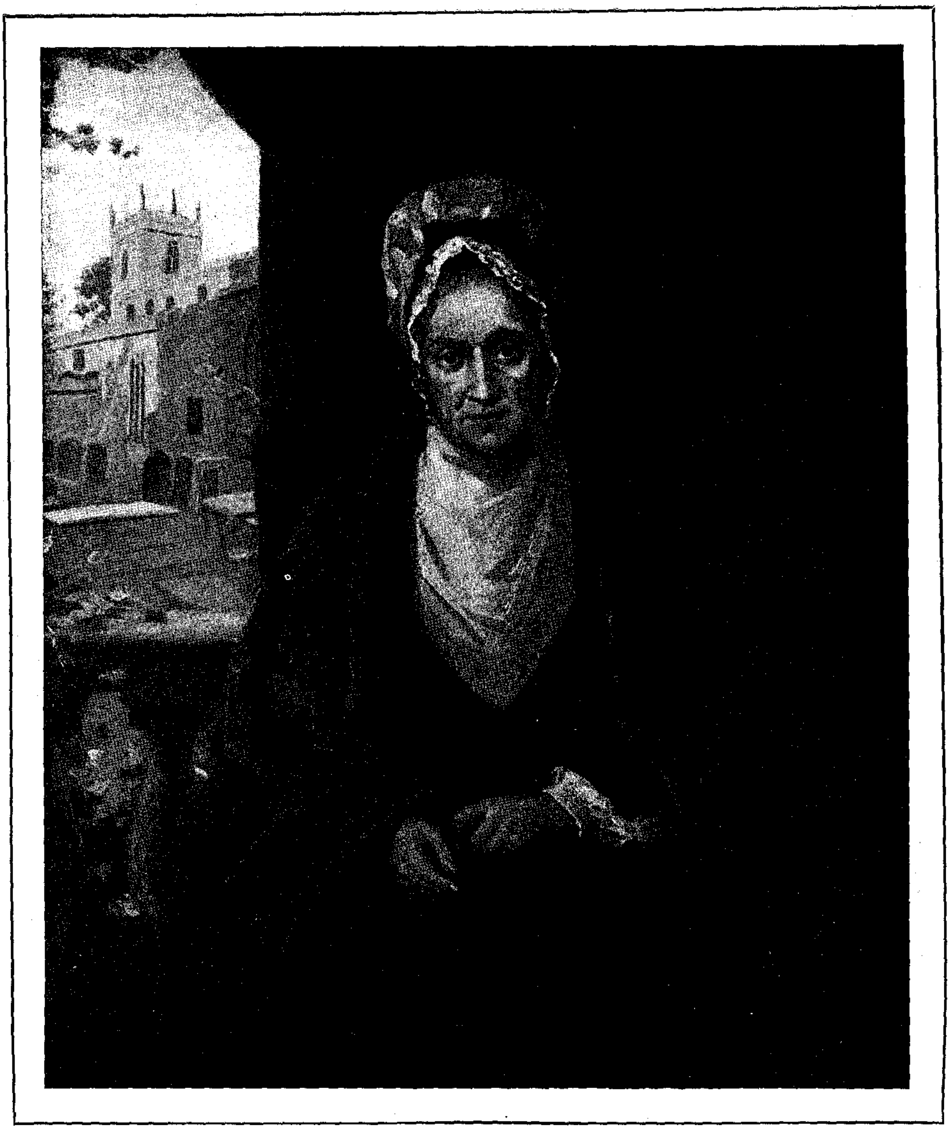
While hearing a Moravian layman read Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans in a meeting in Fetter Lane, London, John Wesley in his thirty-fifth year received the full assurance of faith which he was to preach as a flaming herald throughout the land. "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say," writes Lecky in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," "that the scene which took place in that humble meeting forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism."

After a visit to the Moravian settlement of Herrnhut, in Bohemia, a new note was heard in his sermons. To the condemned felons of Newgate, as well as to the decorous congregations in the churches, he preached repentance, the remission of sins, and free salvation. Joined by his brother Charles and by George Whitefield, he went everywhere preaching with strange power the evangel of the grace of God.

Wesley's only regular income was £28 a year from his Oxford Fellowship, but, full of faith, he purchased the old Foundry at Moorfields, London, and fitted it up for worship at a cost of £700. At all manner of uncanonical hours—by lantern light on wintry mornings, and late at night and all day long—at the Foundry, on Kennington Common, at Gwennap Pit, in markets, on fair-grounds, and at coal-pits' mouths, amid obloquy and persecutions, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear, the Wesleys proclaimed with strange power the doctrines of free grace. They adapted themselves to the capacity of miners and pitmen, of uncouth rustics and rude fishermen.

Nor was this new apostolate without confessors unto blood and martyrs unto death. They were stoned, they were beaten with cudgels, they were dragged through kennels, and some died of their wounds. They were everywhere spoken against. Even Bishops, like Warburton and Lavington, assailed them with the coarsest and most scurrilous invective.

Up to his sixty-ninth year John Wesley kept up his round of travel, amounting to



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SUSANNAH WESLEY

From the painting by J. W. L. Forster.

five thousand miles a year, on horseback. After this his friends provided him with a carriage. "He paid more tolls," says Southey, "than any other man in England." The grand old man ascribed his health and strength to his out-of-door life, to his constant rising at four o'clock, to the fact that he never lost a night's sleep in his life, to his constant preaching, particularly at five o'clock in the morning, for fifty years, and, last, to his contentment of mind. "By the grace of God," he says, "I fret at nothing."

On his eightieth birthday he writes, "Blessed be God, my time is not labour and sorrow." He felt no more pain or infirmity than at twenty-one. On his eighty-third birthday he repeats, "It is eleven years since I felt such a thing as weariness." His hale and hearty old age was full of keen appreciation of nature and of the eager study of books, including the Italian classics and current literature. In commenting upon the picturesque scenery of his travels he reflects, "Nevertheless, the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor ever shall be till it see the King in His beauty." When over eighty he made two journeys to Holland, preaching at The Hague, Utrecht, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam, and greatly enjoying the historic and patriotic associations of these cities.

The genial old man was ever a lover of children. At Oldham he found "a whole street lined with them—a troop of boys and girls, who closed him in and would not let him go till he had shaken each of them by the hand." In his eighty-eighth year he preached a special sermon to children in words of not more than two syllables. His appearance in extreme old age is described as a pattern of neatness and simplicity, his hair as white as snow, and his smile one of peculiar benignity.

In his eighty-fifth year he acknowledges that he is not so agile as formerly, that he has occasional twinges of rheumatism and suffers slight dimness of sight, his other senses remaining unimpaired. "However, blessed be God," he says, "I do not slack from my labour, and can preach and write still." From being one of the worst hated he became one of the best loved men in the kingdom. At Cork, where he had been mobbed and burned in effigy, he was met by a cortège of mounted horsemen. At Falmouth, where he had been taken prisoner by an immense mob, "roaring like lions," high and low lined the street from one end of the town to the other, "out of love and kindness, gaping and staring as if the king were going by." At Burslem the people gathered so early in the morning that he began to preach at half-past four. At Newgate he preached to forty-seven men under sentence of death, "the clink of whose chains was very awful."

He now ceased recording his receipts and expenditures in his account-book. His last entry is a remarkable one: "For upward of eighty years I have kept my accounts exactly; I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can—that is, all I have." It is estimated that he gave away over thirty thousand pounds which he had earned with his pen.

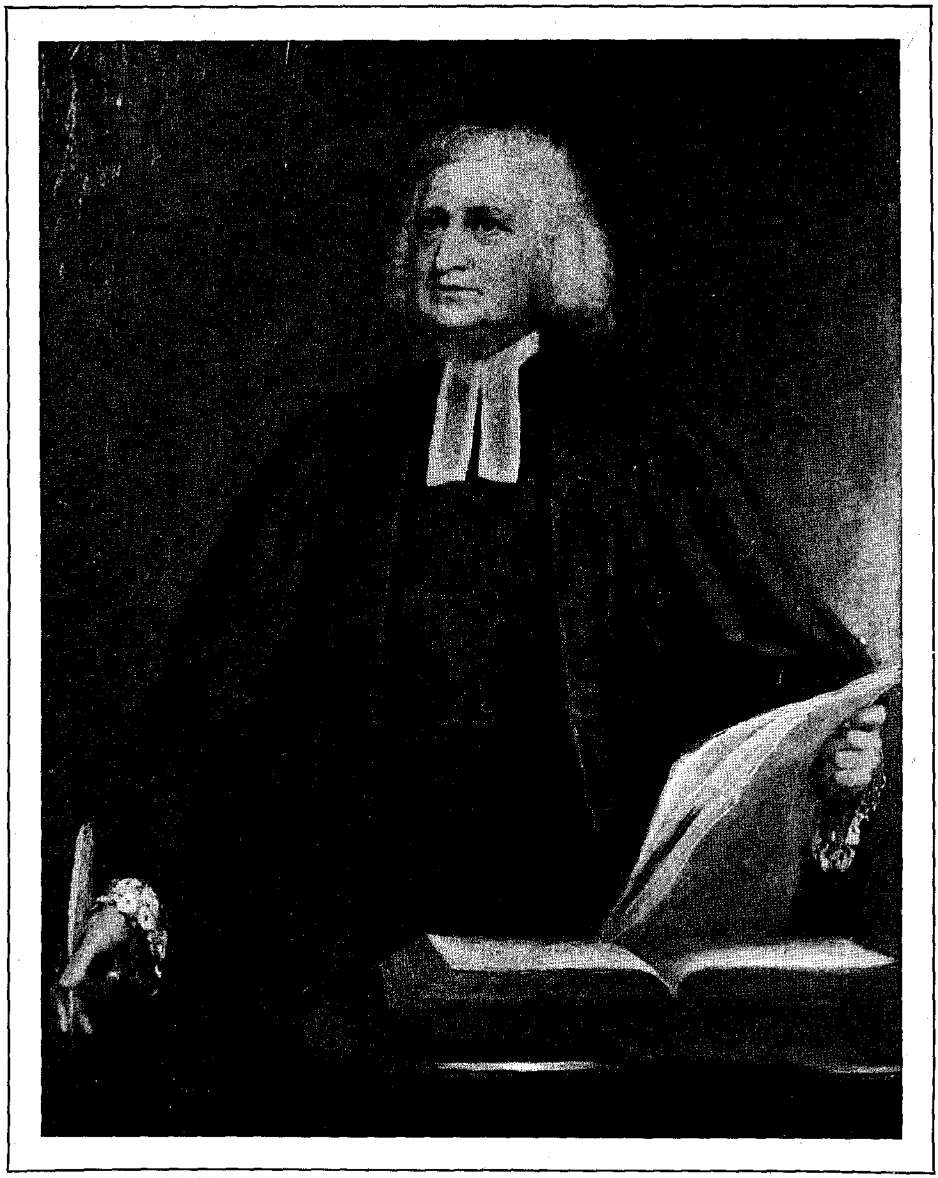
His was a serene and sunny old age which mellowed as the years passed by. His early asceticism had long disappeared. One of his pious helpers complained that by Wesley's witty proverbs he was tempted to levity. To a blustering fellow who attempted to throw him down, saying, "Sir, I never make way for a fool," Wesley replied, "I always do," and politely stepped aside.

Whitefield preached 18,000 sermons, more than ten a week for his thirty-four years of ministerial life. Wesley preached 42,400 sermons after his return from Georgia, more than fifteen a week, for fifty-three years.

A wise man has said: "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes its laws." This is even more true of a nation's hymns than of its songs. In this respect Charles Wesley has been one of the most potent influences that ever existed for righteousness, for uplift and uplook, for molding and making the character of a people. His face rightfully appears with that of John Wesley on the memorial tablet to the founders of Methodism in Westminster Abbey.

The Wesleyan revival found its most potent ally in the hymns of Charles Wesley. He possessed gifts and graces, a divine charism and anointing, which set him apart for all time as the sweet singer of Methodism. It was his hymns that sang the Gospel into souls obdurate to the logic or the eloquence of preaching, and that melted into tears the most stony hearts. They crystallized the doctrines of free grace into imperishable song. As a safeguard of Methodist orthodoxy they are more potent than any formal creed, or articles of religion, or systematic theology that could be framed. Multitudes of unlettered people who could not comprehend a syllogism or sorites have had the faith of their fathers rooted in their souls by this ministry of song.

The joyous and positive experience of "the people called Methodists" is the very life and essence of Charles Wesley's hymns. He does not see why the devil should have all the merry music, so he converts the secular air of "Nancy Dawson" to holy words. He catches the careless with holy guile, and before they are aware they are singing the sweet songs of salvation. His hymns reflect the passing moods of life. Is he stoned by a mob, he writes a hymn of deliverance; is he sick by the way, he sings his



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CHARLES WESLEY

From the painting by J. W. L. Forster.

" Sursum corda;" is he caught in a shower, he indites a hymn of praise for the rainbow. For a marriage he writes a glad epithalamium; for a death, a tender elegy. Riding over the English downs his soul "its glorious matter would indite," and stopping at an inn he seizes pen and paper to embody in undying verse the fugitive thought. Nor did he fail to reach the sublimest height of song. His noble hymn, "Come, O thou traveler unknown," James Montgomery has described as one of the highest of poetic achievements.

Over six hundred of Charles Wesley's hymns have been collected in the Wesleyan hymn-book. About four thousand six hundred in all have been printed, but about two thousand still remain in manuscript. Of those printed, many by their spiritual exaltation and poetic merit have won their way into the hymnaries of nearly all the Christian churches.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

By J. Cleveland Cady

> "'Ere's yer fried chicken—all hot!"
> "'Ere's de pize yer mammy bakes!"
> "'Ere's yer hot corn cake—dat's right, boss,
> it's all hot and hearty!"

WE had left Washington some twenty miles behind and were nearing a little Virginia town when the calls of the colored brethren became more than audible as they proclaimed the merits of fried chicken and other delicacies they were vending; a glance, however, at the dilapidated and filthy cabins from which these purveyors issued quite deadened the appetite.

In one instance a couple of poles supported a little platform within reach of the car window. This in turn held a tray covered with a soiled towel on which were displayed pieces of fried chicken, turnovers, corn cakes, all quite ancient-looking and decidedly dusty.

As the train paused at this point, it was plainly in the power of the optimistic passenger to stretch forth his hand and exchange a suitable coin for any of these antiques. Did people ever do so? From the state of the goods it seemed hardly credible.

We had passed the "Wilderness," where the armies of Grant and Lee contended in long and desperate struggle. A wilderness indeed, so rough and wild it seemed hopelessly impassable! Manassas reached, however, and the country is one of rare loveliness.

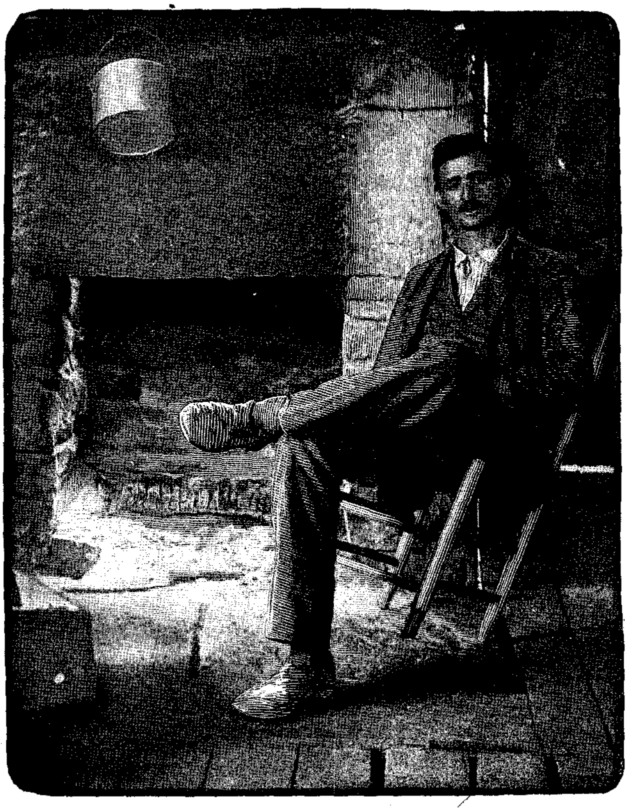
Great fields of young grass in the fresh green of spring extend with beautiful undulation for miles, bounded by the soft blue of distant mountains. Occasionally the spreading barns and comfortable-looking mansion of some great estate are seen surrounded by masses of fruit-trees in full bloom.

Certainly this is one of the most attractive sections of our country—an ideal region for a rural life.

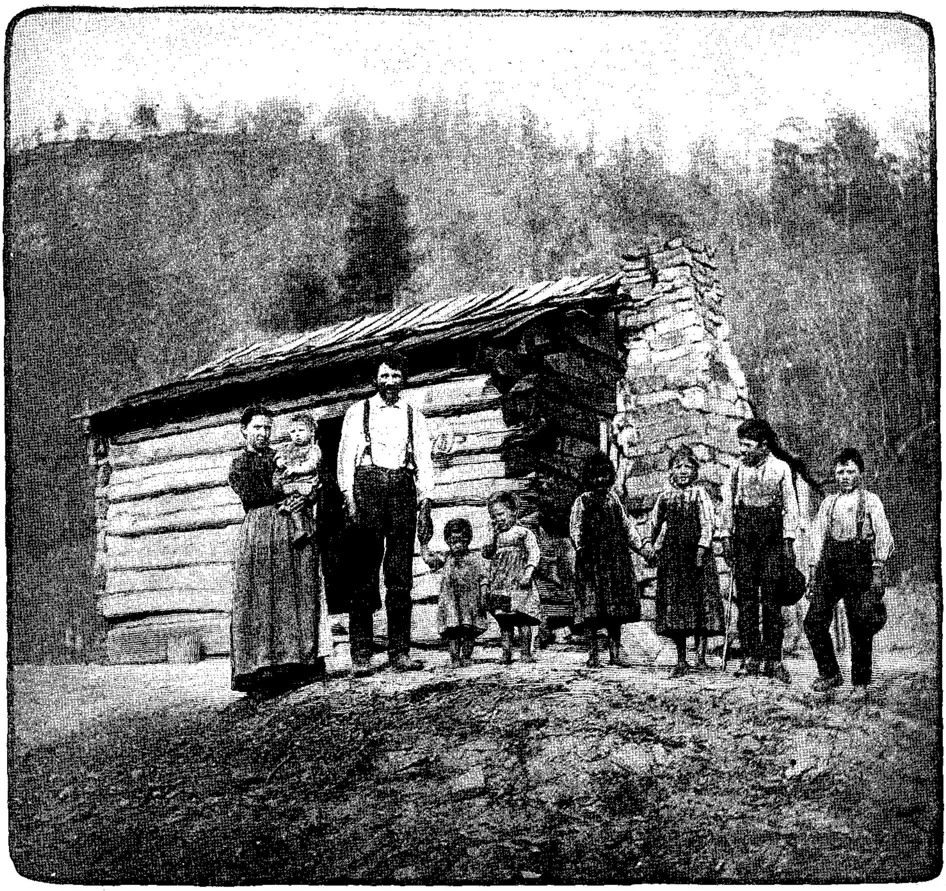
As night comes on our speed begins to slacken—we are climbing the Alleghanies—and as the long train winds its sinuous way in and out of "notches" and "gaps," we see at times the light and smoke of the two engines that are drawing it. They will toil all night before the highest altitude is reached and we are fully "in the mountains."

But in the morning a surprise is in store! The green fields and blooming trees of the afternoon are gone, and we seem to be in the midst of winter, for the ground is deep with snow, and spring is only a memory.

Nor is the colored brother longer in evidence; true, there are cabins, but those



A YOUNG MOUNTAINEER



A TYPICAL MOUNTAINEER'S CABIN

who huddle about their doors, often in grotesque toggery, are " mountain whites," eagerly watching for a glimpse of the train as it flits by with its curious passengers—people from wonderland!

The afternoon ride had given a soft and lovely vision of spring; in contrast, that of the next forenoon was to be one of rugged picturesqueness and grandeur.

As the road winds along the edge of a great precipice you look down upon the valley, with its mystery of detail, hundreds of feet below; soon you are by the side of a raging, roaring stream swollen by days of rain, its fierce current at length checked by a mill-dam and forced into useful activities by aid of a quaint old water-wheel, considerably higher than the mill itself, but hardly wider than a shovel.

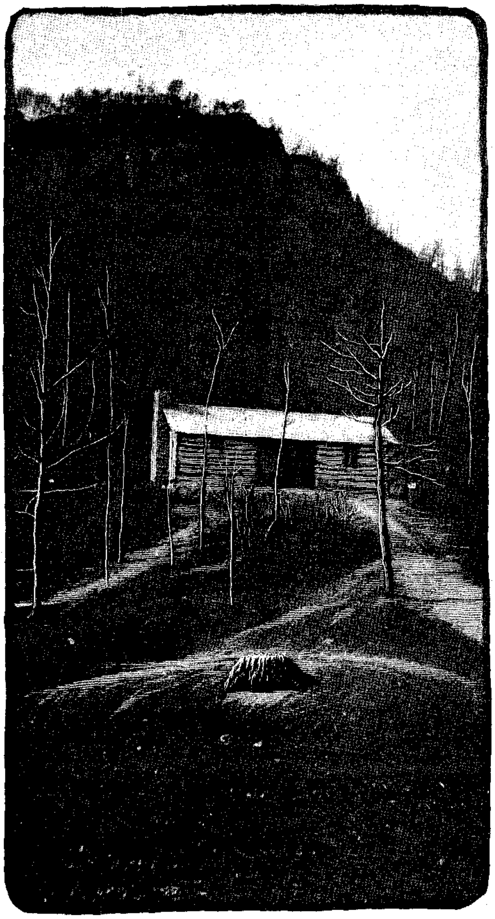
Again we come upon the cabins of the " mountain whites," rude indeed, but less dilapidated than those of the negroes we had seen in the afternoon. As the train hurries by, we catch glimpses of snowy peaks radiant with sunlight, then are plunged into the deep shade of magnificent forests, reaching at last the " summit " of the Alleghanies, from which we pass steadily down to the " foothills," and, finally, the famous " Blue Grass " region of Kentucky.

Though for a time we have left the mountains, we see about us their most interesting product—Kentucky's most hopeful possession—the young mountain people who have come down at great sacrifice " to get a education " at Berea.

Many of them have come scores of miles through the mountains on horseback, or in rough ox-wagons, selling the beasts on their arrival to meet the expenses of a year at school. The young men are unusually manly and attractive, and have a courtesy springing from kindness of heart that captivates at once.

Proud and sensitive, they are not readily driven, but the magic touch of kindness, they are powerless before it! One morning an instructor came to President Frost saying that two young men had positively refused to attend certain recitations in his classes. When he departed I remarked, " I suppose you will discipline them sternly, not only for their sakes, but for the effect on others." " Far from it," he said; "that would probably confirm them in disobedience, and mean their ruin. No, after a little I shall have a kindly, sensible talk with them, and before it is over they will be ashamed of their conduct and apologize; they have manliness enough for that, and I don't doubt they will begin a new course of well-doing, the better established because their intelligence and wills have been won over to the right." The more I saw of these young Americans, the more I realized that they possessed a fine and serious strain of character that rendered appeals to manliness and right especially effective. " Three years ago," he resumed, " a young woman who had been with us a term refused to take the examination necessary to enter upon the new school year. Her parents came, but could not change her determination. They finally remarked, ' She hed never done gone back agin her word, when once she said she would or she wouldn't,' and really they seemed proud of it!

" Then I asked one of the noble women who are a part of the teaching force of Berea to talk matters over with her, which she did with wisdom and tenderness.


A " SOCIAL SETTLEMENT "

" The interview over, the girl made no delay in seeking the examination! She has done admirably in the three years that have followed, and graduates with high standing this season. A wise patience and kindness saved her to us and herself; and she was worth the saving."

As we pass along the street a young man, hastening to the President, bids him " good-by."

" Why, you are not going to leave us, are you, Boyd?"

" Yes. I'm not well, and have not been for some time—headaches and a generally miserable feeling unfit me for study—so my professor says I may as well go home for the rest of the term, and work around the old place, and the mountains — oh, the mountains will cure me! I'll be back in the fall."

" Ah, my boy, I see plainly what is the matter — a-plenty of study but no exercise—hard application but no fresh air. The boys who have taken it more slowly and worked out-of-doors a part of the time will prove the gainers in the long run; but I trust you will be wiser next term. Be sure and be a credit to the college while you are away—won't you?—and come back as soon as you can. Good-by."

About ten minutes later, as we continued our walk, I saw two men on horseback. One was the young man we had just parted with, who, though plainly dressed, had somewhat of spruceness in his attire, the other an indescribably droll old fellow in a massive overcoat half an inch thick, with a collar that came up nearly all around

A MOUNTAIN MILL

his heavy fur cap, under which his long, thin hair floated far behind.

Both were on horseback, and the day was warm. Under the circumstances, and especially under such an overcoat, what must have been the temperature!

"Who is that queer-looking chap with young Boyd?" "Oh, that's his father—he has come in a distance of seventy miles, riding one horse and leading the other, to take his son back with him."

A ride "into the mountains" was the exhilarating feature of one fine day. Shortly after leaving Berea we came to the newly acquired mountain property which a wise and far-seeing donor has contributed as an annex to the College—a property of many hundred acres, containing two of the noblest mountain peaks of the "Appalachian" region.

Here are rare opportunities for the Professor of Forestry, who can train his young men practically on the treatment and use of the timber of their own mountains—and here is a wildly picturesque park that is likely in time to be famous.

A few miles beyond we came to the little hamlet of "Rips Knob," a settlement of forty or fifty houses. Several churches were in evidence, all dilapidated and uncared for.

"A great opportunity for Church federation," I remarked.

"Nowhere more needed," my friend replied.

"What church is that—just ahead?"

"The Seventh Day Baptist."

"And that at the left?"

"The Independent."

"And the one with the white belfry?"

"The Free Will Baptist."

"And the little brown one under the chestnuts?"

"The Disciples."

"Ah! there's yet another—just up the hill!"

"Yes, that's the new Temperance Church."

"What did they want a temperance church for?"

"Well, from what I have heard I judge some were tired of the old churches and

A TYPICAL NEGRO CABIN

wanted something new; they thought a temperance church would be a refreshing novelty."

"What do they do in the way of temperance?"

"They take a temperance pledge on joining the church."

"What kind of a pledge?"

"A pledge against liquor—each candidate pledges that he will not personally consume more than forty gallons of whisky in a year!"

We did not pause to take vows at the "Temperance Church," but shook the dust from our feet, and the overchurched community of "Rips Knob" was soon left in the distance as we wound our way through the mountains.

At length we came to a long, narrow valley declared to be "one of the toughest portions of Kentucky"—its little community degraded by ignorance, drunkenness, and crime.

"Some time ago," said my host, "a young lady traveling in this part of the State heard of it, and was interested to visit the people. Their very degradation seemed to appeal to her strongly, and, making herself a temporary nest in a log cabin, she lived among them for a summer. When it ended, she returned to her home in one of the great cities, but her kind friends and pleasant surroundings did not content her as before, for she could not cease thinking by day or by night of the wretched people of the distant valley—she had an intense longing to be with them. Gradually her health became impaired, and the family physician told her parents that she must be allowed to return if her life was to be saved. So a more comfortable cabin—a two-room log cabin—was built for her by some of the students of Berea, and here she made her home, her only companion being a young girl of the neighborhood."

"What a life of isolation!" I exclaimed; "with only the degraded people as neighbors—shut off from all that we hold most dear! Is she even safe there?"

"Oh, yes, entirely so, for she is greatly loved—no one would think of harming her; there is not one but would protect her if needed."

Here again was that peculiar strain of Kentucky character that even in degradation had an element of nobility.

We soon were in view of the neat, new log cabin, its two rooms separated by a space the width of a room (all under the cover of one roof), which might serve as a kind of piazza in warm weather, or be easily inclosed in winter. The cabin nestled under the great mountain peak which overshadowed it; not far from it was another and older cabin which I was told she used for religious services on the Sabbath and at other times. As we approached, a pleasant and intelligent looking woman, about thirty years of age, came forth and bid us welcome to her "shack," which seemed very neat and comfortable, although extremely primitive in its arrangements.

"How lonely you must be here!"

"Oh, no, I have a-plenty to occupy me —people will get sick, or in trouble, you know, and the people here seem to have peculiar facilities in those directions."

"You hold services among them, I am told. Where do you gather them?"

"Right in the cabin next door, and it is well packed, I assure you; on Sundays there are from ninety to a hundred, on Wednesday evenings from fifty to sixty."

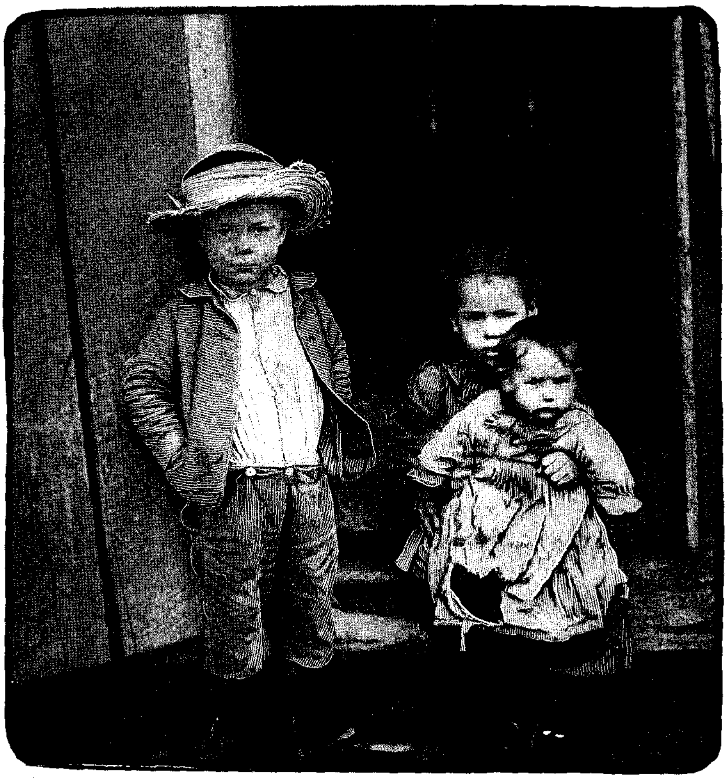
"But it seems to me you are quite helpless. Is there not much connected with the work for which a man's aid is needed?"

"Oh, well, I usually get it when wanted; just now I'm a little badly off, for my best 'all-around' man has been drunk for two days."

"Indeed! and is that a specimen of your best people? Pray, what hope have you for the result of your labors?"

"Little or none as far as the adults are concerned—that is, in the way of reform—yet there is opportunity to do a great deal in the way of kindness and comfort for them. But my main hope is for the young. I think I see an excellent prospect of shaping many of their lives in ways of goodness and usefulness. I really have a great deal of encouragement among them."

As we took our departure the sun was hiding itself behind the great peak, and the cabin had fallen into deep shadow and insignificance, but it contained a real heroine, whose life, seemingly in shadow, had a sunshine of its own—the only light of that entire neighborhood.



CHILDREN OF THE SOIL

The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter XVII.—Le Noir's New Master

THE shantymen came back home to find the Revival still going on. Not a home but had felt its mighty power, and not a man, woman, or even child but had come more or less under its influence. Indeed, so universal was that power that Yankee was heard to say, "The boys wouldn't go in swimmin' without their New Testaments"—not but that Yankee was in very fullest sympathy with the movement. He was regular in his attendance upon the meetings all through spring and summer, but his whole previous history made it difficult for him fully to appreciate the intensity and depth of the religious feeling that was everywhere throbbing through the community.

"Don't see what the excitement's for," he said to Macdonald Bhain one night after meeting. "Seems to me the Almighty just wants a feller to do the right thing by his neighbor and not be too independent, but go 'long kind o' humble like and keep clean. Somethin' wrong with me, perhaps, but I don't seem to be able to work up no excitement about it. I'd like to, but somehow it ain't in me."

When Macdonald Bhain reported this difficulty of Yankee's to Mrs. Murray, she only said:

"'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'" And with this Macdonald Bhain was content, and when he told Yankee, the latter came as near to excitement as he ever allowed himself. He chewed vigorously for a few moments, then, slapping his thigh, he exclaimed:

"By jings! That's great. She's all right, ain't she? We ain't all built the same way, but I'm blamed if I don't like her model."

But the shantymen noticed that the Revival had swept into the church, during the winter months, a great company of the young people of the congregation; and of these, a band of some ten or twelve young men, with Don among them, were attending daily a special class carried on in the vestry of the church for those who desired to enter training for the ministry.

Mrs. Murray urged Ranald to join this class, for, even though he had no intention of becoming a minister, still the study would be good for him, and would help him in his after career. She remembered how Ranald had told her that he had no intention of being a farmer or lumberman. And Ranald gladly listened to her, and threw himself into his study, using his spare hours to such good purpose throughout the summer that he easily kept pace with the class in English, and distanced them in his favorite subject, mathematics.

But all these months Mrs. Murray felt that Ranald was carrying with him a load of unrest, and she waited for the time when he would come to her. His uncle, Macdonald Bhain, too, shared her anxiety in regard to Ranald.

"He is the fine, steady lad," he said one night, walking home with her from the church; "and a good winter's work has he put behind him. He is that queeck, there is not a man like him on the drive; but he is not the same boy that he was. He will not be telling me anything, but when the boys will be sporting, he is not with them. He will be reading his book, or he will be sitting by himself alone. He is like his father in the courage of him. There is no kind of water he will not face, and no man on the river would put fear on him. And the strength of him! His arms are like steel. But," returning to his anxiety, "there is something wrong with him. He is not at peace with himself, and I wish you could get speech with him."

"I would like it, too," replied Mrs. Murray. "Perhaps he will come to me. At any rate, I must wait for that."

At last, when the summer was over, and the harvest all gathered in, and the days were once more shortening for the fall, Ranald drove Lisette one day to the Manse, and went straight to the minister's wife and opened up his mind to her.

"I cannot keep my promise to my father, Mrs. Murray," he said, going at once to the heart of his trouble. "I cannot keep the anger out of my heart. I cannot forgive the man that killed my father. I will be waking at night with the very joy of feeling my fingers on his throat, and I feel myself longing for the day when I will meet him face to face and nothing between us. But," he added, "I promised my father, and I must keep my word, and that is what I cannot do, for the feeling of forgiveness is not here," smiting his breast. "I can keep my hands off him, but the feeling I cannot help."

For a long time Mrs. Murray let him go on without seeking to check the hot flow of his words and without a word of reproof. Then, when he had talked himself to silence, she took her Bible and read to him of the servant who, though forgiven, took his fellow-servant by the throat, refusing to forgive. And then she turned over the leaves and read once more:

"'God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'"

She closed the book and sat silent, waiting for Ranald to speak.

"I know," he said, deliberately; "I have read that often through the winter, but it does not help the feeling I have. I think it only makes it worse. There is some one holding my arm, and I want to strike."

"And do you forget," said Mrs. Murray, and her voice was almost stern, "and do you forget how, for you, God gave his Son to die?"

Ranald shook his head. "I am far from forgetting that."

"And are you forgetting the great mercy of God to your father?"

"No, no," said Ranald, "I often think of that. But when I think of that man, something stirs within me and I cannot see, for the daze before my eyes, and I know that some day I will be at him. I cannot help my feeling."

"Ranald," said Mrs. Murray, "have you ever thought how he will need God's mercy, like yourself? And have you never thought that perhaps he has never had the way of God's mercy put before him? To you the Lord has given much, to him little. It is a terrible thing to be ungrateful for the mercy of God; and it is a shameful thing. It is unworthy of any true man. How can any one take the fullness of God's mercy and his patience every day, and hold an ungrateful heart?"

She did not spare him, and as Ranald sat and listened, his life and character began to appear to him small and mean and unworthy.

"The Lord means you to be a noble man, Ranald—a man with the heart and purpose to do some good in the world, to be a blessing to his fellows; and it is a poor thing to be so filled up with selfishness as to have no thought of the honor of God or of the good of men. Louis Le Noir has done you a great wrong, but what is that wrong compared with the wrong you have done to Him who loved you to His own death?"

Then she gave him her last word: "When you see Louis Le Noir, think of God's mercy, and remember you are to do him good and not evil."

And with that word in his heart, Ranald went away, ashamed and humbled, but not forgiving. The time for that had not yet come. But before he left for the shanties, he saw Mrs. Murray again to say "good-by." He met her with a shamed face, fearing that she must feel nothing but contempt for him.

"You will think ill of me," he said, and in spite of his self-control his voice shook. "I could not bear that."

"No, I could never think ill of you, Ranald, but I would be grieved to think that you should fail of becoming a noble man, strong and brave—strong enough to forgive and brave enough to serve."

Once more Ranald went to the woods, with earnest thoughts in his mind, hoping he should not meet Le Noir, and fighting out his battle to victory; and by the time the drive had reached the big water next spring, that battle was almost over. The days in the silent woods and the nights spent with his uncle in the camp and afterwards in his cabin on the raft did their work with Ranald.

The timber-cut that year was the largest that had ever been known on the Upper Ottawa. There was great crowding of rafts on the drive, and for weeks the chutes were full, and when the rafts were all brought together at Quebec, not only were the shores lined and Timber Cove packed, but the broad river was full from Quebec to Levis, except for the steamboat way which must be kept open.

For the firm of Raymond & St. Clair this meant enormous increase of business, and it was no small annoyance that at this crisis they should have detected their Quebec agent in fraud, and should have been forced to dismiss him. The situation was so critical that Mr. St. Clair himself, with Harry as his clerk, found it necessary to spend a month in Quebec. He took with him Maimie and her great friend Kate Raymond, the daughter of his partner, and established himself in the Hôtel Cheval Blanc.

On the whole, Maimie was not sorry to visit the ancient capital of Canada, though she would have chosen another time. It was rather disappointing to leave her own city in the West, just at the beginning of the spring gayeties. It was her first season, and the winter had been distinguished by a series of social triumphs. She was the toast of all the clubs and the belle of all the balls. She had developed a rare and fascinating beauty and had acquired an air so *distingué* that even her aunt, Miss St. Clair, was completely satisfied. It was a little hard for her to leave the scene of her triumphs and to abandon the approaching gayeties.

But Quebec had its compensations, and then there were the De Lacys, one of the oldest English families of Quebec. The St. Clairs had known them for many years. Their blood was unquestionably blue, they were wealthy, and, besides, the only son and representative of the family was now lieutenant attached to the garrison at the Citadel. Lieutenant De Lacy suggested possibilities to Maimie. Quebec might be endurable for a month.

"What a lovely view and how picturesque!"

Maimie was standing at the window looking down upon the river with its fleet of rafts. Beside her stood Kate, and at another window Harry.

"What a lot of timber!" said Harry. "And the town is just full of lumbermen. A fellow said there must be six thousand of them, so there will be lots of fun."

"Fun?" exclaimed Kate.

"Fun! rather. These fellows have been up in the woods for some five or six months, and when they get to town where there is whisky and—and—that sort of thing, they just get wild. They say it is awful."

"Just horrible!" said Maimie, in a disgusted tone.

"But splendid," said Kate; "that is, if they don't hurt any one."

"Hurt anybody!" exclaimed Harry. "Oh, not at all; they are always extremely careful not to hurt any one. They are as gentle as lambs. I say, let us go down to the river and look at the rafts. De Lacy was coming up, but it is too late now for him. Besides, we might run across Maimie's man from Glengarry."

"Maimie's man from Glengarry!" exclaimed Kate. "Has she a man there, too?"

"Nonsense, Kate!" said Maimie, blushing. "He is talking about Ranald, you know. One of Aunt Murray's young men, up in Glengarry. You have heard me speak of him often."

"Oh, the boy that pulled you out of the fire," said Kate.

"Yes," cried Harry, striking an attitude, "and the boy that for love of her entered the lists, and in a fistic tournament upheld her fair name and—"

"Oh, Harry, do have some sense!" said Maimie, impatiently. "Hush, here comes some one; Lieutenant De Lacy, I suppose."

It was the lieutenant, handsome, tall, well made, with a high-bred if somewhat dissipated face, an air of *blasé* indifference a little overdone, and an accent which he had brought back with him from Oxford, and which he was anxious not to lose. Indeed, the bare thought of the possibility of his dropping into the flat semi-nasal of his native land filled the lieutenant with unspeakable horror.

"We were just going down to the river," said Maimie, after the introductions were over, "but I suppose it is all old to you, and you would not care to go?"

"Aw, charmed, I'm sure." (The lieutenant pronounced it "shuah.") "But it is rathaw, don't you know, not exactly clean."

"He is thinking of his boots," said Harry, scornfully, looking down at the lieutenant's shining patent leathers.

"Really," said the lieutenant, mildly, "awfully dirty street, though."

"But we want to see the shantymen," said Kate, frankly.

"Oh, the men! Very proper, but not so very discriminating, you know."

"I love the shantymen," exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically. "Maimie told me all about them."

"By Jove! I'll join to-morrow," exclaimed the lieutenant with gentle excitement.

"They would not have you," answered Kate. "Besides, you would have to eat pork and onions and things."

The lieutenant shuddered, gazing reproachfully at Kate.

"Onions!" he gasped; "and you love them?"

"Let us go along, then," said Harry. "We will have a look at them, anyway."

"From the windward side, I hope," said the lieutenant, gently.

"I am going right on the raft," declared Kate, stoutly, "if we can only find Ranald."

"Meaning who, exactly?" questioned De Lacy.

"A lumberman whom Maimie adores."

"How happy!" said De Lacy.

"Nonsense, Lieutenant De Lacy," said Maimie, impatiently and a little haughtily; "he is a friend of my aunt's up in the county of Glengarry."

"No nonsense about it," said Harry, indignant that his sister should seem indifferent to Ranald. "He is a great friend of us all; and you will see—she will fly into his arms."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the lieutenant, much shocked.

"Harry, how can you be so—!" said Maimie, much annoyed. "What will the lieutenant think of me?"

"Ah, if I only might tell!" said the lieutenant, looking at her with languishing eyes. But already Kate was downstairs and on her way to the street.

As they neared the lower town, the narrow streets became more and more crowded with men in the shantymen's picturesque dress, and they had some difficulty in making their way through the jolly, jostling crowds. As they were nearing the river, they saw coming along the narrow sidewalk a burly French-Canadian, dressed in the gayest holiday garb of the shantymen—red shirt and sash, corduroys tucked into red top-boots, a little round soft hat set upon the back of his black curls, a gorgeous silk handkerchief around his neck, and a big gold watch-chain with seals at his belt. He had a bold, handsome face, and swaggered along the sidewalk, claiming it all with an assurance fortified by whisky enough to make him utterly regardless of any but his own rights.

"Hello!" he shouted, as he swaggered along. "Make way, I'm de boss bully on de reever Hottawa." It was his day of glory, and it evidently pleased him much that the people stood aside to let him pass. Then he broke into song—

"*En roulant ma boule roulant,*
En roulant ma boule."

"This, I suppose, is one of your beloved shantymen," said the lieutenant, turning to Kate, who was walking with Harry behind.

"Isn't he lovely!" exclaimed Kate.

"Oh," cried Maimie, in terror, "let us get into a shop!"

"Quite unnecessary, I assure you," said the lieutenant, indifferently. "I have not the least idea that he will molest you."

The lumberman by this time had swaggered up to the party, expecting them to make way, but, instead, De Lacy stiffened his shoulder, caught the Frenchman in the chest, and rolled him off into the street. Surprised and enraged, the Frenchman turned to demolish the man who had dared to insult the "boss bully on de reever Hottawa."

"Vous n'avez pas remarqué la demoiselle," said the lieutenant, in a tone of politeness.

The lumberman, who had swaggered up ready to strike, glanced at Maimie, took off his hat, and made a ceremonious bow.

"Eh bien! Non! Pardon, Mams'elle."

"Bon jour," said Lieutenant De Lacy,

with a military salute, and moved on, leaving the lumberman staring after them as if he had seen a vision.

"Beauty and the Beast," murmured the lieutenant. "Thought I was in for it, sure. Really wonderful, don't you know!"

"Do you think we had better go on?" said Maimie, turning to Kate and Harry.

"Why not? Why, certainly!" they exclaimed.

"These horrid men," replied Maimie.

"Dear creatures!" said the lieutenant, glancing at Kate with a mildly pathetic look. "Sweet, but not always fragrant."

"Oh, they won't hurt us. Let us go on."

"Certainly, go on," echoed Harry, impatiently.

"Safe enough, Miss St. Clair, but," pulling out his scented handkerchief, "rather trying."

"Oh, get on, De Lacy," cried Harry, and so they moved on.

The office of Raymond & St. Clair stood near the wharves. Harry paused at the door, not quite sure whether to go in or not. It was easy to discover work in that office.

"You might ask if Ranald has come," said Kate. "Maimie is too shy."

Harry returned in a few moments, quite excited.

"The Macdonald gang are in, and the Big Macdonald was here not half an hour ago, and Ranald is down at the raft beyond the last wharf. I know the place."

"Oh, do let us go on!" cried Kate, to whom Harry had been extolling Ranald on the way down. "You really ought to inspect your timber, Harry, shouldn't you?"

"Most certainly, and right away. No saying what might happen."

"Awful slush," said the lieutenant, glancing at Maimie's face. "Do you think the timber wouldn't keep for a week?"

"Oh, rubbish! A week!" cried Harry. "He is thinking of his boots again."

To be quite fair to the lieutenant, it was Maimie's doubtful face, rather than his shiny boots, that made him hesitate. She was evidently nervous and embarrassed. The gay, easy manner which was her habit was gone.

"I think perhaps we had better go, since we are here," she said, doubtfully.

"Exactly; it is what I most desired," said the lieutenant, gallantly.

Scores of rafts lay moored along the wharves and shore, and hundreds of lumbermen were to be seen everywhere, not only on the timber and wharves, but crowding the streets and the doors of the little saloons.

For half an hour they walked along, watching the men at work with the timber on the river. Some were loading the vessels lying at anchor, some were shifting the loose timber about. When they reached the end of the last wharf, they saw a strapping young lumberman, in a shanty costume that showed signs of the woods, running some loose sticks of timber round the end of the raft. With great skill he was handling his pike, walking the big sticks and running lightly over the timber too small to carry him, balancing himself on a single stick while he moved the timber to the bit of open water behind the raft, and all with a grace and dexterity that excited Kate's admiration to the highest degree.

"Rather clever, that," said the lieutenant, lazily. "Hello! close call, that; ha! bravo!" It was not often the lieutenant allowed himself the luxury of excitement, but the lumberman running his timber slipped his pike pole and found himself balancing on the edge of open water. With a mighty spring he cleared the open space, touched a piece of small timber that sank under him, and at the next spring landed safe on the raft. Maimie's scream sounded with the lieutenant's "bravo.' At the cry the young fellow looked up. It was Ranald.

"Hello, there!" cried Harry; and, with an answering shout, Ranald, using his pike as a jumping-pole, cleared the open space, ran lightly over the floating sticks, and with another spring reached the shore. Without a moment's hesitation he dropped his pole and came almost running towards them, his face radiant with delight.

"Maimie!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand, wet and none too clean.

"How do you do?" said Maimie. She had noticed the look of surprise and mild disgust on the lieutenant's face, and she was embarrassed. Ranald was certainly not lovely to look at. His shirt was open at the neck, torn and dirty. His trousers and boots were much the worse of their struggle with the bush.

"This is Mr. Macdonald, Lieutenant De Lacy," Maimie hurried to say. The lieutenant offered a limp hand.

"Chawmed, I'm shuah," he murmured.

"What?" said Ranald.

"Lovely weather," murmured the lieutenant again, looking at his fingers that Ranald had just let go.

"Well, old chap," said Harry, grasping Ranald's hand and throwing his arm about his shoulder, "I am awfully glad to find you. We have been hunting you for half an hour. But hold up, here you are. Let me introduce you to Miss Kate Raymond, the best girl anywhere."

Kate came forward with a frank smile. "I am very glad to meet you," she said. "I have heard so much about you, and I am going to call you Ranald, as they all do."

"How lovely!" sighed De Lacy.

Her greeting warmed Ranald's heart that somehow had been chilled in the meeting. Something was wrong. Was it this fop of a soldier, or had Maimie changed? Ranald glanced at her face. No, she was the same, only more beautiful than he had dreamed. But while she was shaking hands with him, there flashed across his mind the memory of the first time he had seen her, and the look of amusement upon her face then, that had given him such deadly offense. There was no amusement now, but there was embarrassment and something else. Ranald could not define it, but it chilled his heart, and at once he began to feel how badly dressed he was. The torn shirt, the ragged trousers, and the old unshapely boots that he had never given a thought to before, now seemed to burn into his flesh. Unconsciously he backed away and turned to go.

"Where are you off to?" cried Harry. "Do you think we are going to let you go now? We had hard enough work finding you. Come up to the office and see the governor. He wants to see you badly."

Ranald glanced at the lieutenant, immaculate except where the slush had speckled his shiny boots, and then at his own ragged attire. "I think I will not go up now," he said.

"Well, come up soon," said Maimie, evidently relieved.

"No!" said Kate, impetuously, "come right along now." As she spoke she ranged herself beside him.

For a moment or two Ranald hesitated, shot a searching glance at Maimie's face, and then, with a reckless laugh, said, "I will go now," and set off forthwith, Kate proudly marching at one side, and Harry on the other, leaving Maimie and the lieutenant to follow after.

And a good thing it was for Ranald that he did go that day with Harry to his "governor's" office. They found the office in a "swither," as Harry said, over the revelations of fraud that were coming to light every day—bookkeeper, clerk, and timber-checker having all been in conspiracy to defraud the company.

"Where have you been, Harry?" said his father in an annoyed tone as his son entered the office. "You don't seem to realize how much there is to do just now."

"Looking up Ranald, father," said Harry, cheerfully.

"Ah, the young man from Glengarry?" said Mr. St. Clair, rising. "I am glad to know you, and to thank you in person for your prompt courage in saving my daughter."

"Lucky dog!" groaned the lieutenant in an undertone to Maimie.

Mr. St. Clair spoke to Ranald of his father and his uncle in words of highest appreciation, and as Ranald listened the reckless and hard look which had been gathering ever since his meeting with Maimie passed away and his face became earnest and touched with a tender pride.

"I hear about you frequently from my sister, Mr. Macdonald—or shall I say Ranald?" said Mr. St. Clair, kindly. "She apparently thinks something of you."

"I am proud to think so," replied Ranald, his face lighting up as he spoke, "but every one loves her. She is a wonderful woman, and good."

"Yes," said Mr. St. Clair, "that's it; 'wonderful and good.'"

Then Maimie drew nearer. "How is Auntie?" she said. "What a shame not to have asked before!"

"She was very well last fall," said Ranald, looking keenly into Maimie's face, "but she is working too hard at the meetings."

"Meetings!" exclaimed Harry.

"Aye, for a year and more she has been at them every night till late."

"At meetings for a year? What meetings?" cried Harry, astonished.

"Oh, Harry, you know about the great revival going on quite well," said Maimie.

"Oh, yes. I forgot. What a shame! What is the use of her killing herself that way?"

"There is much use," said Ranald, gravely. "They are making bad men good, and the whole countryside is new, and she is the heart of it all."

"I have no doubt about that," said Mr. St. Clair. "She will be the head and heart and hands and feet."

"You're just right, governor," said Harry, warmly. "There is no woman living like Aunt Murray."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Mr. St. Clair said suddenly:

"We are in an awful fix here. Not a man to be found that we can depend upon for bookkeeper, clerk, or checker."

Harry coughed slightly.

"Oh, of course, Harry is an excellent bookkeeper." Harry bowed low. "While he is at it," added Mr. St. Clair.

"Very neat one," murmured the lieutenant.

"Now, father, do not spoil a fine compliment in that way," cried Harry.

"But now the checker is gone," said Mr. St. Clair, "and that is extremely awkward."

"I say," cried Harry, "what will you give me for a checker right now?"

Mr. St. Clair looked at him and then at the lieutenant.

"Pardon me, Mr. St. Clair," said that gentleman, holding up his hand. "I used to check a little at Rugby, but—"

"Not you, by a long hand," interrupted Harry, disdainfully.

"This awfully charming brother of yours, so very frank, don't you know!" said the lieutenant softly to Maimie, while they all laughed.

"But here is your man, governor," said Harry, laying his hand on Ranald.

"Ranald!" exclaimed Mr. St. Clair. "Why, the very man! You understand timber, and you are honest."

"I will answer for both with my head," said Harry.

"What do you say, Ranald?" said Mr. St. Clair. "Will you take a day to think it over?"

"No," said Ranald; "I will be your checker." And so Ranald became part of the firm of Raymond & St. Clair.

"Come along, Ranald," said Harry. "We will take the girls home, and then come back to the office."

"Yes, do come," said Kate, heartily. Maimie said nothing.

"No," said Ranald; "I will go back to the raft first, and then come to the office. Shall I begin to-night?" he said to Mr. St. Clair.

"To-morrow morning will do, Ranald," said Mr. St. Clair. "Come up to the hotel and see us to-night." But Ranald said nothing. Then Maimie went up to him.

"Good-by, just now," she said, smiling into his face. "You will come and see us to-night, perhaps?"

Ranald looked at her, while the blood mounted slowly into his dark cheek, and said,

"Yes, I will come."

"What's the matter with you, Maimie?" said Harry, indignantly, when they had got outside. "You would think Ranald was a stranger, the way you treat him."

"And he is just splendid! I wish he had pulled *me* out of the fire," cried Kate.

"You might try the river," said the lieutenant. "I fancy he would go in. Looks that sort."

"Go in?" cried Harry; "he would go anywhere." The lieutenant made no reply. He evidently considered that it was hardly worth the effort to interest himself in the young lumberman, but before he was many hours older he found reason to change his mind.

After taking the young ladies to their hotel, there was still an hour till the lieutenant's dinner, so, having resolved to cultivate the St. Clair family, he proposed accompanying Harry back to the office.

As they approached the lower portion of the town they heard wild shouts, and, sauntering down a side street, they came upon their French-Canadian friend of the afternoon. He was standing with his back against a wall trying to beat off three or four men, who were savagely striking and kicking at him, and crying the while,

"Gatineau! Gatineau!"

It was the Gatineau against the Ottawa.

"Our friend seems to have found the object of his search," said the lieutenant, as he stood across the street looking at the mêlée.

"I say, he's a good one, isn't he?" cried Harry, admiring the Ottawa's dauntless courage and his fighting skill.

"His eagerness for war will probably be gratified in a few minutes, by the look of things," replied the lieutenant.

The Gatineaus were crowding around, and had evidently made up their minds to bring the Ottawa champion to the dust. That they were numbers to one mattered not at all. There was little chivalry in a shantymen's fight.

"Ha! Rather a good one, that," exclaimed the lieutenant, mildly interested. "He put that chap out somewhat neatly." He lit a cigar and stood coolly watching the fight.

"Where are the Ottawas—the fellow's friends?" said Harry, much excited.

"I rather think they camp on another street further down."

The Ottawa champion was being sorely pressed, and it looked as if in a moment or two more he would be down.

"What a shame!" cried Harry.

"Well," said the lieutenant, languidly, "it's beastly dirty, but the chap's done rather well, so here goes."

Smoking his cigar, and followed by Harry, he pushed across the street to the crowd, and got right up to the fighters.

"Here, you fellows," he called out, in a high clear voice, "what the deuce do you mean, kicking up such a row? Come, now, stop, and get out of here."

The astonished crowd stopped fighting and fell back a little. The calm, clear voice of command and her Majesty's uniform awed them.

"Mon camarade!" said the lieutenant, removing his cigar and saluting, "rather warm, eh?"

"You bet! Ver' warm tam," was the reply.

"Better get away, mon ami. The odds are rather against you," said the lieutenant. "Your friends are some distance down the next street. You better go along." So saying, he stepped out toward the crowd of Gatineaus who were consulting and yelling.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, politely, waving his little cane. Those immediately in front gave back, allowed the lieutenant, followed by the Ottawa man and Harry, to pass, and immediately closed in behind. They might have escaped had it not been that the Ottawa man found it impossible to refrain from hurling taunts at them and inviting them to battle. They had gone not more than two blocks when there was a rush from behind, and before they could defend themselves they were each in the midst of a crowd, fighting for their lives. The principal attack was, of course, made upon the Ottawa man, but the crowd was quite determined to prevent the lieutenant and Harry from getting near him. In vain they struggled to break through the yelling mass of Gatineaus, who now had become numerous enough to fill the street from wall to wall, and among whom could be seen some few of the Ottawa men trying to force their way towards their champion. By degrees both Harry and De Lacy fought their way to the wall and toward each other.

"Looks as if our man had met his Waterloo," said the lieutenant, waiting for his particular man to come again.

"What a lot of beasts they are!" said Harry, disgustedly, beating off his enemy.

"Hello! Here they come again. We shall have to try another shot, I suppose," said the lieutenant, as the crowd, which had for a few moments surged down the street, now came crushing back, with the Ottawa leader and some half-dozen of his followers in the center.

"Well, here goes," said De Lacy, leaving the wall and plunging into the crowd, followed by Harry. As they reached the center a voice called out:

"À bas les Anglais!"

And immediately the cry, a familiar enough one in those days, was taken up on all sides. The crowd stiffened, and the attack upon the center became more determined than ever. The little company formed a circle, and, standing back to back, held their ground for a time.

"Make for the wall. Keep together," cried De Lacy, pushing out toward the side, and followed by his company. But, one by one, the Ottawas were being dragged down and trampled beneath the "corked" boots of their foes, till only two of them, with their leader, beside Harry and De Lacy, were left.

At length the wall was gained. There they faced about and for a time held their lives safe. But every moment fresh men rushed in upon them, yelling their cries, "Gatineau! Gatineau! À bas les Anglais!"

The Ottawa leader was panting hard, and he could not much longer hold his own. His two companions were equally badly off. Harry was pale and bleeding, but still in good heart. The lieutenant was unmarked as yet, and coolly smoking his cigar, but he knew well that unless help arrived their case was hopeless.

"We can't run," he remarked calmly, "but a dignified and speedy retreat is in order if it can be executed. There is a shop a little distance down here. Let us make for it."

But as soon as they moved two more of the Ottawas were dragged down and trampled on.

"It begins to look interesting," said the lieutenant to Harry. "Sorry you are into this, old chap. It was rather my fault. It is so beastly dirty, don't you know."

"Oh, fault be hanged!" cried Harry. "It's nobody's fault, but it looks rather serious. Get back, you brute!" So saying, he caught a burly Frenchman under the chin with a straight left-hander and hurled him back upon the crowd.

"Ah, rather pretty," said the lieutenant, mildly. "It is not often you can just catch them that way." They were still a few yards from the shop door, but every step of their advance had to be fought.

"I very much fear we can't make it," said the lieutenant, quietly, to Harry. "We had better back up against the wall here and fight it out."

But as he spoke they heard a sound of shouting down the street a little way, which the Ottawa leader at once recognized, and, raising his voice, he cried:

"Hottawa! Hottawa! Hottawa à moi!"

Swiftly, fiercely, came the band of men, some twenty of them, cleaving their way through the crowd like a wedge. At their head, and taller than the others, fought two men, whose arms worked with the systematic precision of piston-rods, and before whom men fell on either hand as if struck with sledge-hammers.

"Hottawa à moi!" cried the Ottawa champion again, and the relieving party faced in his direction.

"I say," said the lieutenant, "that first man is uncommonly like your Glengarry friend."

"What, Ranald?" cried Harry. "Then we are all right. I swear it is," he said, after a few moments, and then, remembering the story of the great fight on the Nation, which he had heard from Hughie and Maimie, he raised the Macdonald war-cry:

"Glengarry! Glengarry!"

Ranald paused and looked about him.

"Here, Ranald!" yelled Harry, waving his white handkerchief. Then Ranald caught sight of him.

"Glengarry!" he cried, and sprang far into the crowd in Harry's direction.

"Glengarry! Glengarry forever!" echoed Yankee—for he it was—plunging after his leader.

Swift and sharp like the thrust of a lance, the Glengarry men pierced the crowd, which gave back on either side, and soon reached the group at the wall.

"How in the world did *you* get here?" cried Ranald to Harry; then, looking about him, cried:

"Where is Le Nware? I heard he was being killed by the Gatineaus, and I got a few of our men and came along."

"Le Nware? That is our Canadian friend, I suppose," said the lieutenant. "He was here a while ago. By Jove! There he is."

Surrounded by a crowd of the Gatineaus, Le Noir, for he was the leader of the Ottawas, was being battered about and like to be killed.

"Glengarry!" cried Ranald, and like a lion he leaped upon them, followed by Yankee and the others. Right and left he hurled the crowd aside, and, seizing Le Noir, brought him out to his own men.

"Who are you?" gasped Le Noir. "Why, no, it ees not possible. Yes, it is Yankee for sure! And de Macdonald gang, but—" turning to Ranald—"who are *you*?" he said again.

"Never mind," said Ranald, shortly; "let us get away now quick. Go on, Yankee."

At once, with Yankee leading, the Glengarry men marched off the field of battle bearing with them the rescued party. There was no time to lose. The enemy far outnumbered them, and would soon return to the attack.

"But how did you know we were in trouble, Ranald?" said Harry as he marched along.

"I didn't know anything about you," said Ranald. 'Some one came and said that the bully of the Ottawa was being killed, so I came along."

"And just in time, by Jove!" said the lieutenant, aroused from his languor for once. "It was a deucedly lucky thing, and well done too, 'pon my soul!"

That night, as Ranald and his uncle were in their cabin on the raft talking over the incidents of the day and Ranald's plans for the summer, a man stood suddenly in the doorway.

"I am Louis Le Noir," he said, "and I have some word to say to de young Macdonald. I am sore here," he said, striking his breast. "I cannot spik your languige. I cannot tell." He stopped short and the tears came streaming down his face. "I cannot tell," he repeated, his breast heaving with mighty sobs. "I would be glad to die—to mak' over—to not mak'—I cannot say de word—what I do to your fadder. I would give my life," he said, throwing out both his hands. "I would give my life. I cannot say more."

Ranald stood looking at him for a few moments in silence when he had finished; then he said, slowly and distinctly: "My father told me to say that he forgave you everything, and that he prayed the mercy of God for you. And," added Ranald, more slowly, "I—forgive—you—too."

The Frenchman listened in wonder, greatly moved, but he could only reiterate his words:

"I cannot spik what I feel here."

"Sit down, Mr. Le Noir," said Macdonald Bhain, gravely pointing to a bench, "and I will be telling you something."

Le Noir sat down and waited.

"Do you see that young man there?" said Macdonald Bhain, pointing to Ranald. "He is the strongest man in my gang, and, indeed, I will not be putting him below myself." Here Ranald protested. "And he has learned to use his hands as I cannot. And of all the men I have ever seen since I went to the woods, there is not one I could put against him. He could kill you, Mr. Le Noir."

The Frenchman nodded his head and said:

"Das so. Das pretty sure."

"Yes, that is very sure," said Macdonald Bhain. "And he made a vow to kill you," went on Macdonald Bhain, "and to-night he saved your life. Do you know why?"

"No, not me."

"Then I will be telling you. It is the grace of God."

Le Noir stared at him, and then Macdonald Bhain went on to tell him how his brother had suffered and struggled long, and how the minister's wife had come to him with the message of the forgiveness of the great God. And then he read from Ranald's English Bible the story of the unforgiving debtor, explaining it in grave and simple speech.

"That was why," he concluded. "It was because he was forgiven, and on his dying bed he sent you the word of forgiveness. And that, too, is the very reason, I believe, why the lad here went to your help this day."

"I promised the minister's wife I would do you good and not ill, when it came to me," said Ranald. "But I was not feeling at all like forgiving you. I was afraid to meet you."

"Afraid?" said Le Noir, wondering that any of that gang should confess to fear.

"Yes, afraid of what I would do. But now, to-night, it is gone," said Ranald, simply; "I can't tell you how."

"Das mos' surprise!" exclaimed Le Noir. "Ne comprenne pas. I never see lak dat, me!"

"Yes, it is wonderful," said Macdonald Bhain. "It is very wonderful. It is the grace of God," he said again.

"You mak' de good frien' wit' me?" asked Le Noir, rising and putting his hand out to Macdonald Bhain. Macdonald Bhain rose from his place and stepped toward the Frenchman, and took his hand.

"Yes, I will be friends with you," he said, gravely, "and I will seek God's mercy for you."

Then Le Noir turned to Ranald and said:

"Will you be frien' of me? Is it too moche?"

"Yes," said Ranald, slowly, "I will be your friend too. It is a little thing," he added, unconsciously quoting his father's words. Then Le Noir turned around to

Macdonald Bhain and, striking an attitude, exclaimed:

"See! You be my boss, I be your man—what you call—slave. I work for not'ing, me. Das sure."

Macdonald Bhain shook his head.

"You could not belong to us," he said, and explained to him the terms upon which the Macdonald men were engaged. Le Noir had never heard of such terms.

"You not drink whisky?"

"Not too much," said Macdonald Bhain.

"How many glass? One, two, t'ree?"

"I do not know," said Macdonald Bhain. "It depends upon the man. He must not take more than is good for him."

"Bon!" said Le Noir, "das good. One glass, he mak' me feel good. Two, das nice, he mak' me feel ver fonny. Three glass, yes, das mak' me de frien' of hevery bodie. Four, das mak' me feel big; I walk de big walk; I am de bes' man all de place. Das good place for stop, eh?"

"No," said Macdonald Bhain, gravely, "you need to stop before that."

"Ver' good. Ver' good, me stop him, me. You tak' me on for your man?" Macdonald Bhain hesitated. Le Noir came nearer him, and, lowering his voice, said:

"I'm ver' bad man, me. I lak to know how you do dat—what you say? forgive. You show me how."

"Come to me next spring," said Macdonald Bhain.

"Bon!" said Le Noir. "I be dere, on de Nation camp."

And so he was. And when Mrs. Murray heard of it from Macdonald Bhain that summer, she knew that Ranald had kept his word, and had done Le Noir good and not evil.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

American History Told by Contemporaries. Vol. IV. Welding of the Nation. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×8 in. 732 pages. $2.

The Outlook has already and at length called attention to this indispensable series. More than any other it realizes the true method of becoming thoroughly acquainted with actual history instead of with a more or less clever summary of it.

Asia and Europe. By Meredith Townsend. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6¼×9 in. 388 pages. $2.

Mr. Meredith Townsend, the editor of "The Friend of India," now also editor of the London "Spectator," is an authority on Asiatic questions, and especially on the connection and influence of Europe on Asia. The Outlook has already commented upon his articles on this influence in the "Contemporary Review" (London), and we are glad to see that those articles are included in the present volume. They and the other chapters of the book are directed to one end—a description of those inherent differences between Europe and Asia which forbid one continent permanently to conquer the other. Mr. Townsend believes that, as the thought of Asia is the basis of all European religions, and as the trade between Europe and Asia is the foundation of commerce, so the struggle between Europe and Asia is the binding thread of history. Mr. Townsend's lucid and incisive style is exactly adapted to the illumination of the mass of men on such subjects as "The Asiatic Notion of Justice," "The Reflex Effect of Asiatic Ideas," "Will England Retain India?" and "Will Conquest Vivify Asia?" This volume—welcome to weak eyes by means of its peculiarly clear print and fine paper—is one to be treasured alongside the works of such thinkers as Captain Mahan, for instance. We trust that some day Mr. Townsend may see fit to write a series of papers on the possible influence of America upon Asia—a subject which of course does not properly belong to the present volume. We believe that, by and by, America must greatly influence Asia, and that the American there will become more popular than either Englishman or Russian. The American has no desire to rule the Asiatic; the European has.

Battle Invisible and Other Stories (The). By Eleanor C. Reed. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 330 pages. $1.25.

Five short stories of country life in the West; the initial story gives name to the volume, and turns upon a feud between two prominent men in a farming district, and the tragic results that live down into the second generation. The feud is finally ended through the unconscious instrumentality of the aggressor's grandchild. The other stories deal with humorous or pathetic incidents in every-day life among humble folk. The author is new in fiction, and appears to have studied life to some purpose.

Blennerhassett; or, The Decrees of Fate: A Romance Founded upon Events in American History. By Charles Felton Pidgin. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5¼×7½ in. 442 pages.

Mr. Pidgin's historical romance has a distinct purpose—the rehabilitation of Aaron Burr. Late research, he holds, tends to prove that, despite the stoical pride which kept Burr's lips sealed during a long lifetime concerning the facts that made him a man ostracized by his contemporaries, he yet lived and died in the hope that posterity would right him. Several efforts have recently been put forth in his behalf. "Blennerhassett" is by far the most important work yet put forth in his defense. It strives to create a rounded picture of the circle in which Burr moved a hundred years ago. We catch glimpses of Hamilton and his friends, also of Van Ness and other Burr supporters, of General Wilkinson, head of the army over the territory Burr sought to win; and although we do not personally meet Jefferson we are made to recognize his hand in many of the events played out before us. We are treated to General Jackson's bluffly expressed belief that Burr was the victim of a cold-blooded and underhanded conspiracy, and of his humorous and scathing estimate of Jefferson's pet, Wilkinson. Yet the author is only partially successful. His book falls short of being a really artistic work. It has faults of construction as well as of a somewhat clumsy diction, and its special plea is too obvious. One looks for more ease in conversation, for the more sprightly and brilliant play which, it is instinctively felt, must have marked the best society of a very remarkable period. Above all, the reader is likely to resent the author's attempt to darken the Blennerhassetts in order to whitewash Burr. The frantic effort of the beggared Blennerhassett to get back through Burr's son-in-law some remnant of his lost wealth should not be construed into an effort at blackmail. The whole picturing of the Blennerhassetts in their brilliant and opulent days is feeble. It lacks atmosphere. As for Burr, he here stands out more of a man and less of an enigma than either history or tradition has made him. As presented in this book, he appears as an incarnation of personal bravery and fortitude; a kind husband, an ideal father, a devoted patriot in the hour of need, and a visionary filibuster whose ideas were afterwards practically carried out by the Government. The episodes relating to Theodosia and her death are pathetically interesting and very plausible.

By Their Fruits. By Edith M. Nicholl. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 282 pages. $1.

Blossom Hosts and Insect Guests. By William Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the Author. Newson & Co., 15 East Seventeenth Street, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 197 pages. 80c.

A learned and sympathetic study of the methods by which flowers are fertilized. The book has the charm that attends nature studies built upon personal observation and personal delight in it, and is further enhanced by our familiarity with the flowers introduced. These include orchids, bluets, the heath family, and similar floral acquaintances.

Cardigan. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 512 pages. $1.50.

This is Mr. Chambers's most serious effort in historical romance, and deserves more than a rapid reading. The subject selected is a fruitful one and not already overwritten. The sway of Sir William Johnson over the Indians of the Six Tribes; the state and profuseness of hospitality in which he lived on the border between the colonies, the Indians, and the French; the impending clouds of war between the colonies and England; the intrigues to force the Indians into a hostile position to the colonists; the incidents of forest life; the tragic story of Logan and his pathetic speech at Pittsburg—these and many other stirring and picturesque features of the period are well utilized by the author. He gives us, too, a dainty and pleasing love story, and more than one character of reality and strength. In this romance Mr. Chambers uses a large canvas, crowds it with figures, dashes it brilliantly with costume and color, and in all makes a lifelike picture of an immensely interesting epoch in American history.

Crazy Angel (A). By Annette L. Noble. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¾×7 in. 343 pages. 50 cts.

A study of child life and early girlhood, in which the author reveals insight and sympathy with the heart of youth. There are marks of uncommon imagination, clean-cut perception, and delicate humor. The creative impulse is more apparent than in the usual works of juvenile fiction.

Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude (A). By the Rev. Charles Bigg, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¾×8½ in. 353 pages. $2.50, net.

This volume well sustains the reputation achieved by its predecessors. Four-sevenths of it is devoted to critical Introductions to the three Epistles it includes. Differing with the majority of scholars in their opinion that Second Peter is a late and pseudonymous work, Professor Bigg very plausibly maintains its genuineness. Its remarkable similarities to the Epistle of Jude suggest to him that both may be samples of a first-century circular addressed (as was done in the second century) to different groups of churches. Dissenting also from Harnack and others, who regard First Peter as bearing the Pauline rather than the Petrine stamp, he supports the traditional view of it with an instructive and persuasive comparison of Paul and Peter as presenting the same truths from different standpoints—Paul, as a mystic, taking the subjective view, and Peter the objective, as a disciplinarian. Peter he regards as "the first great high churchman," and Paul as "the first great low churchman." As to the differences and resemblances between the Apostles, on which so many divergent theories have been based, he asks with good reason: "Who can enumerate the countless modes in which the relation of law and gospel presented themselves to the first believers?" The Notes to the text, as well as the Introductions, are marked by erudition at once affluent and discriminating.

Desert (The). By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 333 pages. $1.25.

One of the most exquisite bits of recent writing is that by the author of "Art for Art's Sake" and "Nature for its Own Sake." In his further studies of natural appearances entitled "The Desert" Professor Van Dyke tells us about that desert world stretching down the Pacific coast and across Arizona and Sonora. As he says, "The desert has gone a-begging these many years, a-begging for a word of praise. It never had a sacred poet; it has in me only a lover. . . . Given the facts, perhaps the poet with his fancies will come hereafter." But, to our mind, he is already come, and Professor Van Dyke is he. He writes in prose, to be sure, but his prose is shot all through with such exquisite imagery that he might have printed it as blank verse. His two years of wandering over the enchanted mesas of Arizona and the contiguous country are reproduced for us in winged words. His book is valuable for another reason, however; in describing mesa, desert, and mountain, he takes us, as he says, beyond the wire fence of civilization to where the trail is unbroken and the mountain peak unblazed. He makes us appreciate, as we have not before appreciated, that out on the wastes of the Colorado desert and on the peaks of the Sierra Madre we have pure air, clear, scentless, intangible. But chiefly we learn in this book, as in few others, how to appreciate the spiritual part of the desert—its embodiment of mystery, its desolation, and its sublime silence.

Education of the American Citizen (The). By Arthur Twining Hadley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 231 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Fighting under the Southern Cross: A Story of the Chile-Peruvian War. By Claude H. Wetmore. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago. 5¼×7½ in. 335 pages. $1.50.

This story deals with the war waged between Chile and Peru in 1879. It gives many vivid and convincing pictures of the interior life of these South American States. Many historical facts of scenes and places not familiar to readers in general are given, and all are made highly interesting and picturesque. Three American boys figure in the story and serve as a sort of moral looking-glass through which the motives and merits of the contending parties may be observed.

Friend with the Countersign (A). By B. K. Benson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 455 pages. $1.50.

As the title suggests, this is a complementary story to the author's "Who Goes There?" which last year excited peculiar interest by its vivid narratives of soldiering in the Civil War. The present book is, however, complete in itself, and as a narrative of personal adventure and thrilling incident seems to us even more fascinating than "Who Goes There?" The Virginia campaigns of Grant and Lee form the military background, and military critics will agree that never in fiction has there been so accurate a picture of the maneuvers of armies presented in non-technical and essentially dramatic form. The narrator is a scout who fights on both sides—becoming a Confederate after a wound which causes a total loss of mental identity, and returning to the Union army when his memory returns. This strange result of his "amnesia," if rather ultra-psychological to seem quite natural, at least puts the narrator in an extraordinarily favorable position to know and tell the operations from both sides. He nearly suffers death in Richmond as a spy, after many thrilling and quite possible experiences, and amid political as well as war intrigues and plots.

From Atlanta to the Sea. Illustrated. By Byron A. Dunn. The Young Kentuckians Series. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7½ in. 408 pages. $1.25.

The latest story in the Young Kentuckians Series, and dealing with Sherman's famous March to the Sea. Two youths, Fred Shackelford and Hugh Raymond, are the heroes, and both have love affairs which lend a piquant interest to their exploits.

General McClellan. (The Great Commanders Series.) By General Peter S. Michie. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 489 pages.

The latest addition to the Great Commanders Series, which already comprises such notable works as Captain Mahan's "Admiral Farragut" and Dr. Brady's "Paul Jones," is the lamented General Michie's "General McClellan." The book is sure to have wide reading, first, because General Michie was a respected and beloved teacher at West Point, and, second, because the author's honest and earnest nature has produced a fairly unprejudiced biography of McClellan. This opinion, so says General James Grant Wilson, the editor of the whole series, was shared by McClellan's corps commander, General Fitz John Porter, who, having read the proof-sheets, wrote: "So far as I have been able to judge, I think it is the best work on the subject that has been written." General Porter himself has since passed away, and the deaths of many men connected with the Civil War (now emphasized by the death of Major, later President, McKinley) make the publication of such volumes as this of continually greater historic value, because their authors are continually getting a truer perspective.

Heroine of 1812 (A): A Maryland Romance. By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 335 pages. $1.50.

A stirring romance with scenes laid in one of the most interesting States in the Union from the social-historic point of view. Two brilliant Maryland girls play a leading part.

Imperial London. By Arthur H. Beavan. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 520 pages. $4, net.

This volume is truly sumptuous in everything relating to outer form. The book is light to the hand, although large in actual size. Its type is well chosen, its margins ample, and it is illustrated by sixty drawings by Mr. Henslip Fletcher, most of which are photogravures beautifully rendered and charmingly drawn. As to literary treatment, the division is a rather novel one, as it entirely avoids the ordinary guide-book or handbook method, and comprises many chapters with such heads as "Mercantile London," "Criminal London," "Official London," "Gastronomic London," "Utilitarian London," "Literary, Artistic, and Scientific London," "Theatrical London," and so on. This arrangement makes it possible for the author to combine his information in a convenient way, and at the same time to illuminate it with historical anecdotes, bits of description, personal information, and much else. The book is a capital one for those who are about to visit London to study, although it does not attempt to supply the place of an ordinary guide-book. The author has a lively sense of the picturesque and unusual.

In Our County: Stories of Old Virginia Life. By Marion Harland. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 465 pages.

A series of stories, or rather episodes of Virginia life welded into one continuous story held together by connecting links. The book deals wholly with the manner of Southern life lived before the great war which destroyed it forever. The author states that this book grew out of personal experiences related by her elders in her presence when a child. The tales and anecdotes are well and sympathetically told and are effectively illustrated.

In the Mikado's Service: A Story of Two Battle Summers in China. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 361 pages. $1.50.

A well-written story, told by one who is familiar with the countries of which he writes and the incidents he narrates. It occupies itself with the causes and results of the Chino-Japanese war, and with Japan's aid to the European and American powers in the Boxer movement in China. Besides being entertaining, the book has real value as history.

Johnnie Courteau and Other Poems. By William Henry Drummond. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 161 pages. $1.25, net.

Dr. Drummond needs no introduction to Canadian readers and none to many American readers. We were glad to chronicle the appearance of his first volume of poems, "L'Habitant," as being the verse of a real poet. The present volume, like the former, shows him to be emphatically the interpreter of French-Canadian dialect. In proof here is his description of the Curé of Calumette:

> Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder is pure Canayenne,
> Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she's fine combination, ma frien',
> For de Irish he's full of de devil, an' de French dey got savoir faire,
> Dat's mak' it de very good balance an' tak' you mos' ev'ryw'ere.

Karadac, Count of Gersay: A Romance. By K. and Hesketh Prichard. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 297 pages. $1.50.

This book deals with one of the Channel islands, Jersey, at about the period when William the Conqueror invaded England. The queer, quaint family pride that seemed to intensify and expand the more it was confined by territorial limits, and the almost archaic customs of that day, are well felt and described.

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 460 pages. $1.50.

In none of his previous stories has Mr. Kipling more profusely and interestingly shown his wonderful knowledge of those conditions of life in India which are not known to the ordinary resident or visitor. We shall discuss this work at some length before long.

Last of the Arawaks (The): A Story of Adventure on the Island of San Domingo. By Frederick A. Ober. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 358 pages. $1.50.

Boys who delight in historical events are likely to be especially pleased with this story. All the incidents are laid in the island of San Domingo, and date from the first landing there of Columbus, and of the first settlement made there by Columbus's son Diego.

Lutherische Kirche der Welt (Die). Von Johannes Nicolaus Lenker. Mit 516 Illustrationen. Band I. Lutherans in All Lands Co., Sunbury, Pa. 6½×9 in. 544 pages. $2.75.

Dr. Lenker, Professor of Church History in the Lutheran Seminary at Blair, Nebraska, has published the first volume of an extremely interesting work, one which promises to be also an authoritative work. This first volume comprises a discussion of the history and significance of the Lutheran Church outside of Germany. The author's discussion of parochial relations, education, missions, and Lutheran literature is well worthy the attention of those—and they are many—who are insufficiently informed as to the workings of this great communion.

Modern Europe. By W. Alison Phillips. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 574 pages. $1.60.

The admirable series entitled "Periods of European History" is now complete. It is safe to say that this series will rank as one of the best helps to the serious student. The first volume reviews the Dark Ages, namely, from 476 (marking the anarchy culminating in the fall of Rome) to 918 (a date which marks the anarchy after the fall of the Carlovingian Empire, and also the rise of Otto the Great), though, in our opinion, 962, the date of Otto's coronation at Rome, might have been fitter. The second volume recounts the relations of the Empire and the Papacy to 1273, marking the downfall of the Hohenstaufen and the rise of the Hapsburg dynasty. The third volume comprises the close of the Middle Ages to 1494, when Charles VIII. invaded Italy. The fourth volume reaches to 1598, when Philip II. died; the fifth to 1715, the date of Louis XIV.'s death; the sixth to 1789, when our Constitution was established and the French Revolution began; and the seventh to 1815, the date of Waterloo. Now comes the last, comprising events of the rest of the century. It has been impossible for the authors of these volumes to paint finished pictures; their efforts have confessedly been to give sketches only, but the merit of these sketches, like those drawings of Leonardo and Luini which we admire in Milan, is that they suggest more than they show on the surface.

The present volume fully bears out the reputation of its predecessors. We wish that the publishers might now project another series on a larger scale, which should comprise not only political but also social, economical, and religious history, the roots of political history.

Nehe: A Tale of the Times of Artaxerxes. By Anna Pierpont Siviter. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 318 pages. $1.50.

This is a well-written story, imbued with as much color of life and verisimilitude as one can reasonably expect when asked to move among people who lived twenty-four hundred years ago. Nehe, or Nehemiah, the young Jewish hero, is captured when a child along with his mother, and they become interesting figures in the court life of King Artaxerxes. The intrigues and desperate passions of an ancient Oriental court and the personal desires of an irresponsible despot live again in the pages of this book; incidentally we make acquaintance with the leaders of those who rebuilt Jerusalem.

Newson's Modern Language Series. 6 vols. **Newson's First French Book; Newson's Second French Book; French Daily Life; Newson's First German Book; Newson's German Reader; German Daily Life.** Newson & Co., 15 East Seventeenth Street, New York. 4×6¾ in.

Owen Glyndwr and the Last Struggle for Welsh Independence. With a Brief Sketch of Welsh History. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) By Arthur Granville Bradley. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 357 pages. $1.35, net.

The latest addition to the Heroes of the Nations Series is "Owen Glyndwr." This spelling is exactly Welsh, but the name "Owen Glendower" has become thoroughly intrenched in the minds of most. One reason why this book will receive reading is that there has supposedly been a great scantiness of reliable detail concerning its hero. He has been regarded somewhat as a kind of myth, and looms up perhaps all the more a national hero on that account. Welshmen certainly like him better with a certain mystery and glamour about him. More than most volumes of this series, therefore, the present concerns itself necessarily with a somewhat fuller picture of the country and the people of its hero than with the hero himself. Our readers may remember the author's "Highways and Byways in North Wales," and if so, will know that he has become saturated with that country, and therefore well fitted to appreciate the subject in hand. As he himself says, a continuous intimacy of many years with the Glyndyfrdwy region begat a natural interest in the personage who had once owned it, and this ripened into a desire to fill an obvious want. Mr. Bradley is to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which he has supplied that want.

Questions Américaines. By Th. Bentzon. Hachette et Cie., 79 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris, France. 4½×7¼ in. 310 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Raffles: Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman. By E. W. Hornung. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 301 pages. $1.50.

It is quite useless to look at Mr. Hornung's gentlemanly burglars from any moral or sociological standpoint. The calm audacity with which the law of *meum et tuum* is ignored, and the reader's sympathy nefariously engaged in these nocturnal adventures, defies analysis. The stories are clever, ingenious, told with the liveliest of action and dialogue. The innumerable readers who enjoyed "The Amateur Cracksman" will find these "further adventures" quite as fascinating as the earlier ones, and will agree that Mr. Hornung by no means worked out in one book the odd fiction-vein he struck in that book.

Stephen Calinari. By Julian Sturgis. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 389 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Sturgis's hero starts his career as a conceited prig. He is ambitious politically. A thwarted love affair sends him to the Orient, where he finds his unknown father. Through vital experiences with very grim life he becomes manlier and works out his own full salvation, mostly through contact with a sane and wholesome middle-class family. The story is forcibly told. We would call special attention to its initial pages, wherein may be found a picture of Oxford life, well reproducing that fascinating existence to any who have had the good fortune to experience it. The period of the story is that of the Russo-Turkish war, and the Constantinople episodes form a fitting setting for the conflict of natures in the principal character, who is half Oriental, half English.

'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik: An Account of an Expedition from Geila to Cairo through Unknown Abyssinia. By Captain M. S. Wellby. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×9 in. 409 pages. $2.50.

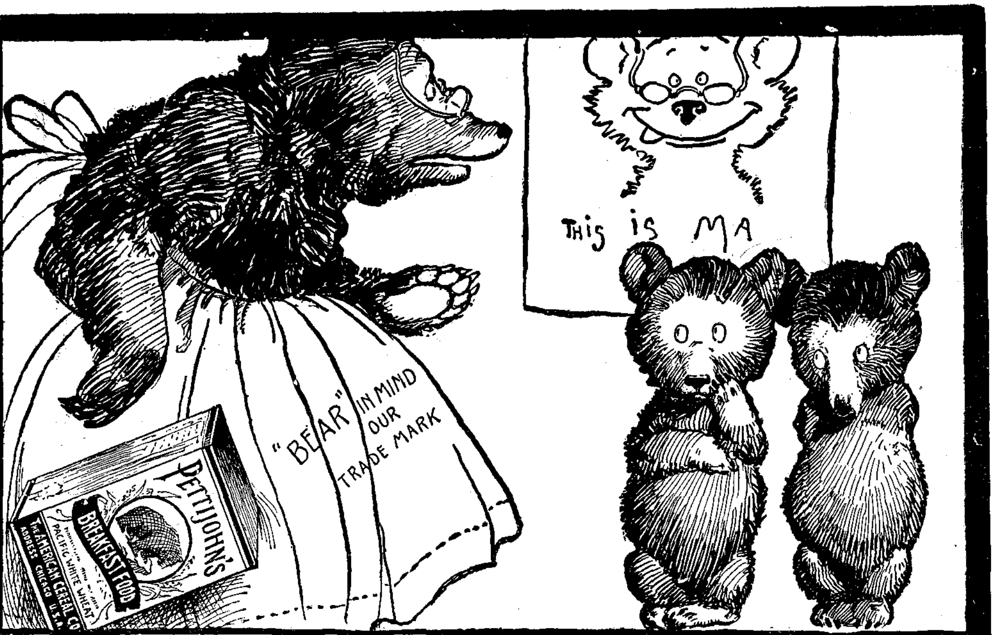
Among contemporary books of travel and adventure this deserves a high place. It is a description of a hazardous expedition of seven months undertaken by the late Captain Wellby through the unknown parts of Abyssinia to Lake Rudolph. The book is not only an exciting account of stirring adventure, but it has a higher value. It will take its place as a valuable account of a little-understood country. The author arrived in Abyssinia thoroughly prejudiced against the natives, but after his sojourn among them concluded that most of their failings were due to ignorance. The volume is superbly printed and well illustrated.

Words and Their Ways in English Speech. By Prof. James Bradstreet Greenough and Prof. George Lyman Kittredge. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 431 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Wouldbegoods (The). By E. Nesbit. Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 313 pages. $1.50.

A truly charming story for young people. A family of English children set out to be good. The way in which their best intentions miscarry, through ignorance on their own part and misconception on the part of their elders, makes deliciously humorous reading, in which the older class of readers get some well-directed knocks. Altogether an exceptionally clever juvenile.



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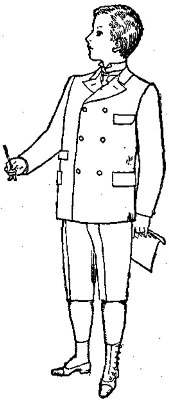

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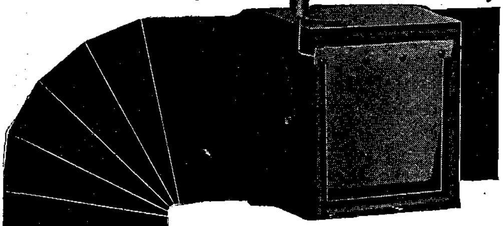

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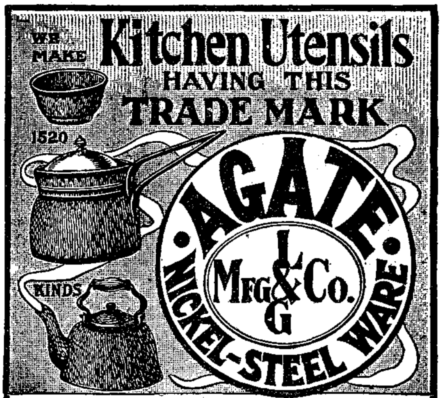

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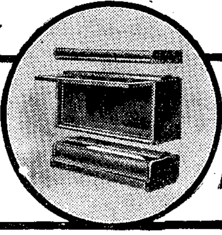

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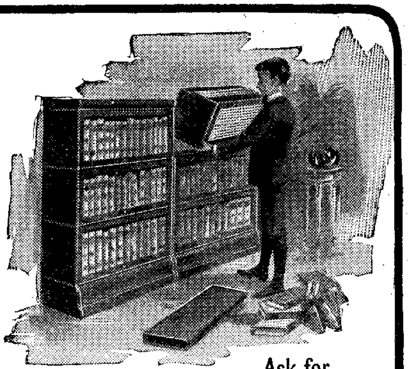

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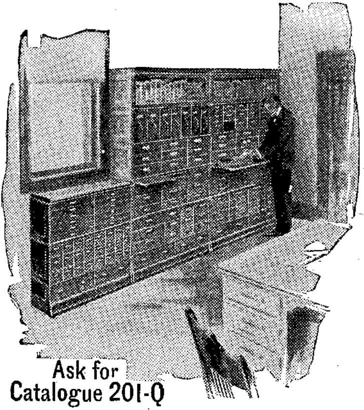

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